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THE POLYANTHOS

ENLARGED

VOLUME III.

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COMMODORE RODGERS.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR OCTOBER, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF COMMODORE RODGERS.

We have embellished our present number with a striking likeness of Commodore Rodgers. This distinguished naval officer was born in the state of Maryland, and has followed the seas from his childhood, and is esteemed a consummate naval officer. To a strong understanding and vigorous constitution; this gentleman has added indefatigable industry; and he is said to unite the theory and the practice of his noble profession in a pre-eminent degree. Brave, decisive, ingenious, full of resource, this accomplished officer is looked up to by the younger officers as to a great master. Without exercising any art to obtain popularity, he never fails to gain it; for men of business admire him as a man of business, while those who meet him in the ceremonious circles of polished life are no less pleased with his modest, discreet, and unassuming demeanor. We have never seen among us a naval officer of any nation, that more happily united the sailor and the gentleman than Commodore Rodgers.

When a member of congress, who had an high idea of the superior and matchless skill of the British, and but a very moderate opinion of the skill, enterprise, and bravery of his own countrymen, and was therefore discouraged and dismayed at the idea of our building a navy, asked, in a tone of despair, If we had a fleet, where is the man among us who is fit for an admiral of it?—the answer from all parts of the house was—Commodore Rodgers.

One or two events contributed to make this gentleman the subject of party remark, and the animadversions of a party, are never distinguished for justness, or liberality. Those among us, who were disposed to almost any concessions for the sake of preserving peace, were not a little disturbed at the affair of the *Little Belt*, as they feared that haughty England would resent it in a style that would lead to war, and this led to disputes in the public prints, where truth and candor are not always regarded as they ought to be, amidst criminations and recriminations. The spirit of party rose high on the simple question of which ship fired first; and although the government of England conceded that point, there are not wanting people among us, who, to this day, accuse our Commodore of giving the first shot: while others maintained that it was improper to chase any ship of war, while at peace with all the world. One thing ought, however, to be mentioned; the officers of the President were ignorant of the size of the *Little Belt*. It was night, and they had never seen her broadside, and they supposed her to be a frigate; and although she gave the first fire, Commodore Rodgers and all his officers were filled with regret, when they found next morning that they had poured such a destructive broadside into a vessel little able to bear it. They have never ceased to express their regret at the consequences of it.

The same party spirit criticised the Commodore for not taking the frigate *Belvidere;* but Captain Byron, who commanded her, has held a different language, and pronounced his conduct to have been able and correct. The British frigate found the President gaining upon her; she thereupon cast away her anchors, threw over her boats, and stove her water casks, and by this sacrifice, so lightened the ship as to out-sail the President. This was a prudent and justifiable conduct in the captain of the British frigate, but would have been reprehensible in Commodore Rodgers, because his ship was fitted out for a long cruize, and such a procedure would have compelled him and his little squadron to return again into port. In this chase, very serious damage was done to the Belvidere

by the singular precision of the President's fire. One of the President's bow chasers burst, which killed several men, and broke the leg of the Commodore; so thatin every point of view, there could not be a shadow of blame cast upon Commodore Rodgers for the escape of the Belvidere. Both commanders did their duty, and gave equal evidence of sound judgement and good conduct.

Since that period, Commodore Rodgers has never met an English frigate that was not in company of a *seventy-four*; notwithstanding he has cruized in the European seas, and coasted the shores of Britain and Ireland. The President is known, and British frigates fly from her; and it is, we presume, the duty of the commander of that ship to turn aside from a *seventy-four* of any nation. No frigate, not even the President, the United States, or the renowned Constitution, can stand many minutes the point-blank fire of a ship of seventy-four guns. Nautical science and the laws of artillerists have subjected this business to demonstration.

Good luck and reputation almost always go together; and an acquired reputation most commonly sinks for want of it; but some reputations are so well grounded in the public opinion as to remain unshaken amidst the want of what we short-sighted mortals call *good fortune*. Incidents in the life of Admiral Nelson and Commodore Rodgers will illustrate this. Lord Nelson traversed first the Mediterranean in search of the combined fleet of France and Spain, and then sailed across the Atlantic, down all the West-India islands to Trinidad, then back again to Gibralter; next he sailed along the Bay of Biscay, and then pursued his course to the northwest of Ireland without obtaining even a glimpse of this large fleet of France and Spain. People unacquainted with the boundless ocean, can hardly conceive how it is possible that such large fleets, spread over such a space of ocean, can miss each other. But in judging thus, we measure the great world by our own narrow rules of prejudice. Nelson returned to London deeply chagrined at not being able to find the fleets of France and Spain. It is said to have affected visibly his Lordship's spir-

its, until he found the partiality of the people towards him was undiminished.

Luckily for Nelson, no serious untoward accident happened to his fleet during this chase after his enemies over half the world. Had any one of those thousand accidents befell him, which prudence could not foresee, nor prescience guard against, so common on the unstabled ocean, all Nelson's laurels might have been blasted by the tongue of malice, and he might have passed the shattered remains of a painful life, with a constitution worn out in the service of his country, neglected and forgotten by those who owed him the highest tribute; for ingratitude is a sin of monarchies as well as of republics, and the man who can despise it possesses a quality superior to even heroism itself. The English have put to death some of their admirals for apparently trifling neglects; but here Lord Nelson's character was so firmly fixed in the minds of the government and of the people, that his want of good fortune did not, in the least, shake it.

And as it happened with Nelson, so it happened with Rodgers. He has twice traversed over more than half the globe without ever meeting a British frigate. He has sought them in their own seas, and along their own shores; but he has never yet had the good fortune to bring one to action. And with all this, he suffers no diminution of reputation. It is to the credit of the American character to cherish and uphold the high reputation of a most meritorious officer, notwithstanding opportunities have not been given him to display his skill and prowess against an equal force of the enemy. It is with Commodore Rodgers in America, as it was with Nelson in England, his reputation is so deeply grounded in the opinions of the people, that the want of good fortune has never shaken it. When the public first heard the brilliant achievement of the hero of Lake Erie, their applause was mixed with astonishment, because the young commander was unknown to fame, excepting in the small circle where Lieut. Perry was intimately known and justly estimated; but had it been Rodgers, the applause might have been as great, but

the surprise less, because he occupies such a great space in the public estimation, that every one would have expected nothing less.

Commodore Rodgers is, we conjecture, between 40 and 43 years of age; a man of few words, and not conspicuous for the love of parade or dress; but his ship, for interior order, neatness, elegance and taste, may vie with any that floats on the ocean. It is said that his discipline is perfect; and this, perhaps, may account for the opinion, that he is distant and very reserved to those under him; but his reserve in company carries the air of the reserve of a studious man, without the least trait of haughtiness; for humanity and great attention to the care of the youth under his command is a pleasing trait in this brave man's character. America, rest satisfied and grateful that you have a son, who will bear your flag with honor and glory through every quarter of the world: but as "time and chance happen to all men," so it belongs not to mortals to command opportunity upon the land, much less upon the unstable ocean.*

* We attempt not to give any particular facts or occurrences relating to Commodore Rodgers, at the earlier period of his life, because he is so well known, that they would become vapid, and perhaps out of place. He was first Lieut. under Commodore Truxton, and was then distinguished for a brave, discriminating, energetic mind, truly characteristic of him: It is this, which directed him amidst the perils of the ocean. It is this, which has unfurled Britannia's sails, to drive this envious rival of her proud navy from the ocean. But no: the Genius of Columbia surrounds him, and bears him triumphantly on the wave, and has again conducted him in safety to her shores.

ON REPUTATION AT COLLEGE AND IN THE WORLD.

[The style of a popular writer is recognized in the following essay. Ed.]

In the metropolis, I met with C. G——, a young man, who had been at College at the same time that I was, and who had occasionally made one in the riotous and dissolute parties that

I frequented. C. G. had appeared with no great brilliancy at the University. His mind was slow and indocile. He had a tutor, who took great pains with him, and who had occasionally persuaded C. G. to take pains too. But though the labor and still more the apparatus and report had been great, the produce had been little. There was a bluntness and hebetude in poor G.'s parts, that seemed to prove him adapted to an office like that of a horse in a mill, rather than of the race horse or the hunter. When this operose and hard-working student descended from his closet, and gained a sort of tacit leave of his tutor to join in the circle of us gay and high-spirited fellows, the part he played was no more advantageous to him, than his former exhibition had been among the learned. He wished for the character of a wit, and had thought that the ample estate attached to his birth would be a sufficient endorsement to the repartees which he uttered. But in this he was deceived. We were too thoughtless and frolic, perhaps I might say, too liberal and independent of soul, to decide on the talent of our companions, from the length of their purses. G. soon found that he was better qualified to be "the cause of wit in others," than to be a wit himself; and the asperity and indignation with which he bore this, and the awkward attempts, by which he endeavored to shake it off, fluctuating between resentment and a suspicion that what he suffered was not a fitting ground of resentment, only made the general effect upon bystanders the more irresistibly ludicrous.

I observed with surprise that G. was received upon a very different footing at the metropolis, from what he had been at College. Here he performed the part of an *elegant*, and was generally admitted as a man of breeding, amusement, and fashion. No one laughed at, and almost every one courted him.

It has frequently occurred to me to see this metamorphosis, and to remark persons, who in their boyish years had been thought dull and poor fellows, afterwards making a grave and no dishonored figure upon the theatre of life. At school, certainly the number of dunces is much beyond its due propor-

tion (particularly if we have regard to the higher classes of society) to those who are ordinarily put down for such in maturer life. Perhaps scarcely one boy in an hundred is clever; but when these boys grow up to be men, the dullard will frequently play his part to the great satisfaction of the spectators; and not only outstrip his ingenious competitor in the road of fortune, but even be more highly esteemed, and more respectfully spoken of by the majority of those who know him. I have often been desirous to ascertain in what manner we are to account for so curious a phenomenon; and I have found there are two ways in which it may happen.

First, the man who plays his part on the theatre of life, always maintains what may be called an artificial character. Gravity has been styled by the satirist, "a mysterious carriage of the body to conceal the defects of the mind;" and young men educated together are scarcely ever grave. They appear in simple and unvarnished colors; theirs is not the age of disguise, and if they were to attempt it, the attempt, so far as related to their colleagues, would be fruitless. The mind of a young man at college is tried in as many ways, and turned and essayed in as various attitudes, as the body of an unfortunate captive in the slave-market of Algiers. The captive might, with as much probability of success, endeavor to conceal his crooked back or misshapen leg, as the collegian to hide his dullness, his ill-temper, or his cowardice. But when the same persons are brought out into the world, there are certain decorums, and restrictions from good manners, which operate most wonderfully to level the varying statures of the mind; and (to pursue the idea suggested by the slave-market) the courtier, the professional man, or the fine lady, do not more abound in advantages for concealing their bodily deformities, than for keeping out of sight those mental imbecilities, which the lynx-eyed sagacity and frolic malice of school boy against school boy are sure to discover and expose.

Beside which, secondly, the part which a man has to play upon the theatre of life, is usually of much easier performance, than that of a stripling among his fellows. The strip-

ling is treated with a want of ceremony, which deters him from properly displaying many of his powers. It has been remarked that the severity of criticism in ages of refinement suppresses those happier and more daring fruits of genius, which the dawn of science and observation warmed into life; and in these respects, the entrance of the young man into the world operates in a way something similar to the transportation of the poet to a period of primeval simplicity. He is no longer rudely stared out of countenance. To change the similitude, a college life may be compared with a polar climate; fruits of a hardy vegetation only prosper in it, while those of a more delicate organization wither and die. The young man, having attained the age of manhood, no longer suffers the liberties to which he was formerly subjected, and assumes confidence in himself. This confidence is in many ways favorable to his reputation and success. It grows into a habit; and every day the probationer is better enabled to act with propriety, to explain his meaning effectually, and to display that promptitude and firmness, which may demand approbation. I should prefer, however, I must confess, the schoolboy hero to the plausible and well-seeming man of the world. Mistakes may occur, indeed, respecting the former as well as the latter. A false taste may lead his fellow-pupils to give the palm to a wild, adventurous, and boastful youth over his more tranquil competitor, though the latter should be endowed with the most perspicuous intellect, the finest imagination, or the most generous temper. There is too ready a faculty, of little depth, a rapid, mimetic, superficial memory, which will sometimes pass on inexperienced observers, for a consummate genius. The judgement, however, which is formed on the phenomena of early youth, has two advantages; first, as this period of human life is free from deception and false colors; and secondly, as qualities then discovered may be supposed more rooted and essential in the character, than such as discover themselves only in a season of maturity.

A COURSE OF

LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE EIGHTH.

GEOLOGY—Natural Phenomena, caused or influenced by Electricity.

THE structure of the earth, or geology, as connected with the history and causes of such natural phenomena, as are caused or influenced by electricity, is the subject of this lecture, which may also be considered, in part, a continuation of the last, as containing a further account of the most probable and rational theories of the terraqueous globe.

The natural division of the earth is into sea and land; nearly two thirds of it being occupied by water, although no where to a depth comparatively very considerable. The remaining third consists of land, elevated more or less above the surface of the sea, interspersed in some parts with small collections of water at various heights, and, in a few instances, somewhat lower than the level of the main ocean. We have already, in a former lecture, observed that the internal construction of the earth is but little known. The deepest excavations that have been made by human art, do not exceed 2400 feet, a very short distance when compared with the diameter of the world, which is nearly 8000 English miles. Of so far as we have been permitted to penetrate, we can speak with certainty, and we do not find that substances, taken from the lowest parts of such excavations, are generally of a nature different from those, which, in some particular places, have been found on the surface. This fact has been ascertained by the surest of all tests, that of chemical analysis, and the repeated subjection of the subjects of inquiry to multiplied and elaborate experiments.

Dr. Hutton thinks, that all our rocks and strata have been formed by subsidence under the waters of a former ocean, from the decay of a former earth, carried down to the sea by land floods; that the strata at the bottom of the ocean were

brought into fusion by subterraneous fires, and consolidated by subsequent congelation; that these strata were forced up, and made to form islands and continents by similar agency; that the shells and other exuviæ of animals, gradually collected and incorporated with these strata, make about a fourth part of our solid ground; and that the foregoing operations, viz. the waste of old land, the formation of new under the ocean, and the elevation of the strata now forming there into future dry land, are a progressive work of Nature, who always did, and always will go on forming world after world in perpetual succession. Consequently, according to this theory, the continents which we now inhabit must in process of time be worn away and destroyed, and others be forced up to supply their places. The length of time to be allowed for this successive destruction and reproduction, Dr. Hutton supposes to be far greater than is generally imagined. His system, therefore, is to be arranged, of course, among those which are hostile to the sacred history; and the best judges have pronounced it equally inimical to the principles of probability, to the results of the ablest observations on the mineral kingdom, and to the dictates of rational philosophy.

It has been suggested, that this doctrine of the *igniform* origin of our globe appears to be drawn from the theory of M. Buffon, with the difference of the perpetually renovating powers, having no determinate commencement, instead of a once slowly forming, and now gradually decaying, principle. Dr. Hutton, indeed, does not attribute the fusion of terrestrial substances to the state in which this planet issued from the sun, but to subterraneous fires and furnaces coeval with it, and still existing undiminished.

The last person to be mentioned, as having adventured in this ample field of speculation and inquiry, is Mr. Kirwan. This gentleman, with that learning which has enabled him to prosecute his numerous investigations in so enlightened a manner; with the judgement and penetration which render his inquiries so valuable; and with that spirit of patient and accurate observation, which is so indispensably necessary to a

successful development of this subject, has framed a theory of the earth, which is perhaps the most rational and probable extant.

Mr. Kirwan believes that the superficial parts of the globe were originally in a soft, liquid state, proceeding from solution in water heated at least to 33°, and possibly much higher; that this menstruum held in solution all the different earths; the metallic, the semimetallic, the saline, and the inflammable substances; that in this fluid, its solid contents coalesced and crystallized, according to the laws of electrive attraction; that these were deposited in strata according to the predominant proportion of the ingredients; that by this crystallization of these immense masses a prodigious quantity of heat must have been generated, and increased by the decomposition of the water intercepted in the precipitated ferruginous particles, and by the disengagement of inflammable air, even to incandescence, the oxygen uniting with the inflammable air, and bursting into flame; that this stupendous conflagration must have rent and split to an unknown extent the solid basis on which the chaotic fluid rested; that from the heated chaotic fluid must have been extricated the *oxygen* and *azotic* airs, which gradually formed the atmosphere; that from the union of oxygen with ignited carbon, proceeded the *carbonic acid*, the absorption of which, as the chaotic fluid cooled, occasioned the crystallization and deposition of *calcareous earth*. Mr. Kirwan also believes, that the immense masses, thus crystallized and deposited, formed the primitive *mountains;* that the formation of *plains* took place from the subsequent deposition of matters less disposed to crystallize in the intervals of distant mountains; that the level of the ocean gradually subsided, leaving large and elevated tracts of land uncovered; that the *creation of fishes* was subsequent to the emersion of the land; that after this retreat of the sea, the earth soon became covered with vegetables and peopled with animals, being in every respect fitted to receive them; that the gradual retreat of the waters continued until a few centuries before the general deluge; that this event was oc-

casioned by a miraculous effusion of water both from the clouds and from the great abyss; the latter originating in, and proceeding from, the southern ocean below the equator, and thence rushing on to the northern hemisphere, spreading over the arctic region, and descending again southward; that during this elementary conflict, the carbonaceous and bituminous matter ran into masses no longer suspensible in water, and formed *strata of coal;* and that other substances, by the combination or decomposition of their respective materials, formed various other kinds of mineral bodies, as *basaltic masses, calcedonies, spars, &c.*

That the *inequality* of *declivity* exhibited by the sides or flanks of mountains, in every part of the globe, had any regard to the points of the compass, seems to have been first remarked by the celebrated Swedish geologist, Tilas. He supposes that this fact is connected with the original structure of our globe; that it proves that mountains are not mere fortuitous eruptions, (as some, within a few years past, have confidently advanced) and that it furnishes a powerful argument in favor of the Mosaic account of the creation and deluge.

Difficulties have been lately removed, which were once supposed, by some, to militate strongly against the possibility of a general deluge. Early geologists, for want of accurate information, supposed that all the waters of the globe were not sufficient to cover the whole earth to such a depth as the sacred historian describes. It was asserted that the mean depth of the ocean did not exceed a quarter of a mile, and that it covered only one half of the globe. On these data Dr. Kiel computed that twenty-eight oceans would be requisite to completely inundate the earth to the height of four miles, which he judged to be the altitude of the loftiest mountains; a quantity, which, at that time, was utterly denied to exist. But further progress in mathematical and physical knowledge has since shewn, that the different seas and oceans contain at least *forty-eight* times as much water as they were supposed to do, and much more than enough for the extent ascribed to the deluge in the sacred history.

While difficulties, which were supposed to render the deluge *impossible*, have been removed by the investigations of modern philosophers, many facts have at the same time been brought to light, showing not only the *probability*, but the certainty of the mighty inundation. In every valley and mountain, support of revelation is discoverable. Marine shells have been found in situations so elevated, and under circumstances so remarkable, as to prove that they were deposited there by a flood, whose waters must have enveloped the globe, and risen above its highest mountains; and what confirms this conclusion, is, that shells peculiar to different shores and climates very distant from each other, have been found together, lying in promiscuous heaps. The most patient and accurate examinations of detached mineral substances, and of strata of the globe, which late inquirers have made, afford every reason to believe that the earth was for a considerable time wholly overflowed with water. And to crown all, as voyagers and travellers have explored new regions of the earth, they have found every where the indications of geological phenomena confirmed and supported by the notices of tradition. The researches of modern geologists have given abundant testimony in favor of sacred history, not only with respect to the general *deluge*, but also with regard to the *age* of the earth.

We have now noticed the principal theories of the earth. We find them all agree in one point, at least,—That it is a mass, composed of materials, which, under certain circumstances, produce all the natural phenomena which affect our senses, and they also enable us to account for them.

Among the most interesting of modern improvements in philosophy, may be classed the simplification of the processes which are employed in the pursuits and investigation of Truth and Nature. Many of the phenomena of the material world, which formerly were viewed with terror and dismay, are now so well understood, that instead of creating alarm, they are considered as blessings; and known to be agents of general beneficence, although in the course of their operation,

they may produce some partial evil, and particular inconvenience. The electric fluid, universally diffused through the substances of which the earth and atmosphere are composed, is the most active and powerful of natural agents: and, in its relation to most of the changes which take place in the various departments of animate and inanimate matter, has a particular claim to our attention in the present discourse.

As connected with the operations of electricity, it will be proper to consider for a few moments the theory of earthquakes.

As long ago as the days of Seneca, the causes of the volcanic eruptions of mount Vesuvius were supposed to exist in the lower regions of earth, or those, to which we have been able to descend actually, or by calculation. Fire was then known to be the efficient agent of volcanoes and earthquakes, and their seat not superficial, but buried deep in the bowels of the earth; in a depth, says Sir William Hamilton, much beyond the reach of the human understanding to account for them with any degree of accuracy. The passage in Seneca is remarkable, for it bears honorable testimony in support of its author's claim to a rank with the most eminent of philosophers. Speaking of Vesuvius, he says, The matter of this fire is not in the mountain, but is engendered and kindled in some inferior recess of the earth, where it is fed and nourished; the mountain is not its aliment, but its chimney. Sir William Hamilton mentions, that in the year 1795, some modern philosophers proposed with great confidence, that the erection of Dr. Franklin's conductors would prevent the bad effects of volcanoes and earthquakes, for, in their opinion, they all proceed from one cause, electricity. When we reflect, he continues, how many parts of the earth already inhabited have been thrown up from the bottom of the sea by volcanic eruptions, and the probability of there being a much greater portion under the same predicament, as yet unexplored, the vain pretensions of weak mortals to counteract such great operations, carried on for the wisest purposes by the beneficent author of nature, appear to be not only futile, but presumptuous. Let us, then, content ourselves with see-

ing as well as we can, what we are permitted to see, and reason upon it to the best of our limited understandings, well assured, that whatever *is*, is *right*.

Earthquakes are caused by a wonderfully powerful elastic vapor, generated in the caverns of the globe, and set in motion by the agency of heat, or fire, in some of its modifications. All the phenomena observed during the progress of an earthquake, may be adduced in support of this hypothesis.

Dr. Williams, formerly professor of natural philosophy in Harvard university, has considered the subject of our present discussion with laudable interest and attention. The *noise* or *roar*, occasioned by earthquakes, has always been such as might have been expected from a subterraneous vapor, when fiercely forcing its way under the surface of the earth. What report might be expected from a strong elastic vapor, when its motion is confined or directed by a particular channel or passage, we may learn from that of a blazing chimney. The action of fire, when converting the inflammable materials, with which the chimney abounds, into flame and vapor, produces a noise of a peculiar kind, and which seems different from any other, except the roar of an earthquake, to which it is with great propriety compared. There is also an apparent agreement between the effects of a subterraneous vapor and the *kind* and *motion* of the shocks it produces. When the materials, from which such an elastic gas is produced, lie promiscuously mingled and blended together, the effect of an explosion would be a violent ebullition or blast upwards, tearing or rending a circle of earth all around. This seems to have been the case in the earthquakes of Sicily, Lima, and Jamaica. When the vapors can have a regular discharge through any aperture in the surface of the earth, they will vent themselves in copious effusions and exhalations, and in this way expend their strength without any perceptible effort or struggle. Thus it was with Hecla and other exhausted volcanoes, and is now with Vesuvius, Etna, and other *vomitories* of subterranean fire.

But when the vapors are confined under the surface of the

earth, and meet with passages, or proper strata for their passage, they heave up the compressing mass of ground, and cause a motion in it either undulatory in a progressive swell, or in some other direction, depending on a variety of accidents and circumstances. And this motion will be continued until the vapors thus confined, force, or find for themselves a passage, where they may burst from their caverns, and discharge themselves into the open air.

The origin and production of such vapors may be accounted for from the contents of the earth. We have penetrated far enough below its surface, to find that many of the bodies it contains are of such a texture, or contain particles of such a nature, as to generate, or be easily turned into vapor. This is the case with coals, salts, sulphur, air, water, and all substances which contain oily particles. Such bodies, at least some of their constituent particles, are easily turned into a subtle, strong, elastic vapor. With some, nothing more is necessary to generate a very powerful gas, than a mixture of different bodies. Thus, equal quantities of iron filing and sulphur, being mixed with water, soon become too hot to be touched; and in a little time emit vapor and flame. And if iron, sulphuric acid, and water, become mixed together, there will instantly arise a violent ebullition with fumes copiously exhaling, and which are so inflammable that, if set on fire, they produce a loud explosion. It is in this way that hydrogen gas is obtained for various philosophical purposes, and we shall see in the process of an experiment, how easily this powerful elastic gas can be obtained, and made to explode by the electric spark. I take a quantity of sulphuric acid, diluted with four or five times its weight of water, and pour it on iron filings. As soon as the diluted acid comes in contact with the metal, a violent effervescence takes place, hydrogen gas escapes without external heat being applied. The production of this gas is owing to the decomposition of water. The rationale of the experiment, belonging to the department of chemistry, must be intelligible only to those who are versed in the chemical nomenclature. And, while chemistry has in

this metropolis, not only a regular school, but learned and eloquent professors, I cannot but indulge the hope, that ere long the technical terms of that most interesting science will be familiar to every lover of useful and ornamental literature.

The same effect is also produced by fermentation. Instances of very strong elastic vapors are so common, that particular cases need not be mentioned. But in no method is a more powerful gas produced than by fire. Air, by the application of fire, becomes so elastic as to break through all opposition. And there are many effects produced by the vapor of water, which far surpass the energies of gun-powder. How readily heat affects fluids and converts them into elastic gases, may be seen by observing the instrument, now presented to your notice. It consists of two glass balls, connected by a tube. The balls and tube, before they were closed, were freed from air, and partly filled with spirits of wine. If I hold a ball in each hand, no ebullition will take place in either; but if one be held and warmed in the hand, the fluid will immediately fly into the one which remains cold. When the liquid is all gone into the ball farthest from the hand it begins to boil, and will continue in a state of ebullition for a considerable length of time, provided the empty ball be retained in the hand. These phenomena admit of easy explanation. The fire, or heat of the hand, passing through the glass, converts the thin coating of moisture, that lines the ball, into vapor, which is produced in great abundance, and forces the spirit into the other ball; the fire, at the same time passing through, occasions the ebullition which is observable in the experiment; and this vapor parts again with its fire against the cooler sides of the glass. We may easily be convinced that this boiling of the fluid is occasioned by vapor raised by the heat of the hand, from the humidity which coats the inner surface of the ball; for if one ball be grasped, and kept in such a position that the fluid cannot enter it again, the sides of it will become perfectly dry, and the ebullition will entirely cease; but if a single drop be afterwards admitted into the empty ball, the ebullition will immediately recommence.

Another remarkable phenomenon that this little instrument presents to your attention, is, that so long as there remains any moisture in the inside of the ball, to be changed into vapor, the hand that closely grasps the ball experiences the sensation of cold, all the fire in the hand being combined with the water to produce the vapor; but the instant the evaporation ceases, the ball becomes warm, receiving fresh supplies of heat from the hand, which accumulate for want of a medium, as before, to carry them away, or conduct them to other substances.

In general, all combustible substances are capable of being converted into vapor by the action of fire. This substance seems dispersed throughout the universe. It is detected in every object that can be submitted to our examination. It exists in immense quantities in the bowels of the earth. Some parts, as the volcanoes, are actually in combustion, throwing out flame, smoke, rocks, cinders, and lava, for many ages: and where there are no such appearances of it, it exists, and is plenteously diffused through the whole substance of the terraqueous globe.

We know that inflammable gases are exceedingly liable to be set on fire by the electrical fluid, and that when the volume of air is prodigiously increased by the action of heat, its power is beyond expression, and can only be estimated by its terrible effects.

The structure of the earth is unequal and cavernous. Its hollow recesses extend, in all probability, to very great lengths, and, when occasionally filled with strong elastic vapors, they become immense magazines of combustible materials for volcanoes and earthquakes. Matches to explode the contents of these huge receptacles are seldom wanting. Fire is ever at hand to spring the mine, and to scatter the proudest works of nature and art in wild and promiscuous ruin.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THOUGHTS ON MELANCHOLY IN MEN OF GENIUS.

Call not this gloom, I wear, this anxious mien
The dull effect of humor, or of spleen! COWPER.

NOTHING can be more fallacious than the judgment we pronounce upon one another's happiness. Were the countenance a true index of the soul, Lavater might spare his maxims; in this respect they would seem superfluous. Flowers are sometimes known to bloom round the margin of a bog, and to conceal it; just so with the human heart, which, under the assumed mark of cheerfulness, frequently hides the profoundest misery. But however great the number of those who are anxious to veil real suffering, many, doubtless, pretend to unhappiness they never feel. The reason is plain; for, says Knox, there is a style of complaint which, is thought pretty, and a sort of woe which, has been indulged in, not only as a luxury, but as an occasion of pride. Strange, that in the midst of so much misery as the world cannot fail to produce, the querulous affectation of it should ever be known! But after all, it is not so much a matter of wonder, since this, with a thousand other follies, will be found to derive its origin from false notions of happiness.

Rash indeed, however, would it be to condemn indiscriminately the pretenders to wretchedness, many of whom, in the private walks of life, and subject to the double weight of poverty and neglect, have shed the richest blooms of morality over a thankless world! He cannot be a hypocrite, who calls only on "the muses and heaven-taught souls to hear" his inquietude, nor can he be a deceiver, who chooses to make woods, rocks, and fountains the silent witnesses of his sorrow. Will any one undertake to say that Chatterton, Savage, Burns, Cowper, or Kirk White, made a mock of human misery?—I think not. These were men of real genius, and truly men of sorrows and "acquainted with griefs."

——"Despair and indignation rose,
And told again the story of their woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart,
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang with which the soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning scorn, and want, combin'd!"

But it is not contumely and neglect alone which the retired and studious man, and let me say the man of genius, is compelled to encounter, and which so often provoke the sigh of unavailing regret. His melancholy has a deeper root than the scorn of the world, and frequently is engendered by a cause unknown, because unfelt by those who pursue the steady, sober maxims of business—

"Dull as an ass that treads the cistern wheel."

His gloom is constitutional. Persons of minds less delicate and susceptible are seen to travel through life with cheerfulness and resolution, while the man of genius spends his time in what at best but passes for an amiable indolence, and in those pursuits too, which serve rather to increase than diminish mental disease. Inactivity is no sanitive for grief. Armstrong, in a most beautiful appeal to the desponding lover, warns against its indulgence, and bids him hurry into the bustle of business and the world, and there forget the inquietude of a wounded spirit.

"Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress grove, &c.

But, alas! Οὐ παντα τὰ ἕλκη ἀκέστα; all griefs are not curable, and the counsellor of wretchedness is frequently its greatest victim! Upon the whole, this mental suffering, of which many unaffectedly complain, may doubtless be traced to the sickly sensibility of uncontrolled imagination. "The speculations of Mr. Smellie are not to be considered as the dreams of a theorist; they were probably founded on sad experience. The being he supposes 'with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating,' is to be found in real life. He is of the temperament of genius, and perhaps a poet. Is there then no remedy for this inordinate sensibility? Are there no means by which the happiness of

one so constituted by nature may be consulted? Perhaps it will be found that regular and constant occupation, irksome though it may at first be, is the true remedy. Occupation, in which the powers of the understanding are exercised, will diminish the force of external impressions, and keep the imagination under restraint." SALMASIUS.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XIII.

"The merry dance I dearly love."

THERE is, perhaps, no art that is more diligently and successfully cultivated among our young men and women, than the art of dancing. The following animated panegyric upon it is extracted from a collection of dances, equally ancient and rare, printed in 1706, and decorated with a frontispiece, representing the humors of a dancing school, about a century ago. I wish that you, Mr. Editor, would admit of a similar decoration in the Polyanthos, for I think that a faithful copy of it would embellish a page exceedingly; and I am confident that every person who inspected it, would be obliged to confess, that our beaux and belles would cut but a sorry figure, by the side of the ladies and gentlemen of those days. The ladies were distinguished by a most admirable length of waist, and resembled those of modern days in no particular, except in that of veiling, but partially, the beauties of their bosoms, (necks I mean). But the gentlemen,—alas! I am quite ashamed of my lively cotemporaries, when I contemplate their dress, and compare it with the dignified habiliments of ancient times. The full-bottomed wig, and long flowing cravat, gave such majesty to the whole person, that one might be almost tempted to imagine, that the bench of judges, had for a moment, forgotten their gravity, and condescended to tread the mazes of the dance. However, as I despair of ever seeing a full-bottomed wig upon the head of a beau, dressed for the Exchange Coffeehouse or Concert Hall,

I shall not take up more room with vain expressions of regret, but, without further delay, present my readers with an extract, which is thus entitled—

"THE PREFACE TO ALL LOVERS OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

The art of dancing, called by the ancient Greeks *orchestice*, is a commendable and rare quality fit for young gentlemen and ladies, if opportunely and civilly used. Plato, that famous philosopher, thought it meet, that young ingenious children should be taught to dance. It is a quality that hath been formerly honored in the courts of princes, when performed by the most noble heroes of the times. This art has also been anciently handled by Athenæus, Julius Pollux, Cælius Rhodiginus, and others. who much commended it to be excellent for recreation after more serious studies, making the body more active and strong, graceful in deportment, and bestowing a quality very much beseeming a gentleman. And now, the former impressions being sold off, I have in this thirteenth edition (with the assistance of a knowing friend in this art), made it much more complete, by adding many new tunes and dances, never before printed; most of the tunes being within the compas of the flute. The whole, as it is now carefully corrected and published, I doubt not, will be kindly accepted by all ingenious lovers of this art: which is the hearty desire of.

Your friend and servant, &c.

JOAN SANDERSON, OR THE CUSHION DANCE.

This dance is begun by a single person (either man or woman), who taking a cushion in his hand, dances about the room, and at the end of the tune he stops, and sings, *This dance it will no farther go.* The musicians answer, *I pray you, good sir, why say you so?* Man, *Because* Joan Sanderson *will not come too.* Music, *She must come too, and she shall come too, and she must come whether she will or no.* Then he lays down the cushion before a woman, on which she kneels, and he kisses her, singing, *Welcome*, Joan Sanderson, *welcome, welcome.* Then she rises, takes up the cushion, and both dance, singing, *Prinkum-prankum is a fine dance, and shall we*

dance it once again, once again, and once again, and shall we dance it once again? Then making a stop, the woman sings, as before, *This dance, &c.* Music, *I pray you madam, &c.* Woman, *Because* John Sanderson, &c. Music, *He must, &c.* And so she lays down the cushion before a man, who kneeling upon it salutes her, she singing, *Welcome*, John Sanderson, &c. Then he taking up the cushion, they take hands, and and dance round singing as before, and thus they do, till the whole company are taken into the ring. Then the cushion is laid before the first man, the woman singing, *This dance, &c.* as before, only instead of—*come to* they sing—*go fro;* and instead of *welcome*, John Sanderson, &c. they sing *Farewell*, John Sanderson, *farewell, farewell;* and so they go out, one by one, as they came in. *Note.* The woman is kissed by all the men in the ring, at her coming in and going out, and likewise the man by the woman.

HOBB'S WEDDING:

A Kissing Dance, in the Country Wake.

The first couple cast off half way, the second cross over at the same time, then lead up and turn from each other, the man to the right, and the woman to the left. *This to the first strain played once.* Then meet the first couple, the woman the man, and the man the woman; then the first man turn the second woman, left hands round, the second man doing the same with the first woman, till they come all on a row, with their left shoulders to each other, the men with their faces down, and the women with theirs up. *First strain twice.* Then pass by, till you come to a square, the men with their faces down, and the women with theirs up, then all turn single to the left hand, with their faces to each other; then right and left three times, the first man beginning with the second woman, and the second man with the first woman. *This to the second strain played once.* The first man pulls the second woman back, and the second man puts the first woman from him till the second couple comes back to back, each man kissing the contrary woman; then the first couple cast off, the man to the left hand and the woman to the right, the

second couple casting off both to the right hand, till they come in their proper places.

MOLL PEATLY, THE NEW WAY.

The first man begins on the women's side, the first couple sides to the second couple of one side, and then on the other side; then hit your right elbows together, and then your left, and turn with your left hands behind, and your right hands before, and turn twice round; and then your left elbows together, and turn as before, and so to the next.

AKEROYDE'S PADD.

First couple walk down in the middle to the bottom by equal steps, the bottom couple walk up to the top on the outside, at the same time, the same over again; then first couple brush hands four times, the second couple the same at the same time, the same four back to back and stamp with their feet, four times; then the first couple pace into the second couple's places; then first man and second woman shake hands across and keep their hold, second man and first woman the same; then trot half, and gallop half round, trot half round, and gallop half round again, then turn all single till done.

THE NEW ROUND O.

The first couple set and cast off in the second couple's places, then the first woman cross over above the second couple, and the first man below the third couple, and meet both in the middle, then the first woman cast off, and the first man cast up at the same time, then both set and fall back. Then the first and third couples set in between the first couple, and fall back and turn single, then the first couple hop round one another, waving their hands; then the first woman back to back with the second man, and the first man back to back with the third woman at the same time; then first woman back to back with the third man, and the first man back to back with the second woman, at the same time; then the three men go the hey together, at the same time."

I will not say that the above dances exceed in elegance those at present in fashion; nor, indeed, can I contend for

their being more simple and easy, but I cannot help thinking that they would produce much more merriment, than even the Irish Coolun, or Scotch Lilt, with which Mr. Jones has lately delighted the public at the theatre.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XXIV.

INTOXICATED with a new sentiment, Venus believed herself happy; but her happiness no longer depended upon herself; Apollo was become the arbiter and depositary of her bliss. Alas! how is that woman to be pitied, who confides her happiness to a single object! never, never does she find a faithful guardian. Such was the fate of Venus. Slander, who now presided at the meetings of the goddesses, reported in confidence that Phœbus descended every evening into the palace of Amphitrite, and left her only at the rising of Aurora. At this intelligence, Jealousy quitted her usual abode, the temple of Hymen, and hastened to fill up the heart of Venus with gall and wormwood. The unhappy goddess, with distracted looks, pale cheeks, and disordered tresses, flew to the top of Mount Ida. There her wandering eyes sought by turns the car of her lover and the dwelling of Amphitrite. Quickly she beheld the coursers of the Sun reach the end of their journey, and descend towards the liquid plain; the ocean sparkles, the horses increase in speed, the car plunges into the waves, its fires are extinguished, and Phœbus disappears.

At this spectacle Cypris remained mute and motionless; her eyes fixed on the dark horizon, seemed apt to follow the car of her lover. "Ingrate!" she exclaimed, "after all that I——" she could not proceed; the words expired upon her lips amidst sobs and sighs. At length, with a trembling voice, she called her turtles, seized the reins, and hurried into the Island of Cyprus, to bury her shame and her remorse. In

that lovely scene the remembrance of happier days melted her heart, and drew forth those tears which it was a relief to shed. It seemed to her that the trees and the fountains replied to her sighs, and the unfortunate solaced her sorrow by addressing to them her lamentations. While uttering her complaints she wandered through the woods and the valleys, her lips pale, her eyelids inflamed, her eyes extinguished, her cheeks colorless yet burning. She was no longer Venus, and when her lover came to enlighten the wreck he had made, he no longer knew his victim.

The days of Cypris were thus consumed by regret and tears; and her nights were passed in comparing those she now endured with the delightful ones she enjoyed in the Isle of Rhodes. One morning she raised herself in wild agitation, and hastened, even before Aurora, among the woods that covered the mountains. She met there a young favorite of Diana herself, and might well have been mistaken for her brother; he was not an immortal, but he had entered into that brilliant age in which life resembles immortality. As he pursued the monsters of the forest he perceived Venus, and stopped. Cypris, astonished, raised her eyes to him, and had no power to withdraw them. The hunter forgot his bow and his arrows; Venus found delight awaking amidst her tears. After a long silence the timid hunter thus addressed her:—

"It is said that Venus sometimes visits these enchanting solitudes; in seeing you, I believe—but, without doubt, my eyes are deceived by your charms; if you were Venus would you shed tears?"

"Alas!" she replied, "are you ignorant then that the goddesses have hearts, and that the gods are faithless? But you, amiable mortal! who are you? who are the authors of your days?"

At these words the young man blushed, and his beautiful eyelashes veiled the confusion of his looks.

"My birth is a secret, and my existence a crime. Cinyras, my father, reigned in this fortunate island: he had an only daughter, whom he tenderly loved. Myrrha returned his af-

fection ; but, alas ! her heart wandered, and filial piety grew into love ! To extinguish this incestuous flame, Myrrha sought to destroy herself; she endeavored to strangle herself with her girdle ; but the nurse cut the fatal knot, restored her to life, tore from her her secret, and favored her crime. The wife of my father was then celebrating, during the night, the mysteries of Ceres. Conducted by her nurse, Myrrha took her place in the nuptial bed. Too soon did Cinyras learn the horrible mistake : he would have avenged nature had not his daughter escaped from his fury. During eight long months she wandered as far as the country of the Sabines, bearing within her womb the fruit of her crime. Remorse discovered her, and the gods at length yielding to her prayers, changed her into the tree from whence myrrh is gathered. Alas, those costly drops are the tears of my mother ! Under this new form she still nourishes me ; at last the term prescribed by Lucina arived, the trunk of the tree opened, and I saw the light. Touched with my fate, the nymphs received me in their arms, and took care of my infancy. While my father lived I dared not appear in the place that he inhabited ; but he is no more, and I believe that it is permitted me to come and weep over his ashes. Alas ! I merited a different origin ; the heart of Adonis is pure ; pity him, do not hate him !"

At these words sighs stifled his voice, and two crystal streams flowed over his vermillion cheeks. Softened and charmed, Venus smilingly wiped away those tears, and gently sighing, said to him :—" Console yourself; all hearts are not closed against you. Do not accuse yourself of the crime of your mother, for I would not willingly love a criminal."

" Oh, who would love me !" he exclaimed ; " I have no sister."

" I will be so."

" I have no longer a mother."

" Weep not, I will be your mother also."

While she spoke she imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of the orphan. You will guess, my Emilia, whether it was a

fraternal or maternal kiss; but you may soon decide. For my part I should think that the emotion of Venus resembled that which I feel near you.

LETTER XXV.

Doubtless you are impatient to hear of the second interview between Venus and Adonis; I hasten to give it you, my Emilia. Aurora is beginning to unbar the gates of day; at the foot of yonder hill do you not perceive Adonis, his eyes cast down, his head declined, his steps trembling, running, yet fearing to reach the place of meeting? At the corner of that wood do you not discover Venus concealed amid a thicket of myrtles? Through the branches, that she gently agitates, she perceives Adonis. She enjoys his confusion; she waits for him, and pardons him for making her wait. He comes at last; Venus discovers herself. Behold his embarrasment and her delight! He is speechless; she looks at him; he raises his eyes. They are both motionless, both silent; but Cypris gently breathes a kiss upon her hand, and abandons it to him; Adonis gathers the kiss, and gives a thousand in exchange.—"Ah!" he exclaims, "does not this beautiful hand tell you with what fires I burn?"—At these words Venus smiles, extends her arms, and replies to him by an embrace.

After this mute eloquence, Venus remarks that her lover is pensive and abstracted; she enquires the cause.

"Alas!" replied he blushing, "since one instant I fear to have become a lustre older. Until now I never counted my years; but consecrated to you, life becomes dear to me. If that which I have been told is true, I shall not long enjoy this felicity. Last spring Aurora, daughter of Titan and Cybèle, perceived Titan, brother of Priam. He was beautiful, and the goddess loved him. She descended from her rosy chariot, took Titon by the hand, and conducted him into the Isle of Delos. There Hymen secretly united them; and Aurora obtained from the Fates immortality for her husband. But immortality exempts us not from old age; and mortals soon

grow old by the side of divinities. Each favor which Titon obtained from his celestial bride added five years to his age; so that ere Aurora had twelve times enlightened the east, she saw her husband bending under the weight of decrepitude and time. Titon supplicated the gods to abridge this eternal old age; and the gods, touched with his sad situation, changed him into a grasshopper. Under this new form he yet sings with a feeble voice the pleasures of his fugitive youth: in a few days, perhaps, I shall mourn like him the evanescent dream of my present happiness."

Adonis sighed and was silent. Venus tenderly embraced him and replied:—"Ah fear not such a change! in my bosom you will never grow old; my breath will renew thy youth like ever-springing roses." These words, followed by enchanting caresses, reassured Adonis; fear disappeared, and pleasure took its place. From this hour Venus was inseparable from Adonis; armed like him with a bow and quiver, she followed him through forests and across precipices. The Queen of Paphos submitted to the laws of Diana; love suffocated pride in the heart of a goddess. If the ardor of the chase sometimes separated the lovers, they quickly rejoined each other, if only to repeat, "I love thee."—*I love you* was not then in use; it was reserved to our time to distinguish respect and tenderness by the application of *you* and *thou*. Yet when respect and tenderness are united, what pronoun must we employ? I know not; and I confess to you, my Emilia, that while my lips repeat *you*, my heart says *thou*. Let not this tacit liberty alarm your dignity; is it not by this pronoun we address the Supreme Being, and can it be thought deficient in respect when we apply it to the person we love?

Venus now proved the proud consolation of having forgotten Apollo. Adonis loved her, and loved for the first time; it was the love of purity and truth. Cypris well knew the value of this treasure; she enjoyed it with transport, fondly believing that no one existed so happy as herself; but O how fleeting is the bliss which springs from fortunate love!

Already spring had flown to repose in the Isle of Cyprus,

and autumn left the empire of the earth to winter, when Mars returned covered with laurels, hoping to find Cypris still his own. On arriving he learned the misunderstanding which existed between Vulcan and his wife, and he deemed it a good omen. But at the freezing reception of Venus his hopes vanished, and a crowd of gloomy suspicions came in their stead. The god was wise enough to suspect that a beauty rarely recalls her heart except to bestow it upon another. He guessed that Cypris had some secret attachment; and as she passed part of the winter in the Isle of Cyprus, there must be some mystery there, or he did not know women. He soon learned from his spies that he had not mistaken the goddess.

The jealous god now swore the destruction of Adonis; he lighted up in his soul the fire of glory, breathed into him the fury of war and the thirst of danger. Adonis is no longer the same; he burns to encounter the most furious beasts. That warlike rashness in his eyes animates his complexion, and spreads an heroic grace over all his person. Never has Venus loved him so fondly, never feared so much for his life.—"Oh my Adonis!" she cries to him, "whence springs this wild temerity? Do you prefer Diana to that Venus who adores you! Cease to seek for combats with monsters; be content with the victory of my heart. Alas! to day I must leave thee awhile, to take my place in the celestial court; I will soon return, yet I tremble to leave thee. Ah, if I am dear to thee, take care of your life, live for her who would be denied the consolation of dying with you"—At these words she fondly embraces him and departs.

Hardly was her chariot flown towards Olympus, than Mars appears under the form of a wild boar. His bristling mane, his menacing jaws, his glancing eyes, rekindle the impetuous ardor of Adonis; he forgets Venus, forgets himself, flies like lightning, reaches the monster, and pierces him with his spear. The furious beast turns upon the young hunter, rends his blooming flesh, and buries his murderous teeth in his thigh. Adonis falls, bathed in his blood.

Zephyrus bears the last cry of her Adonis to the ear of Venus; Venus echoes it, and the next moment her doves on rapid wing descend with her to the earth. The distracted goddess rushes over rocks and through thorny brakes, which tear her alabaster bosom, pierce her delicate feet, and unloose her magic zone. She casts herself upon her best beloved, closes his yawning wound, tears off her veil, and vainly tries to repress with it the gushing blood which still bursts forth, and runs in streams over her trembling hands. Useless and too tardy care! His brilliant eyes are extinguished, his forehead pale, his vermeil lips gradually changing their color, resemble a faded violet. In vain does the wretched Venus with difficulty raise that motionless body, press it in her arms, support his heart against hers, touch with her glowing mouth those dying lips, and seek to reanimate him with her divine warmth: her dear Adonis no longer feels, and it is a mass of ice which rests against her bosom. At once a mortal coldness seizes the goddess; she shudders, recoils, and falls back invoking death.

Detesting an immortality which she could not partake with her lover, the unhappy Cypris sought to reanimate at least some part of him. She collected the blood which yet flowed from his wound, and from its faint warmth she raised the flower *avemarie*. Sweet and tender flower! which shines in the morning and at night loses its lusture, emblem of life, you present to us in one day the fugitive image of youth and joy!

After this transformation Venus erected a temple on this spot to her dear Adonis. There she every year renewed his funeral ceremonies. In after times the inhabitants of Syria and of Greece adopted these annual feasts; the first day every one appeared covered with mournful garments, tearing their hair, and beating their breasts while they wept the death of Adonis: the next day they celebrated with joy his resurrection and apotheosis.

Having now rendered the last duties to her lover, Cypris thought of her own wounds. While flying to the succor of

Adonis she had neither felt the puncture of the rocks, nor the thorns of the thickets; the sharp rose bushes were tinged with her blood, several drops sprinkled the roses themselves; and that flower which had till then been of snowy whiteness, preserved ever after the color of the blood of the goddess.

Thus I, my Emilia, who never obtain any other favor than that of being permitted now and then to present you with one of those flowers, in seeing it bloom upon your heart I gaze, and think I see the blood of Venus returning to its source.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Simplex Munditiis.—Horace.

Mr. Editor,

Simplicity of style is one of the greatest excellencies that an author can possess. Whenever this quality prevails among writers, it is considered as an infallible evidence of an enlightened period. He, who can enforce attention from the energy of his thoughts, will derive little assistance from the ornaments of language. He will not be under the necessity of multiplying his epithets, collecting numerous metaphors and similes, or of loading his composition with appendages extraneous and unnecessary. His periods will flow along with a concise sententiousnes, at once clear and commanding. In a word, such a writer will resemble a straw-berry vine, (pardon a simile in a concise man) the less foliage, the more fruit.

Being desirous of attaining this excellence, and convinced that practice is the only way of coming to perfection, I have endeavored for sometime past to imitate this manner of writing. To be sure, it has cost me a vast deal of pains and labor. No modern wit ever labored half so long at an "impromptu" as I have at this. My nights and days have been given to the business. I have had Demosthenes, Tacitus, and Dean Swift perpetually before me as models. I have used

the pruning hook again and again; and I here present you the result of my toil. Foreigners reproach us with the love of turgid bombast, meretricious ornament, and unnecessary verbosity; let them read my *Morning Walk*, and reproach us no more.

"MORNING WALK.

"EARLY one morning, in the pleasant month of May, ere the light-bringing sun had raised his circular orb above the wave-rolling sea, to chase away the tenebrious shades, which envelop the terrestrious land and the aqueous waters, while dormitant sleepers, supinely reclined upon their downy couches, were enjoying the dulcifying pleasures of somniferous sleep, I early arose, and putting on my limb-covering clothes and placing upon my *sinciput* forehead my head-sheltering hat, I walked forth to enjoy the matin morning.

As I was walking, I came into a fence-bounded field, and my step-taking feet being oppressed with weary lassitude at the ambulatory walk I had taken, I set me down upon a grass-green sod under the out-spreading branches of a leaf-bearing tree. The perspective prospect of nurturing nature was all before me; the gregarious flocks were spread out upon the concave valleys, or browzed without concern upon the protuberant hills; here you might see with your ocular eyes the two-horned ox, and there the four-legged sheep; here reclined the female cow, and there fed the masculine bull. The sheep-tending shepherd had arisen to his woolly charge, and with his curved-crook was beating the lanigerous hides of his fleecy flock; the stream-flowing rill unitedly joined in a symphonious concert with the wind-blowing breeze; and both of them together sent forth a whispering susurration; over the brow-raising hill was departing the monthly-changing moon; from the perpendicular chimney of the lowly-roofed cottage, arose the fumid smoke towards the blue-looking sky; the song-singing birds were pouring forth their melodious notes from their thoracic throats. "Well," said I to myself, "we must all die some time or other." Having admired the beautiful scene, I returned home, and taking my *prandiculous*

breakfast, I went about the negotiatic business of the diurnal day."

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have endeavored to give you a fair specimen of primitive simplicity. I might have amused you with sonorous periods and empty declamation. I might have run on multiplying unnecessary words, stringing together tedious circumlocutions, and neglecting the sense to improve the sound. But I was above it. I have chosen to stick to the good old Attic taste. I intended to leave a pattern for my countrymen; and if my labors should be the means of reclaiming one vicious writer, I shall not think my life misspent, although it has wholly and totally been devoted to the public good. PAUCILOQUENS.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

THE reader can not be displeased at seeing a few more short extracts from the *Indian Princess*.

The following relation of the adventures of a reconnoitring party is a fair specimen of Mr. Barker's talent at humorous composition.

Walter. When we had given the enemies of our ally, Powhatan, defeature, and sent the rough Miami in chains to Werocomoco, our captain despatches his lieutenant, Rolfe, to supply his place, here, in the town; and leading us to the water's edge, and leaping into the pinnace, away went we on a voyage of discovery. Some thousand miles we sailed and many strange nations discovered; and for our exploits, if posterity reward us not, there is no faith in history.

Alice. And what were your exploits?

Wal. Rare ones egad!

We took the devil, Okee, prisoner.

Al. And have you brought him hither?

Wal. No: his vot'ries

Redeem'd him with some score or two of deer skins.

Then we've made thirty kings our tributaries:

Such sturdy rogues, that each could easily

Fillip a buffalo to death with 's finger.

Al. But have you got their treasures?

Wal. All, my girl.

Imperial robes of raccoon, crowns of feather;
Besides the riches of their sev'ral kingdoms——
A full boat load of corn.

Al. O wonderful!

Wal. Ay, is it not? But, best of all, I've kiss'd
The little finger of a mighty queen.
Sweet soul! among the court'sies of her court,
She gave us a Virginian mascarado.

Al. Dost recollect the fashion of it?

Wal. Oh!

Were I to live till Time were in his dotage,
'Twould never from mine eyes. Imagine first,
The scene, a gloomy wood; the time, midnight;
Her squawship's maids of honor were the maskers;
Their masks were wolves' heads curiously set on,
And, bating a small difference of hue,
Their dress e'en such as madam Eve had on
Or ere she eat the apple.

Al. Pshaw!

Wal. These dresses,
All o'er perfum'd with the self-same pomado
Which our fine dames at home buy of old Bruin,
Glisten'd most gorgeously unto the moon.
Thus, each a firebrand brandishing aloft,
Rush'd they all forth, with shouts and frantic yells,
In dance grotesque and diabolical,
Madder than mad Bacchantes.

Al. O the powers!

Wal. When they had finish'd the divertisement
A beauteous Wolf-head came to me—

Al. To you?

Wal. And lit me with her pine-knot torch to bed-ward,
Where, as the custom of the court it was,
The beauteus Wolf-head blew the flambeau out,
And then—

Al. Well!

Wal. Then the light being out, you know,
To all that follow'd I was in the dark.
Now you look grave. In faith I went to sleep.

Could a grim wolf rival my gentle lamb?
No, truly, girl: though in this wilderness
The trees hang full of diverse colour'd fruit,
From orange-tawny to sloe-black, egad,
They'll hang until they rot or ere I pluck them,
While I've my melting, rosy nonpareil.

Of the love scenes in this play, take the following, which is delicate, tender, and replete with artless simplicity. The song that concludes it is a very happy and natural expression of the passion of a lover.

Princess. Thou art my life!
I liv'd not till I saw thee, love; and now,
I live not in thine absence. Long, O! long
I was the savage child of savage Nature;
And when her flowers sprang up, while each green bough
Sang with the passing west wind's rustling breath!
When her warm visitor, flush'd Summer, came,
Or Autumn strew'd her yellow leaves around,
Or the shrill north wind pip'd his mournful music,
I saw the changing brow of my wild mother
With neither love nor dread. But now, O! now,
I could entreat her for eternal smiles,
So thou might'st range through groves of loveliest flowers,
Where never Winter, with his icy lip,
Should dare to press thy cheek.
Rolfe. My sweet enthusiast!
Prs. O! 'tis from thee that I have drawn my being;
Thou'st ta'en me from the path of savage error,
Blood-stain'd and rude, where rove my countrymen,
And taught me heavenly truths, and fill'd my heart
With sentiments sublime, and sweet, and social.
Oft has my winged spirit, following thine,
Cours'd the bright day-beam, and the star of night,
And every rolling planet of the sky,
Around their circling orbits. O, my love!
Guided by thee, has not my daring soul,
O'ertopt the far off mountains of the east,
Where, as our fathers fable, shadowy hunters
Pursue the deer, or clasp the melting maid,
Mid ever blooming spring! Thence, soaring high
From the deep vale of lengendary fiction,

Hast thou not heaven-ward turn'd my dazzled sight,
Where sing the spirits of the blessed good
Around the bright throne of the Holy One?
This thou hast done; and ah! what couldst thou more,
Belov'd preceptor, but direct that ray,
Which beams from heaven to animate existence,
And bid my swelling bosom beat with love!

Rol. O, my dear scholar!

Prs. Pr'ythee chide me, love:
My idle prattle holds thee from thy purpose.

Rol. O! speak more music! and I'll listen to it,
Like stilly midnight to sweet Philomel.

Prs. Nay, now begone; for thou must go: ah! fly,
The sooner to return——

Rol. Thus, then, adieu! [*embrace.*
But, ere the face of morn blush rosy red,
To see the dew-besprent, cold virgin ground
Stain'd by licentious step; O, long before
The foot of th' earliest furred forrester,
Do mark its imprint on morn's misty sheet,
With sweet good morrow will I wake my love.

Prs. To bliss thou'lt wake me, for I sleep till then
Only with sorrow's poppy on my lids.

Music. Embrace; and exit Rolfe, followed by Robin; Princess looks around despondingly.

But now, how gay and beauteous was this grove!
Sure evening's shadows have enshrouded it,
And 'tis the screaming bird of night I hear,
Not the melodious mock-bird. Ah! fond girl!
'Tis o'er thy soul the gloomy curtain hangs;
'Tis in thy heart the rough-toned raven sings.
O, lover! haste to my benighted breast;
Come like the glorious sun, and bring me day!

SONG.

When the midnight of absence the day-scene pervading
Distils its chill dew o'er the bosom of love,
O how fast then the gay tints of nature are fading!
How harsh seems the music of joy in the grove!
While the tender flow'r droops till return of the light,
Steep'd in tear drops that fall from the eye of the night.
But O, when the lov'd-one appears,

Like the sun a bright day to impart,
To kiss off those envious tears,
To give a new warmth to the heart;
Soon the flow'ret, seeming dead,
Raises up its blushing head,
Glows again the breast of love,
Laughs again the joyful grove;
While once more the mock-bird's throat
Trolls the sweetly various note.
But ah! when dark absence the day-scene pervading
Distils its chill dew o'er the bosom of love,
O! fast then the gay tints of nature are fading!
O! harsh seems the music of joy in the grove!
And the tender flow'r droops till return of the light,
Steep'd in tear drops that fall from the eye of the night.

I believe that every reader, who aspires to the privilege of exercising his own judgement, will think with me, that the writer of the above extracts is worthy of the patronage of his countrymen; and nothing but an abject submission to a despotism in matters of taste, will withhold it.

Of the writer, Mr. J. N. Barker, I know little, except that he is the son of the honorable J. Barker, mayor of the city of Philadelphia, was educated at Princeton college, and bred to the profession of the law; and is now a captain of artillery in the army of the United States. That his attention has been considerably engrossed by the stage, is probable from his writings, and from his having performed the character of *Hamlet* some time since at Providence, in which it is said he discovered much theatrical talent, and received universal applause.

Jaques.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Advice to a Friend.

Art thou poor? expect nothing from any one: alms now-a-days have fallen to the lot of the rich.

Bon Mots.

The Duke de Roquelaure, being one day alone with the late queen of France, and the princess of Condé, was asked by the queen, if he would not make some pretty *impromptu* for her; on which Roquelaure having remarked that she had on plain green silk shoes, immediately answered her, What can I say, when the universe is at your feet? *(l'uni-vers est à vos pieds.)*

—

The Cardinal de Polignac, being asked one day by a lady of quality, what difference there was between her and a clock, simply answered, *Madame, avec une montre on compte les heures, auprès de vous on les oublie:* (By a clock we count the hours, near you we forget them.)

—

Piron, a French satirist, was met in the streets of Paris by one of his friends, in a state of intoxication, on Good Friday, who reprimanded him severely for this flagrant breach of decorum and fast; to this, Piron calmly replied, *My friend, when Divinity falls a victim, humanity may stagger.*

—

Epitaph.

On the death of a person who was dumb, of an elegant shape, and supposed the particular favorite of a lady who has many lovers, one of them, who had been a long time suspicious of the connection, wrote the following epitaph on the tomb of the deceased:

This is a lover's early tomb,
Who died while yet in beauty's bloom.
Iris for him drops many a tear;
Her grief, I'm sure, must be sincere:
For none, of all her am'rous train,
Was half so secret as this swain.

—

Anecdote.

One day, as Sir William Davenport walked along the Mews, an importunate beggar-woman teazed him for charity,

with often repeating, *God preserve your worship's eye sight.* —Why what's the matter with my eye sight, woman, said Sir William; I find no defect there. Ah, good Sir, I wish you never may, returned the beggar, for should that fail you, you must borrow a nose of your neighbor to hang your spectacles on.

—

SONNET.

FROM DRUMMOND.

WHAT doth it serve to see Sunnes burning face?
And skies enamell'd with both Indies gold?
Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd?
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauties to behold?
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flowrie grace;
The statelie comelinesse of forrests old,
The sport of flowds which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the Sylvan's songs,
The wanton mearle, the nightingalle's sad straines,
Which in darke shades seeme to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world containes,
Sith shee for whom those once to me were deare,
No part of them can have now with me heare?

—

FRAGMENTS.

Imitated from the Greek, by Richard Cumberland.

FROM EUBULUS.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man may take;
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best;
The third and last to lull him to his rest,
Then home to bed! But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours;
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds and falling-out of friends;
Seven beget blows and faces stain'd with gore;
Eight, and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless to the ground.

FROM THEOPHILUS.

If love be folly, as the schools would prove,
The man must lose his wits who falls in love;
Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
And then it follows he must lose his breath.
Good sooth! there is a young and dainty maid
I dearly love, a minstrel she by trade;
What then? Must I defer to pedant rule,
And own that love transforms me to a fool?
Not I, so help me! By the gods I swear,
The nymph I love is fairest of the fair;
Wise, witty, dearer to her poet's sight,
Than piles of money on an author's night.
Must I not love her then? Let the dull sot,
Who made the law, obey it! I will not.

Etymology of Decrepitude.

The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms senes decrepiti. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus: The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord; that is, by the last crackle. Hence a lamp just about to expire was said *decrepitare*, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave were called decrepit men.

Religion.

There are three strong passions of the mind, which are inimical to the influence of religion on the mind; viz, Love, Avarice, and Ambition, which is stronger than the two former.

Good Manners

Are signified by the writers in civil law, by the expression, "Boni mores," and are applied to persons who cultivate the virtues of charity and temperance. Cornelius Celsus, in his preface, says, the consequence of good manners is health, the offspring of temperance and exercise; and likewise gives the same praise to those who are moderate in wine. In short, "good manners" are put in opposition to every vice of indulgencies and luxuries.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.

The following epitaph, remarkable as it is, refers to the death of a son of the late governor of New-Hampshire, and is actually copied from a grave stone in the church-yard at Epping, where Mr. Plumer resides.

Here lies
the innocent Quintus Plumer,
5th child of William and
Sally Plumer.
He was born on the 5th
day of the 5th month
of the 5th year
of the 19th century,
and drew vital air
only 5 times
5 days.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE, TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER VII.

Before I proceed farther, my dear Countess, in the details of the wardrobes of our Anglo-Norman ancestors, I will indulge your curiosity with the birth, parentage, and education of the various materials for apparel, which rose and flourished from the close of the twelfth to the commencement of the fourteenth century. This genealogy of our arts, manufactures, and commerce, ought not to be more interesting to the mind of a lady at her toilette, than to that of the statesman seated profoundly in the cabinet of his country.

Silk, though used by the Saxon monarchs, was brought into general use in England by the Normans. The stuffs made of this costly material were of different kinds, and according-

ly distinguished by different appellations, some of which were derived from the countries where the various manufactures received their origin. For instance, sarcenet was so called from the Latin *Saracenus*, or the *work of the Saracens*. The same resemblance to the primitive name occurs in France, where they call it *Sarasinois*. Chaucer speaks of this light silken fabric by the name of *cloth of Tars*, because it was brought from Tartary into Europe. Our ancestors also write of *cloth of Perse*, and *cloth of Inde*, both of which signify cloth of a light blue or sky color; but this they confined not to silk, they rather meant by it any beautiful slight fabric of those orient colors. Silk is the parent stock of a number of precious materials which I shall describe hereafter; and, in some cases, as in human pedigrees, you will find the offspring even fairer than the lovely mother.

Cendal, or sandal, was a rich silken manufacture of great price; it was generally used for the lining of state-garments; probably in summer, as it was understood to supply the place of sables, ermine, and other furs. The old romance of *The Rose*, tells us that its color varied according to the taste of the purchaser, being red, white, yellow, or green.

The cloth of Tars, called in Latin *Tartarinus*, and in French *Tarsien*, was a species of silken stuff that was sometimes mixed with gold. Dugdale represents it as having been of the color of blood, but Du Cange speaks of it as a gaily figured material, sometimes of a fair blue, interwoven with devices. We find it in England in the thirteenth century, generally wrought into the vestments of the priests, who call it *Tarsieus*.

Taffata was a transparent silk, worn by the ladies alone, and usually lined their external garments, which were composed of more substantial stuff. The sarcenet was also put to the same use.

Satin, which is one of the thickest manufactures of silk, was of such high price in the thirteenth century, that few beneath the rank of princes ventured to become its purchasers. Velvet (which Mathew Paris calls *villosa*, villosus) is the

most substantial stuff into which silk can be woven; and, like satin, the highest nobility alone presumed to wear it in their dresses. We find mantles of velvet and fur so greatly valued in these ancient days that when an Earl or Countess died, he or she made them particular bequests in their last wills and testaments. Now, on the demise of one of our modern dowagers, we have her muffs, tippets, fur pelisses, silks, satins, and velvet robes, all made the spoil of waiting-maids, chamber-maids, and old Jews! I must confess that I am ancient Briton enough to declare that I think old England was a much more respectable place when her Lords and Ladies alone wore silks and sables, and the ruddy daughters of our yeomanry contented themselves with linsey-woolsey, lined at best with rabit skin. But not to digress.

Samit, or as some French authors term it, *samy*, was a peculiarly splendid stuff. It was frequently woven with gold or silver, and often embroidered with most costly workmanship. We have a pretty account of its uses in the description of the masque in the romance of *The Rose*. Mirth, he tells us, was habited "in a vest of samit, bedecked with burnished gold; his garland was made of samit, ornamented with roses." Gladness, in the same delectable poem, comes forth in "a robe of samit covered with gold." The prevailing color of this costly stuff was red; but in the old French historians we read of *robes de samit noir*. The author of the Chronicle of St. Denis assures us that the celebrated Oriflame, or consecrated standard of France, was made of red samit adorned with tufts of green silk.

Diaper, or *diaprez*, as it was called according to the French etymology, and *diasprus* in Latin, was a figured cloth composed of a variety of rich materials, such as fine linen threads of gold. It was often worn by officers in the army over their coats of mail, at which time it was usually embroidered with their respective armorial bearings. The stuff denominated *damacius* by the Latins, *damas* by the French, and damask with us (from Damascus the city in which it was first manufactured) differed very little from this ancient diaper; and

both were so costly, that in the 14th century four pounds three shillings were given for an ell of either stuff.

Baudkins, or *baldekinus* as it is called in Latin, was the most precious fabric that any country ever produced. It was composed of thickly interwoven threads of gold with the richest silk, and so interwoven, that even jewels might be mingled in its texture. It derived its name from Baldac, the modern appellation of Babylon, from whose ingenious artists it received its birth.—Henry III. it appears, was the first of our monarchs who adopted this superb vesture.

Cyclas was another sumptuous manufacture which travelled to us from the east. It derives its title from the knot of islands in the Egean sea, which are called *Cyclades*, where it was first wrought. Its materials must have been very magnificent, as we are told by writers that it was purple and gold. A coronation-robe of this truly regal tissue was worn by the beautiful Princess of Bohemia

Now whether the vestment of the renowned Cinderella, of fairy-tale memory, were in imitation of that of the peerless Judith, made of cyclas, or of baudkins, I am not conjurer enough to reveal to your Ladyship. But as we are told, that sweet maid did not completely charm away the heart of her prince till she appeared in this garment of highly wrought gold, I am inclined to conceive that the narrator of the story had a moral concealed beneath this love-creating robe, which has yet to be revealed !—I will play the oracle, and lifting the mysterious veil, unfold to your listening sex, my fair Urania, that the highly wrought golden vesture of the beauteous Cinderella, was nothing more nor less than the highly wrought texture of a perfect female character. Her sisters' gaudy trappings, namely their *deceits and affectations*, had no power over the discerning eye of the royal lover. But the *golden robe of integrity and truth* which adorned Cinderella, and the *glass slipper of sincerity* which supported her steps, had their due effect on a man who sought for a virtuous woman, " whose price is above rubies ;" and the lovely, modest, all accomplished Cinderella, became the partner of his throne.

This sweet little fairy queen has hurried me so far in her enchanted chariot, from the looms of our industrious ancestors, that, at present, I can say no more than avow myself, whether in Fairy-land or in England, ever your charmed

PARIS.

POLYANTHEA AMERICANA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE POLYANTHOS.

If a few gleanings from American authors, thrown together without order or arrangement, and entitled Polyanthea Americana, will add variety to your miscellany, or increase the amusement of its readers, you may expect occasionally a contribution from

Yours, &c. PETER PANGLOSS.

The threefold state of man represented under the emblem of the butterfly.

Oft on the flower, embosom'd in perfume,
Thou seest gay butterflies in beauty bloom;
With curious eye, the wondrous insect scan,
By heaven ordain'd a threefold type of man.
First from the dung-hill sprang the shining form,
And crawl'd to life a hideous, loathsome worm;
To creep, with toil, his inch-long journeys, curs'd;
The ground his mansion, and his food the dust:
To the next plant, his moment o'er, he drew,
And built his tomb, and turn'd to earth anew.
Oft, from the leaf depending, hast thou seen
Their tombs, with gold bedropp'd, and cloth'd in green;
There slept th' expectant, 'till the plastic beam
Purg'd his vile dross, and bade his splendors flame.
Then burst the bonds: at once in glory rise
His form etherial, and his changing dies,
Full on the lucid morn his wings unfold,
Starr'd with strong light, and gay in living gold;
Through fields of air at large the wonder flies,
Wafts on the beams, and mounts th' expanded skies,

O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph waves;
Imbibes their fragrance, and their charms out-braves;
The birds his kindred, heaven his mansion, claims,
And shines, and wantons, in the noon-day flames.
So man, poor worm! the nursling of a day!
Springs from the dust, and dwells in humble clay;
Around his little mole-hill doom'd to creep,
To drag life's load, and end his toil with sleep.
In silence to the grave his form descends,
And waits the trump, that time and nature ends.
There strength imbibes, the beam of heaven to bear;
There learns, refin'd, to breath its fragrant air;
Of life the bloom, of youth the splendor, gains,
And, cloth'd in beauty, hopes empyreal plains.
Then, wing'd with light, the deathless man shall rise,
Sail through yon stars, and soar from skies to skies;
See heavens, o'er heavens, beneath him lessening roll,
And feel the Godhead warm his changing soul;
From beauty's fount inhale th' immortal ray,
And grow from light to light, in cloudless day;
Mid morn's fair legions, crown'd with grace, be known,
The peer of angels, and of God the son.

Dwight's Conquest of Canaan.

Description of Evening.

Now sunk the sun beneath the western main,
And deepening twilight shaded every plain:
The western beam decay'd: th' expanding sky
Spread clear and boundless to th' attentive eye:
Scarce fill'd, the moon ascends the vaulted even,
And slow behind rolls on the pride of heaven;
With joy th' unenvious planets round her play,
Join their glad beams, and swell the mimic day;
From star to star the mingling lustre flies;
Unmeasur'd beauty clothes the lucid skies;
Hush'd in calm silence sleep the world serene,
And floating splendor gilds the shadowy scene. *Ibid.*

SELECT SENTENCES.

O INNOCENCE! how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! Thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men. *Truth*, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest friend; and the brighter the light is, in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent beauty. GUILT, on the contrary, like a base thief, suspects every eye that beholds him to be privy to his transgressions, and every tongue, that mentions his name, to be proclaiming them. *Fraud* and *Falsehood* are his weak and treacherous allies; and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to shame and punishment.

NOTHING can be more irksome to a generous mind, than to discover that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil that bears no other fruit than *ingratitude*.

THERE is, perhaps, no surer mark of folly, than to attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love. The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have a flaw in it; and this, in either case, I am afraid is equally incurable; though, nevertheless, the pattern may remain of the highest value.

ATTORNIES are to *counsellors*, what *apothecaries* are to *physicians*, only they do not deal in *scruples*.

THE chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

WHAT persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them at such times off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion—but intervals best discover the man.

ALL young animals are merry, and old ones grave. An *old woman* is the only old animal, that is ever *frisky*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO DESPAIR.

I.

Hail gloomy monarch, dreadful king,
Whose frowns the sons of guilt endure,
And from whose more than mortal sting,
Even innocence is not secure:
Thou com'st the guilty breast to rend,
At once a tyrant and a friend;*
We feel thy dark, resistless sway
Most cruel when we most obey;
Weak against thee is every charm,
And feeble is the firmest arm;
Thy softest whisper more can pain,
Than sorrow's dart or slavery's chain;
Thy weapons nothing can control;
They seize, afflict, subdue the soul;
Thy wand the softest scene can change,
And make familiar objects strange,
Turn all our comforts into woes,
Transform our nearest friends to foes,
Bid smiling pity stand aloof,
Make consolation seem reproof,
Fill the once tranquil breast with strife,
And quench the social flame of life.
Thy chains, by fatal force combin'd,
Can cramp the freedom of the mind;
Chains such as tyrants never dealt,
But oft in deep remorse have felt.
All ills, which man is doom'd to see,
Sink in comparison with thee;
In swelling sorrow's sharpest pains,
The cheering twilight hope remains;

* I call despair a *friend*, because to the guilty his suggestions are just—a *tyrant*, because they are severe.

In disappointment's deepest sigh,
The rain-bow promise beams on high ;
In poverty's remotest cell,
Calm consolations turn to dwell ;
Nay, joy, in man's departing breath,
Has trembled on the lip of death ;
But thou, relentless in thy sway,
Com'st only to distress and slay ;
No hidden hopes thy pangs alloy ;
No mingling throbs of latent joy.
When through the soul thy terrors run,
'Tis heaven resign'd, tis hell begun.

II.

Turn o'er the vast historic page,
Those records of the sins of man ;
See how Despair, from age to age,
Has tortur'd life since life began.
When Eden's blooms began to fade,
When man forsook its blissful shade,
When the cold earth, with pang severe,
First tasted of a mortal tear,
The seed of death was planted there,
That was the birth-place of Despair ;
The monster rose with scorpion sting,
He rose in infancy a king,
With wild, with still-increasing rage,
Walk'd conqueror down from age to age ;
Red with a guiltless brother's blood
His victim mark'd, the first-born stood,
And rais'd that cry, since every where,
'Tis punishment too great to bear.
Thou, wretched monarch, felt his power,
In Israel's dark, distressful hour,
When sorcery's horrid spells were tried,
To learn the truths which God denied,
When slow the mantled prophet rose,
And told the triumph of thy foes ;

From scenes unguess'd at, undescried,
He impious drew the veil aside,
Look'd in on ruin, guilt, and pain,
Look'd in, and never smil'd again.
Nor less did every heathen land
Feel the dark influence of his hand;
Why is yon rugged visage gor'd?
Why drops the blood from Cato's sword?
Why does that chief, opprest with shame,
Call virtue but an empty name?
And fly, the pains of life to save,
To non-existence and the grave?
By softening terms, these deeds we spare,
But the true reason was—Despair;
Through all the darken'd heathen world,
His force was own'd, his bolts were hurl'd;
Though oft he spar'd life's infant bloom,
He always brooded o'er the tomb;
Though soft the morn of life might run,
To die and to despair were one.

III.

PALIN-ODE.

Can nothing then his power restrain,
Who thus, since misery's hours began,
Has held for years his iron reign
O'er poor, deceiv'd, deluded man?
Yes—from the opening skies it sprang,
And shepherds heard while angels sang;
Heaven gave the word—earth caught the sound,
And all her echoes spread it round;
An antidote of heavenly birth,
'Twas short, but powerful—*Peace on earth*;
Peace to the mind long void of rest,
Peace to the soft, relenting breast.
Its force omnipotent to aid
Despair confess'd it and obey'd,
Forever lost his iron crown,

And threw his torturing sceptre down,
Departed only now to find
An empire in the guilty mind;
Man left his prison and his chain,
Restor'd to life and hope again,
Though long the sport of sorrow's blast,
He found the way of peace at last:—
Thus when thick mists the heavens enshroud,
The sun, behind some breaking cloud,
With tranquil smiles and quickening power
Looks through the thin descending shower,
Restores the brightness of the day,
And chases all the gloom away.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

New-Haven, October 15th, 1813.

HYMN

FOR THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

For He is the very Paschal Lamb, which was offered for us, and hath taken away the sins of the world. Therefore, with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name. *Liturgy.*

WHERE streams the crimson sacrifice,
Where bleeding love in anguish lies,
There may the guilty lave;
That holy fount, in mercy given,
Prepares the spotted soul for heaven,
And spreading flows to save.

Yes, *spreading* flows;—diffusive pours
The summer cloud, its grateful showers;
Wide glows the fervid sun;
Where'er the lonely reed is bent,
There mercy's healing stream is sent,
There heaven's own work is done.

And can it be, that he whose arm,
Whose bosom shields his lambs from harm,
Who clothes their path with flowers,

Claim that the weak attain the rill,
Where scarce the perfect climb, to fill
Their more expanded powers?

Is hope presumptive when she deems
Her fav'rite Zion's silent streams
Have quench'd great Sinai's blaze?
The waters from that sacred fount
Extend their blessings o'er the mount,
Ten thousand varying ways.

Oh! if, in simple strains, the pray'rs
Of feebler saints, a Saviour bears
To mercy's sovereign throne,
Deem not that Intercessor e'er
Will, from his censer, shake the tear
Which love has made his own.

We trust—and therefore in the choir,
Though angels and archangels higher
Chaunt the REDEEMER'S name,
Our voices shall the chorus roll,
In lowly eloquence of soul,
And humbly *mean* the same. B.

TO ROSINA.

Rosina, I find thee a wayward young thing,
So bashful and coy, yet so witchingly sweet,
That the heart doth eternally seem on the wing
To sigh all my sorrows and hopes at thy feet.

True oft have I met in my journey on earth
The lip that could kiss off the tear of regret,
But never have known that a maid could give birth
To a glow of enchantment so tremulous yet.

I swear, my dear girl, when my head I've reclin'd
On a breast that responded with equal desire,
And felt that my mistress was melting and kind,
I thought that I had all the heart could require.

The snow of the mountain still heave on thy breast,
And the star of the eveing still light thy mild eye;
For as soon would I barter my heavenly rest,
As call from thy bosom one sorrowful sigh.

B—s.

TO THE SAME.

Why shines, if not for lover's bliss,
The silvery moon so clear?
Rosina, yes,
On nights like this,
Thy eyes should sparkle here;
To light a kiss,
To seal my bliss,
And waken rapture's tear.

These lovely hours are fleeting fast,
For pleasure made and thee,
In the wild blast
That hurries past
I wait thy form to see;
The hours run fast,
But while they last,
My fair, one fly to me.

B—s.

IN MORTEM JACOBI LINGAN, DUCIS.

Lingane, heu! nomen potuit cui sæpe tyrannis
Ferre metum, patriæ semper famamque tuæ;
Vulgum terribilem plorat fatumque tibi sic
Libertas, filio ut se periisse cupiat.

B—s.

RHAPSODY.

As downward sweeps the tide of time,
See high resolve and hope sublime,
The miser's wealth, the lover's flame,
And friendship's dear deluding name,

And all that wit and worth bestow,
That man can prize or hate below,
Swift as the heart's dilating blood,
Propell'd with years beyond the flood;
Far, far to waft all earthly pride,
Still sweeps that tide, that restless tide;
And, oh, 'tis grievous pain to mark
How ruin strikes securely dark!
'Tis sad to see upon our way,
A harebell or a "rose decay;"
Then, oh, how must that soul be gloom'd,
That wisely sees a nation doom'd!
No matter where the man resides,
On Swamscot's banks or on the Clyde's,
If to his country he be true,
A Yankee or a Kickapoo;
The blood must often tinge his face,
Who marks his native land's disgrace.
Fix me on Zembla's frozen shore,
Or where the west-wind breathes no more;
'Tis better far, most shunn'd of men,
To live—to die a denizen,
Than in the land we call our own,
Hear liberty's expiring groan! B—s.

MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW.

"MAGNIFICABO APOSTOLATUM MEUM."

THE commencement of a new theatrical campaign imposes upon us editors, (to use a colloquial hyperbole) a most terrible task. Our readers, some of whom are as anxious to know the state of the Thespian corps, as our political quidnunes are to hear news from the squadron of the lakes and the army of Canada, little think, (good easy souls!) what we poor critics undergo in being obliged to be eye-witnesses of

all the dramatic representations during the season! what pains we take to qualify ourselves for the dignified office of censorship! what time we waste in studying to give variety to our forms of expression, in order that we may avoid the dull repetition of "Mr. A. appeared to very great advantage" —"Mrs. B. performed with great spirit"—"Miss C. sung most divinely"—"Mr. D. as usual, was rapturously applauded" —"Mr. E. set the house in a roar of laughter"—"Mr. F. was extremely comical, as was also Miss I. while Mrs. J.'s brilliant talents eclipsed all her competitors"—and "Mr. K. outdid all his former outdoings," &c. &c. &c.—and least of all do our readers realize the hazard we run of getting our critical pates cracked, for cracking an unlucky joke upon some reeling Roscius, or bestowing gentle castigation upon some "periwig pated fellow," that "out-herods Herod." But, since Fortune "*will buckle*" this "*burden on our backs, whether we will or no*," we will endeavor to muster up "*patience to endure the load.*" Therefore, reader, here commences our MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW—

> "But, if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
> Attend the sequel of your imposition,
> Your meer enforcement shall acquittance us,
> From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
> For heaven doth know, and you may partly see,
> How far WE ARE from the desire of this."

BOSTON THEATRE.

Oct. 4. Man and Wife—Wags of Windsor. (1)

(1) The novelties presented on the opening of the theatre consisted of two figures, representing the tragic muse standing on a pedestal on the right side of the stage, and her sister the comic muse, placed at the left, the work of Mr. JOHN R. PENNIMAN, a gentleman, whose taste and genius in the art of painting are well known to the public, and deservedly celebrated. The stage doors also, the pilastres, balconies, &c. have been newly painted and decorated.

The principal performers of last season, who had parts assigned them in the play, were saluted with the usual expressions of approbation. Mr. M'Farland, hitherto known to the town as a *singer* only, came forward as

6. Heir at Law (2)—Rosina.
8. Exile (3)—No Song no Supper.

an *actor* in the character of *Cornelius O'Dedimus*, in the comedy, and as *Looney Mac Twoulter*, in the afterpiece, in both which he was very successful. His songs, three in number, were loudly encored. As the first impressions made by an actor on the audience are generally lasting, and always important, we think Mr. M'Farland was a lucky fellow to be cast in two such characters for his first night's performance. A Mr. Hughes came out in *Faulkner:* he possesses the figure and address of a gentleman; and to these we are told he adds the accomplishments of a scholar; but the embarrassment and awkwardness with which he struggled, evinced that it was his first appearance on the stage. Time and experience, which are necessary to unfold the success of all experiments, will determine whether he has chosen a profession that he can pursue with honor and profit.

(2) This excellent comedy of Colman the younger, though possessing great variety of character, is chiefly celebrated for that pleasant but extravagant satire upon pedantry, exhibited in the character of *Dr. Pangloss*. This humorous caricature was some years since portrayed in all its farcical gravity by Mr. Twaits,

"Whose looks were jokes—whose very steps a pun."

Mr. Spiller's personation of the pedant was less extravagant, but was seasoned with enough of the whimsical and ludicrous, to keep "laughter holding both his sides." Mr. Spiller is a meritorious actor, and is rapidly advancing in the public estimation. The parts were generally played with spirit, and in such a degree of perfection, as to evince more than ordinary exertions in the respective performers.

(3) Mr. Stockwell, having resumed his situation in the theatre, after an absence of one season, reappeared in the part of *Baron Alltradoff;* his talents are an acquisition of importance. *Count Calmar* has but little to say in the piece, and the songs, originally written for the part, have, from necessity, been heretofore omitted. The *Count* was restored to his *musical honors* by Mr. M'Farland. It is a common complaint that *vocalists* are not *actors*. How far the charge may be substantiated against Mr. M'Farland, is a question we shall not attempt to decide; yet if a clear and distinct utterance of the *words* and *sentiments* of a song be of any worth, (and to those, who wish for the gratification of the *mind* as well as the *ear*, it will outweigh all the chromatics, and cadences, and bravuras even of Catalani herself) he may put in his claim to the approbation of "the judicious."

Mrs. Young makes a very charming figure, and exactly enters into the character of *Alexina;* but her costume is "something at odds" with pro-

11. Speed the Plough (4)—Lodoiska.

priety. A bonnet no bigger than a nut-shell, and arms with no covering but their "whiter skin than alabaster," during a journey on foot from Tobolsk to Moscow, would be but a sorry defence against the Siberian winter, which could destroy the "invincible army" of Napoleon.

(4) Mr. Entwisle has often played *Farmer Ashfield*, and we have always thought it a very fine performance. His style of playing that character places it in the first rank, if it does not absolutely exceed any piece of acting within the scope of his powers. The character is disfigured by a kind of provincial dialect, unfavorable to the display of very strong feeling. Yet, he enters so completely into the character, that in his presence we forget the manners and the dialect of the unpolished and low-bred *Farmer*; and see only the man of uprightness, whose heart overflows with tenderness, and whose actions are all governed and directed by the strictest rules of honor, morality, and virtue. In some parts he is deeply pathetic: as in the following scene.

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter—She lock'd up the letter in thic box, and then bursted into tears (*looks at the box.*)

Dame. Yes, Tummas, she locked it in that box sure enough (*shakes a bunch of keys that hangs at her side.*)

Ash. What be doing, Dame? what be doing?

Dame. (*with affected indifference.*) Nothing; I was only touching these keys. (*They look at the box and keys significantly.*)

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes; they are of all sizes (*they look as before.*)

Ash. Indeed! Well—Eh!—Dame, why dan't ye speak; thou can'st chatter vast enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummas—I dare say—if—you know best—but I think I could find———

Ash. Well Eh!———you can just try you knaw (*greatly agitated.*) You can try, just vor the vun on't; but mind, dan't ye make a noise (*she opens it.*) Why, thee hasn't open'd it?

Dame. Nay Tummas, you told me!

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Ash. Well, why do ye gi't to I?———I dan't want it, I'm zure (*taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it*)—She's coming! she's coming! (*he conceals the letter, they tremble violently.*) No, she's gone into t'other room (*they hang their heads dejectedly, then look at each other.*) What mun that feyther and mother be doing that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming (*weeps.*) Dang it, has she desarv'd it of us—Did she ever deceive us?—Were she not always the most open-hearted, dutifullest, kindest—and thee to goa like a spy and open her box, poor thing!———

Dame. Nay, Tummas———

Ash. You did—I zaw you do it myzel—you look like a thief, now—you doe—Hush!—no—Dame—here be the letter—I won't read a word on't, put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart (*she returns the letter to the box.*)

Ash. (*embraces her*) Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—I'll call her and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot—Dame, be the colour of sheame off my face yet?—I never zeed thee look ugly before ———Susan, my dear Sue, come here abit, woolye?

* * * * * *

How I do hate the noise of thic dom'd bunch of keys—But bless thee, my child—dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be vor all the world like—like—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomehow—I can't talk it—but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o'wheat, do you zee; for while the corn be there it be glorious to the eye, and it be call'd the staff of life; but take this treasure away, and what do remain? why nought but the worthless straw, that man and beast do tread upon.

His acting in the above scene we have never seen surpassed. The agitation with which he half consents to the opening of the trunk—the remorse of conscience for his having injured his daughter—the satisfaction of mind after having replaced the letter, unread—and the dignified simplicity and parental tenderness, with which he pronounces the concluding sentence, are among the finest touches the art of acting can produce. We quote one more passage from the play, in which, though the success of Mr. E's acting is inferior to that in the preceding quotation, it nevertheless is superior to the attempts of any other we have seen. Its superiority consists in the more refined chasteness with which the "action is suited to the word."

Sir Philip. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. [*Exit.*

Ash. Well, Zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*makes the motion of turning out*)—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it vor zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well, I goes whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my wife mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! (*becomes affected.*) Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my houze directly." Very well! then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you—Heaven protect you, as you have me—Farewell! I go." Then I zays, "if thee doez I'll be domn'd!" (*with great energy.*) Hollo! you Mr. Sir Philip! you may come in.———

We have dwelt so long upon the merits of an individual, that the little we have to say of the other characters may seem like want of proper impartiality. This, however, is not the fact. Mr. Dickson has long been known as the legitimate representative of *Sir Abel Handy*. Mr. Spiller is

13. Road to Ruin (5)—Poor Soldier.
14. School of Reform (6)—Wags of Windsor.

Young Handy, Mr. Young in *Henry*, and Mrs. Young in *Miss Blandford*, displayed their respective talents with much applause. *Sir Phillip Blandford* was played by Mr. Cole, (his first appearance here for some years) of whom, and the representatives of the inferior parts, we can only say, that

"When good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon."

(5) Mr. Tyler, a member of the "*Old American Company*," and for many years past a performer of eminence in the New-York theatre, made his appearance in *Mr. Dornton*. Simply to say that we were pleased with his representation of the character, would not express the opinion entertained of his merits. He is said to be sixty-five years of age; and, considering that he has probably been on the stage two thirds of that time, the embarrassment, under which he evidently suffered, was a little surprising, and proves, at least, that an over-weening confidence is not among his attributes His person, dress, and manners, excited a degree of veneration; and the tone of his voice was well adapted to the indignation justly awakened by the profligacy of a son, but restrained, and sometimes overpowered by the doting fondness of parental affection.

Mr. Young's *Harry Dornton* exhibited the strong outlines of the character, filial affection, and a deep sense of friendship and honor, in glowing colors. It is however in characters that require the aid of the more powerful passions, as *anger*, *revenge*, *remorse*, &c. that he exercises his talents with the happiest effect.

To the honor of New-England, we have no such characters amongst us as *Goldfinch*; and to an audience composed of Americans, it appears as the very extravagance of caricature. In England, however, in high life as well as in low, human nature is disgraced by real *Goldfinches*; and if we may trust the assertions of Englishmen themselves, the author of the "Road to Ruin" drew this character from a well known pattern then living. Mr. Spiller's personation of *Goldfinch* is said to be a copy from that of the celebrated Lewis—if so, it undoubtedly approaches to, though probably falls short of, the reality of nature.

The operatical farce of "The Poor Soldier," with the attractions of Mr. Tyler's *Fitzroy*, Entwisle's *Darby*, and M'Farland's *Father Luke*, met with unusual approbation. The lovers of chaste and simple melody were highly gratified with *The Twins of Latona*, sung by the first; while the drollery and humor of the two latter afforded a sufficient stock of mirth for the devotees of Momus.

(6) In consequence of the military review this day, the theatre was

15. She stoops to conquer—Heroes of the Lakes, or the Glorious Tenth of September.
18. Rich and Poor—Heroes of the Lakes, &c.
20. Foundling of the Forest—Sixty-Third Letter.
22. Inkle and Yarico—Timour the Tartar.
25. Soldier's Daughter—Heroes of the Lakes.
27. Ourselves(7)—The Romp.
29. Ourselves—Valentine and Orson.

opened in the evening, and attended by Major-General CRANE, Brigadier-General WELLES, and other general and regimental officers, in full uniform. The audience, which was numerous and fashionable, testified their satisfaction by repeated plaudits on Mrs Powell's recitation of "The Standard of Liberty" and Mr. M'Farland's song, "Arouse, arouse, Columbia's sons, arouse," which, among other things, were introduced as an interlude.

(7) "Ourselves," a new comedy, is not characterized by dialogue of much humor, wit, or vivacity. Some of the scenes are not without interest; but the whole plot is so obscure and intricate, that the mind is rather fatigued than entertained by the unceasing attention required to keep in view the connexion of the various incidents and characters: and to relate what we *suppose* to be the fable would occupy more space than we can well afford. There is a pair of Platonic lovers, *Fitzaubin* and *Augusta*, which Mr. and Mrs. Young took much pains to render pleasing to the spectator. Mrs. Powell had the character of an unknown lady, to which even her talents could impart but little interest; and it was lamentable to see our favorite Entwisle, striving against the grain, "if we may be allowed the expression" to play the fashionable coxcomb, or, as he chose to call it, *cox'cumb*—such *labored playing*, and "the death of a friend, would go near to make a man look sad." The character, which affords the principal amusement, is *Mr. O'Shaunanhan*, a full-blooded Irishman, as his name imports; which Mr. M'Farland delineated with his usual fidelity.

Among the novelties said to be preparing by the managers, are

The Africans, a drama in three acts, by George Colman, the younger.

The Æthiop, or the Child of the Desert, a play in three acts, by William Dimond.

The Sleep-Walker, a farce by W. C. Oulton; and

Mr. H. or beware of a bad name, a farce in two acts. In addition to which we beg leave to recommend

The Indian Princess, a melo-drame, by J. N. Barker: and

Orra, a tragedy, by Joanna Baillie.

MR. J. H. PAYNE.

FROM A LONDON PAPER OF JUNE 5.

THE tragedy of *Douglas* was last night represented; and introduced to the notice of a London audience, Mr. JOHN H. PAYNE, a native of the United States, a young gentleman of very considerable dramatic powers.

The applause he received at his first approach was ardent and universal; he acknowledged the auspicious kind greeting of the audience by several grateful obeisances. It was pleasing to observe the singular eagerness of the audience to hear the well known speech in which *Norval* acquaints us with his name, and the events that first brought him into notice. This speech, from its length, is a laborious task to the reciter, let him be ever so well gifted for the task; it is too long, and is a very severe trial of chaste recitation to any performer. Mr. Payne's delivery and manner were more than merely good, though there was no opportunity for display.

His new readings were judicious and remarkable.

With regard to Mr. Payne's dress, nothing could have been more classically elegant and appropriate, (if we except the sandals.) Great taste was shown in the display of the ornaments, and the graceful adaptation of the dress to his person and figure. It was perfectly characteristic—and what we particularly remarked, as a novelty of much importance, the dress was not changed, as has been customary, The history of this dramatic action does not certainly justify the change made by any of Mr. Payne's predecessors, nor could it be in reality at all probable that at such a time, place, and occasion, *Norval* should have put off his first suit. The time of the action is less than one day. The modern military bonnet, not worn in *Norval's* time, was most judiciously thrown aside, and an ancient Scotch bonnet, with the eagle plume, used in its place.

The ancient and characteristic Scotch dagger, with a knife and fork attached, was also fastened in Mr. Payne's belt, and produced a novel effect. We must defer to another criti-

cism our further remarks on Mr. Payne's new readings, and proceed now to an observation which we should be unjust to withthhold. Though our duty to the public, and our reverence for science, will oblige us from time to time to take the liberty of admonishing Mr. Payne, and of offering him suggestions for his improvement, truth will bear us out in declaring our opinion that Mr. Payne possesses all the intrinsic requisites of a great actor, and that many of those requsites were exhibited at his *debut*, though they were not developed in their full extent.

DIED,

At Plymouth, (Eng.) on the 15th of August last, Captain WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, late commander of the United States brig Argus, of a wound received on the 14th, in the action with his Britannic Majesty's brig Pelican, in the 28th year of his age.

Thus it is our painful duty to record the death of one of our most respected and promising naval commanders. Capt. Allen was a native of this town, and son of Gen. William Allen, an officer of the revolution. He entered the navy as a midshipman about 14 years ago, had served on board different vessels, and always gained the love and esteem of his commanders. As a disciplinarian, he was excelled by none; and no officer of his rank surpassed him in nautical skill. He served in the Mediterranean during our war with Tripoli, and the present war found him with the gallant Decatur, as his first Lieutenant.—In the splendid action with the Macedonian, he contributed not a little in adding a new star to the constellation of our naval glory. He took the command of that ship when almost a wreck, and conducted her to port in safety.—In consequence of his merits he was promoted to a Master Commandant, and appointed to the command of the Argus. Although he did not conquer in his last engagement, he did not fall ingloriously. He would not quit the deck until compelled by loss of blood. The superior force

of the enemy did not deter him from seeking the bloody conflict. When glory called, Allen was not wanting. Had it pleased God to have spared him, we doubt not but that the American stars would have again waved in proud triumph over the British union.

As a private citizen, Captain Allen was esteemed and respected by all who knew him; and long shall we hold in pleasing remembrance the time we last saw him. On receiving the information of his death, colors were displayed at half mast in various parts of this town. While his townsmen mingle their tears with those of his bereaved parents and friends, we hope they will not forget the tribute of respect due to the brave, who fall in the service of their country.

[*Providence American.*]

Correspondence.

We cannot omit the opportunity, presented by the commencement of the third volume of our new series, to express our grateful sense of the increased patronage of the public.

A correspondent in the county of Essex has sent us an answer to the mathematical question in the Polyanthos for October last,

$846 84c. 8m. +

As an equivalent for the omission of the usual sheet of music, eight pages of letter-press printing are added to the present number.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

BOSTONIAN SCENERY.

"Thou Toil! that mak'st, where our young empire grows,
The wilderness bloom beauteous as the rose,
Parent of wealth and joy! my nation's friend!
Be present Nature's rudest works to mend;
With all the arts of polish'd life to bless,
And half thy ills, Humanity! redress.
Thy voice, that dissipates the savage gloom,
Bade, in the wild, unwonted beauty bloom:
Bade houses, hamlets, towns, and cities rise,
And tow'rs and temples gild Columbian skies.

Col. Humphries.

The view of the meeting house in Charles-street, with which this number is embellished, is but one among the many proofs, which might be adduced of the spirit of enterprise and industry, that lately pervaded the metropolis of New-England. The land on which this edifice is erected, and indeed the whole of Charles-street, twelve years since, was covered with water at the flood of the tide in Charles river, and was formed of earth carried from the hill on its easterly side. Part of the ground, thus made, was given to the third Baptist Society in Boston, for the site of a meeting house, by our distinguished fellow-citizens the honorable Jonathan Mason and Harrison G. Otis. The meeting house at Cambridgeport and most of the buildings surrounding it, which fill up the distant part of the view, have also been erected within the same period.

A COURSE OF

LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE NINTH.

GEOLOGY—Natural Phenomena, caused or influenced by Electricity.

THE attempts of learned and ingenious men to account for the formation and continuance of volcanoes, and the causes of earthquakes, have been various and contradictory. As yet, no theory of them has been framed, which can be accepted by philosophers as adequate and satisfactory; still, many substances have been discovered in the course of intentional research, or by accident, when in quest of other sources of natural phenomena, that are unquestionably potent means of producing most of the convulsions and fires, which occasionally agitate our globe, or permanently pour their burning contents from the craters of some of its mountains. In a brief enumeration of a few of these theories, we shall not find our time misemployed. We shall, if we do not penetrate the arcana of Nature with complete success, in this mysterious and awful department, at least have occasion to admire the grandeur of her operations in the interior of the earth, and to venerate the power, whose instruments of effecting the most beneficent purposes, are to the eye of the wisest of mortals too terrific for a steady survey—too stupendous for measurement or comprehension.

The first theory of volcanoes and earthquakes, which I shall mention, is that of the eloquent and learned Buffon. As I shall have occasion, in the course of this lecture, to mention the term pyrites frequently, I will give you a definition of it, sufficiently clear to render it intelligible to those, who are not already acquainted with its signification.

The pyrites is a genus of inflammable substances, composed of sulphur, which has saturated itself with metals. There are various kinds of pyrites, as of gold, arsenic, iron, &c. The species, called martial pyrites, or marcasite, is the

principal ore of sulphur, and contains such a quantity of that substance, in proportion to iron, that when thoroughly inflamed, or heated, it burns by itself. Large heaps of this kind of pyrites have been known to become heated to a violent degree, and to be fused by a spontaneous combustion. It is met with in a great number of forms; but is generally, when crystallized, found in cubes, or octohedral figures.

The bowels of those burning mountains, called volcanoes, contain sulphur, bitumen, and other inflammable materials, the effects of which are more violent than those of lightning, or of gunpowder; and they have in all ages astonished mankind, and desolated the earth. A volcano, says Buffon, is an immense cannon, with an aperture often more than half a league in circumference. From this vast mouth are projected torrents of smoke and flames—rivers of sulphur and melted metals, clouds of ashes and stones; and sometimes it ejects to the distance of several leagues rocks so enormous, that they could not be moved by any combination of human force. The conflagration is so dreadful, and the quantities of burning, calcined, melted, and vitrified substances thrown out by the mountains are so great, that they bury whole towns and forests, cover the plains to the depth of nearly two hundred feet, and sometimes form hills and mountains, which are only portions of these matters, heaped up and compacted into one mass. The action of the fire, and the force of the explosions are so violent, that they produce by reaction concussions, which shake the earth, agitate the sea, overturn mountains, and destroy towns and buildings of the most solid materials. All these phenomena are the effects of fire and vapor. In the interior of mountains, there are veins of bitumen, sulphur, and other inflammable substances, together with vast quantities of pyrites, which ferment when exposed to air or water, and produce explosions proportioned to the quantity of inflammable matter. This is the true idea of a volcano, and it is easy for a naturalist to imitate the operation of these subterraneous fires. When a new volcano breaks out in countries subject to earthquakes, they almost entirely cease, and are

seldom felt, except during great eruptions. Ray and other naturalists have imagined, that mountains and all other irregularities on the surface of the earth have been produced by earthquakes. Buffon with his usual address opposes this opinion, and combats it with arguments deduced from analogy and fact. In the reign of Valentinian, for instance, an earthquake was felt over the whole known world, and yet it did not raise a single mountain. He asserts, that earthquakes sufficient to produce such effects must have been inconceivably violent, and denies that there exists any written record, or traditional account of one, that can be offered in support of that hypothesis. Besides, if earthquakes and subterraneous fires had raised the great mountains of the earth, as the Cordilleras, Mount Taurus, the Alps, &c. the prodigious force, necessary to elevate those enormous masses, would at the same time have destroyed a great part of the globe. He admits, however, that there would be no absolute impossibility in the supposition, that the mountains were raised by earthquakes, were it not evident both from their internal structure and their external figure, that they have been formed by the operation of the waters of the ocean. Their interior parts are composed of parallel strata, interspersed with sea-shells; and their external figure consists of angles every where corresponding. Is it credible, that this uniform structure could have been produced by sudden and desultory concussions of the earth?

Earthquakes are of two kinds. Those occasioned by the action of subterraneous fires, and by the explosion of volcanoes, are only felt at inconsiderable distances, previously to the time of eruptions, or during their continuance. When the inflammable matters in the bowels of the earth begin to ferment and to burn, the fire makes an effort to escape in every direction; and if it find no natural vents, it forces a passage by elevating, and throwing off the incumbent earth. In this manner volcanoes commence, and their effects continue in proportion to the quantity of inflammable matter which they contain. When the quantity of inflamed matter is in-

considerable, it produces only an earthquake, and exhibits no marks of a volcano. The air, generated by subterraneous fire, may also escape through small fissures, and in this case likewise, it will be attended by a concussion of the earth, but no volcano will appear. But when the quantity of inflamed matter is great, and when it is confined on all sides by solid and compact bodies, an earthquake and volcano are necessary consequences. All these commotions, however, constitute only the first species of earthquakes, which are not felt but in the neighborhood of places where they happen.

But there is another species of earthquakes very different in their effects, and perhaps in their cause. These are felt at great distances, and shake a long tract of ground without the intervention either of a new volcano, or of eruptions in those which already exist. They shake a zone, or belt of earth, with greater or less violence in different places; and they are generally accompanied with a hollow noise, like that of a heavy carriage rolling with rapidity. In general, the causes of these earthquakes may be ascribed to the fermentation of pyrites, or other inflammable substances, which evolve vast quantities of vapor, highly rarefied by heat. When inflamed, they generate immense volumes of elastic gas, which rushes with impetuousity into caverns, and the channels of subterraneous springs, producing in them a furious wind, the noise of which will be heard on the surface, and it will be attended with vibrations and convulsions of the ground. These earthquakes are not accompanied with eruptions or external fire; and the noise almost constantly marks the progressive motion of the subterraneous wind. Other facts concur in establishing this theory. Blasts of wind, and vapors, sometimes of a suffocating nature, it is well known, arise from mines, independent on the action of the air produced by a current of water. It is equally well known, that winds issue from certain apertures of the earth—from caverns, abysses, and even from large fissures occupied by deep and extensive lakes.

This awful and alarming phenomenon, whose very name is never mentioned without producing sensations of terror and dismay, is generally preceded by peculiar and obvious symptoms. Even the beasts of the field are sensible of the approaching danger. All animals, half an hour prior to the shock, seem seized with a panic. Horses neigh and break from their stables—dogs utter most hideous howlings—the birds of the air fly into the houses of men for shelter from the impending destruction. In the words of the Roman poet these apprehensions are finely expressed.

" Far shakes the earth—beasts fly—and mortal hearts
Pale fear dejects !—
No bounds the torrents keep,
And in wild foaming surges boils the deep,
Hoarse cavern'd winds through opening mountains roar,
And tempests rend the wood, and billows lash the shore !

Dreadful as are these convulsions of the natural world, we should, in the calm light of religion and philosophy, view them as blessings in disguise ; as means, by which the Creator of the universe evinces, not only his power and wisdom, but his love and kindness. " I am reconciled," says Dr. Franklin, " to those convulsions, which all naturalists agree this globe has suffered. Had the different strata of clay, gravel, marble, limestone, sand, minerals, &c. continued to lie level one under another, we should have had the use of only a few of the uppermost of those strata, the others lying too deep, and too difficult to be obtained ; but the shell of the earth being broken, and the fragments thrown into this oblique position, the disjointed ends of a great number of strata of different kinds are brought up to day ; and a great variety of useful materials put into our power, which would have otherwise remained eternally concealed from us. So that what has been usually looked upon as a ruin suffered by this part of the universe, was in reality a preparation, or means of rendering the earth more fit for use, and more capable of being a convenient and comfortable habitation for mankind."

The last theory of volcanoes that I shall mention, is that of Houel. He holds that water is necessary to their formation.

They are, with few exceptions, always found near the sea, and become extinguished when it retires from them. Craters of volcanoes are perceived in several lofty inland mountains, which discover what they have been in former times. He supposes that a long series of ages is necessary to the formation of a volcano, and that it has in every instance been generated under the surface of the ocean. He imagines that the first explosion, which laid open the foundations of the deep, would probably be preceded by an earthquake. The waters would be separated by a vast globe of burning air, which would issue forth with a tremendous noise, opening at the same time a large and wide vent for the immense body of flame that was to follow. A fire, which was to last for thousands of years, could not have been faint or feeble when it was originally kindled. Its first eruptions must therefore have been very violent, and the ejected matter proportionably copious.

For many ages it would continue to discharge torrents of lava from the bosom of its native earth, and of the same material its crater would be composed. Thus, according to our author, the foundations of burning mountains were laid in the bottom of the sea. The pabulum or fuel, by which the internal fire is supported, he thinks to be substances contained in the mountain itself, together with bitumen, sulphur, and other inflammable substances, which from time to time flow into the focus of the volcano in a melted state, through subterranean ducts; and the explosions, he ascribes to water making its way in the same manner. This water is converted into steam, which fills the cavity, and forces the fused lava out of the crater. This opinion is corroborated by the volumes of smoke which always precede an eruption. The volcanic force, or that with which the contents of a volcano are ejected, is by many other philosophers ascribed to the vapor or elastic gas produced by the action of fire, or water, and different substances from which it can be readily and copiously extricated. The explosive force of water is peculiar to certain circumstances. When thrown on melted lead, salts, and

especially on copper, it explodes with astonishing force: on the latter metal it is incredibly violent; insomuch that furnaces have been burst, and buildings thrown down, by the accidental falling of a few drops on copper in a state of fusion. Mr. Whitehurst calculated the force of aqueous steam, when thus suddenly and intensely heated, to be no less than 28 times greater than inflamed gunpowder. Some eminent philosophers attempt to account for the origin and continuance of volcanoes, by the agency of the electric fluid. This theory is not, however, sufficiently supported by fact, and is far from being adequate and satisfactory, though it is certain, that volcanoes exhibit many electrical appearances, and great quantities of the fluid are discharged at every eruption.

The part of the globe, in which we have the happiness to reside, is so far removed from the dangers attending the explosions and concussions with which less favored regions are frequently shaken, and sometimes overwhelmed, that we consider their theories more as matters of speculative curiosity, than as subjects of application to practical improvement. But we are liable to injuries from the action of electricity, which demand our attention; and although we cannot by any human foresight or ingenuity wholly disarm the lightning of its power to kill and burn, we may, and do, in many instances, guard our persons and habitations from its destructive effects. We will, as a subject of previous importance, before we enumerate the means of procuring safety, attend to the causes of our danger.

A cloud, in its simplest definition, is a collection of vapors suspended in the air, and rendered visible. Electricity is now so generally admitted as an agent in all the great operations of nature, that it is not strange to find the formation of clouds attributed to it; and this has accordingly been given by father Beccaria, as the cause of the formation of all clouds whatsoever, whether of thunder, rain, hail, or snow. But whether clouds be produced by means of electricity or not, it is certain that they do often contain the electric fluid in prodigious quantities, and many terrible and destructive accidents have

been occasioned by them when highly electrified. The most extraordinary instance of this kind on record happened in the island of Java, in the East-Indies, in August, 1772. On the 11th of that month, at midnight, a bright cloud was observed covering a mountain, and at the same time several reports were heard like those of a gun. The people, who dwelt in the upper parts of the mountain, not being able to fly fast enough, a great part of the cloud, eight or nine miles in circumference, detached itself under them, and was seen at a distance rising and falling like the waves of the sea, and emitting globes of fire so luminous, that the night became as clear as day. The effects of it were astonishing; every thing was destroyed for 20 miles round; houses were demolished; plantations were buried in the earth; and more than 2000 people, beside cattle and various other animals lost their lives. Brydone, in his tour through Malta, mentions another remarkable instance of the dreadful effects of electrified clouds, which proved fatal to some of the inhabitants of that island, in the year 1757.

The uses of clouds are various, and do not require particular enumeration. They bear a principal share in the more secret operations of nature, where electricity is concerned; and chiefly serve as a medium for conveying that fluid from the atmosphere into the earth, and from the earth into the atmosphere.

Mr. Cavallo, speaking of the advantages derived from electricity, observes that beside the field it has opened for further discoveries, and for the satisfaction of that curiosity, which before attended the contemplation of so many wonderful phenomena as have been explained by this science, two great advantages result from it; the one is a remedy for many of the disorders which are incident to the human body; the other is a defence against the direful effects of lightning.

Soon after the identity of lightning and the electrical fluid was ascertained, our illustrious countryman Fraklin proposed that pointed metallic rods should be fixed to the upper parts of buildings to secure them from damage by lightning. This

ingenious philosopher, having found that pointed bodies are better fitted for receiving and throwing off the electric fire, than such as are terminated by blunt ends, or flat surfaces;—and that metals are the readiest and best conductors, soon discovered that lightning and electricity resembled each other in this, and other distinguishing properties; he therefore recommended "a pointed metalline rod to be raised some feet above the highest part of a building, and to be continued down to the ground, or the nearest water, in the belief, that should the lightning ever come within a certain distance of this rod or wire, it would be attracted, and pass through it, rather than any other part of the edifice to which it might be affixed, and be thereby conveyed into the earth or water, and there dissipated without doing any damage." Many facts have occurred to evince the utility of this simple apparatus.

In regard, says the learned Cavallo, to the construction of such conductors, there have been some controversies among electricians; and the most advantageous manner of using them, has not, without many experiments, and but very lately, been ascertained.

Some philosophers, and among them the ingenious Mr. Wilson of London, have asserted that such conductors should terminate in a blunt end, that they might the less invite the electricity from the clouds; for a blunt end will not attract electricity so far as a sharp point. In answer to the objection of Mr. Wilson and his followers, it is replied, that a sharp pointed conductor, it is true, will attract electricity from a greater distance than a blunt one, but at the same time will attract and conduct it by little and little, or rather by a continued stream, in which manner a very small wire is capable of conducting a very great quantity of electricity; whereas a blunt terminated conductor attracts the electricity in a full, separate body, or explosion, in which manner, it is made red hot, and often dissipated in smoke, by such a charge of the fluid, as perhaps, would not have affected it, if it had been sharply pointed. A sharp pointed conductor, certainly invites the matter of lightning easier than a blunt one; but to

invite, receive, and communicate it in small quantities, never endangers the conductor: and the object of fixing one to the house is to protect it from the lightning—*not to* prevent *the conductor from transmitting it.*

A conductor, to guard a building, should consist of one iron rod, or one of copper, the latter being a more perfect conductor of electricity, and at the same time, not so apt to contract rust as iron. The rod should be about three quarters of an inch in diameter, fastened to the walls by wooden clamps. Dr. Franklin, however, is of opinion that iron clamps are preferable, as, if any electrical fluid were in the wall, it would pass out of it through metal staples to the conductor to find a more ready conveyance to the ground. Powder mills, magazines, and barns, should have their conductors affixed to tall wooden posts, at the distance of two feet from their walls. The sharp end of the conductor should be carried 5 or 6 feet above the highest part of the building, and its points should be formed of such materials as are most capable of enduring intense heat without melting, and carefully gilt, to secure them from rust. The lower end should be buried 5 or 6 feet in the ground, and in a direction leading from the foundations of the buildings; it should terminate in a sharp point, as at the top, and in moist ground as near as possible to some body or current of water. If the conductor, on account of the shape of the building, cannot be conveniently made of one rod, great care should be taken that where the pieces meet, they be made to come into as intimate contact with each other, as possible; for where the conductor is discontinued electricity finds considerable interruption, and the consequences of its explosion in such cases are always dangerous, and frequently fatal.

If bad conductors, or inflammable substances be in its way, it rends them in pieces or sets them on fire. The earl of Stanhope has, in a very learned work, on the principles of electricity, described the requisites necessary for the proper construction of conductors of lightning, and as they are quoted with approbation by Mr. Cavallo, I shall add them to what has already been said on the subject.

1. That the rod be made of such substances as are the best conductors of electricity. 2. That it be of uninterrupted thickness, and perfectly continuous. 3. That it be of sufficient diameter. 4. That it be properly connected with the common stock, that is, the earth. 5. That the upper end of the rod be finely pointed. 6. That it be prominent. 7. That each rod be carried by the shortest convenient distance to the ground. 8. That there be neither large nor projecting bodies of metal on the top or sides of the building proposed to be secured, except such as are connected with the conductor by some proper metallic communication. 9. That there be a sufficient number of high and pointed rods; and, 10. That the building be in every part substantially erected.

Another rule should always be scrupulously observed. All the leaden spouts, coverings of facia, and other metallic substances, on the tops or sides of buildings, should be brought into actual contact with the principal conductor. And too much attention cannot be paid to the ends of the conductor, both in the air, and under ground. Whenever the lightning enters a metallic substance, unless it be rendered by art or nature sufficiently hard to resist the heat, it melts it. We have already seen that knobs, or flat surfaces, always produce an explosion, and receive the shock in a condensed body. The finest wires when partially melted by the electric fluid always have minute buttons at their extremities. The points on the tops of some of our steeples, are no doubt rounded by electrical fusion. With a common telescope one of the points above the vane of the Old South church was observed, in April, 1811, covered with a metallic button. It will be expected that some notice should be taken of the effects of lightning on that venerable house of God, in a late thunder-storm.* A part of the north-east corner of its tower was injured by a discharge of lightning, and various are the opinions entertained of the manner in which the damage was effected. The breach is at the end of a facia, covered with lead. One end of the cov-

* This lecture was written and delivered just after that event, in April, 1811.

ering was within 3 inches of the conductor, the other terminated within about 18 inches of the corner of the tower, and at that termination the fracture of the edifice commenced. That the lightning struck the top of the conductor, and that a part of it flew off, to the leaden covering of the facia, there can be no doubt; for the lead immediately opposite the conductor is fused; the end of the leaden covering, where it entered the substance of the wall, is not melted: these circumstances are known from actual examination. Whoever has attentively pursued a course of experiments in electricity will not be astonished that it is not easy to account for all its phenomena. We are acquainted with its general laws; but we are often checked in our progress in pursuance of them by the most unexpected circumstances, and most unintelligible phenomena. Reaction is always equal to action; and until we can accurately ascertain the momentum of a volume of lightning we cannot *fully* account for some of its known effects. Yet we may be allowed to conjecture, and form hypotheses, if we cannot arrive at the certainty of demonstration. We may presume from appearances, that the conductor of the Old South steeple was too small to carry off the volume of lightning with which it was charged, that the bottom of the conductor was blunt and rusty, and that part of the electric fluid *reacted*, flew back, and took the leaden covering of the facia at whose termination it exploded. We may suppose that a conductor may be charged to its maximum, or the greatest quantity it is capable of containing, and that if it has more forced into it, the surplus will fly off to the nearest conducting substance; or if it can find none, will, in union with the rest, destroy the conductor by the intensity of its heat. All, or either of these circumstances may be conceived as competent to produce the injury received by the Old South steeple. When the bottom of the conductor and the ground in which it is bedded shall have been examined, a more accurate opinion may be formed than has yet been advanced on the subject. If the conductor of that church had been in proper order, and all the leaden coverings of facia in contact with it, no damage

would have been sustained by the lightning which struck it; and as it was, had the lead been continued to the corner of the tower, the electric fluid would have passed with considerable ease from that *point*, and in all probability been dissipated in the torrent of rain which it would have there found as a conductor. The accident should serve as a caution to bring all metallic substances about a building as far as possible into actual contact, that they, being all united in one grand conductor, may serve to convey the electric fluid, wherever it may penetrate, in safety to the ground.

The subject, although far from being exhausted, has been, I hope, a source of useful consideration. While so many excellent treatises on electricity are extant it would be an unnecessary task to enter into all the minutiæ which branch from this interesting and mysterious science.

The discoveries in electrical science, by Franklin, will always be ranked among the most important that have been effected by human genius. No phenomenon in nature is so much calculated, as lightning to inspire mankind with astonishment and terror. The tremendous roar which it reverberates through the heavens, the vivid blaze with which it illumines the sky, and the destruction and devastation it produces on the earth, all conspire to impress a sublime fear upon the mind. Hence it was early seized by the priest and the poet as a powerful instrument to operate on human credulity, and to dignify the system of Pagan mythology. Superstition and genius united in placing a proud monarch on the throne of Olympus, clothed him with lightning, and armed him with the thunderbolt, as the emblems of his power. But here let the Christian philosopher exult in his strength. The heathen Jove is no more adored. The true Author of Nature is known; and he has graciously permitted one of his created beings to disarm the clouds of their fiery terrors. This favored mortal was Franklin, who, as a minister of divine beneficence, taught us the art of controling the electric fluid, and of converting that tremendous agent into a source of philosophical examination and rational amusement.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ON ENTHUSIASM OF CHARACTER.

The man of education is known, for the most part, by the precision of his language; but words are so imperfect as signs of our ideas, that not even the scholar can, at all times, avoid confusion. Few substantives are more perverted than than the word *Enthusiasm;* it is continually confounded with bigotry and superstition. Why it should be so is beyond my ability to explain, as the bad sense, attached to many other words, could not of old time have been intended for this. Enthusiasm, *quasi numinis afflatus*, is ever a generous flame attendant on genius and the companion of good sense; bigotry, on the contrary, is the mark of ignorant and uncultivated minds. The former exalts the soul to deeds of enterprize and virtue; the latter confines it to the narrow circle of time-serving expedients. Enthusiasm is of too noble an origin to receive the abuse it has found among men. The trading politician and the brawling methodist have no claims to it. One may be a fool and the other a fanatic, but neither can be called an enthusiast. Bigotry hung witches at Salem, but it was not bigotry that demonstrated this manner of killing to be murder. Paul, of all the apostles, was, we know, the most learned; yet even Paul we behold at one time actuated by a wretched and unbounded zeal, persecuting and destroying the people of God, and doing, as he thought, important service to the Most High; again we see him humbled to the dust for his folly and afterwards rising with renewed courage, with regenerated zeal, and with real and holy enthusiasm, to scatter far and wide the blessings of the gospel. Bigotry is always inconsistent; enthusiasm is uniform. For want of the latter ingredient how often are the best talents dormant to their owner and profitless to mankind; Mr. ——, one of my acquaintances, affords an eminent illustration. No pains have been spared in his education. While at College he bid fair to outstrip all his competitors. Logical acumen and pervading research distinguished all his bookish toils,

and, though destitute of the sprightliness of genius, his scholastic reputation daily gained a weight that provoked the envy of all his contemporary fellow students. Since then he has visited Europe, seen much, understood more, but treasured up little to facilitate his progress through the world. His information and powers of intellect are great, greater than ever, but unfortunately he lacks enthusiasm to put them in motion; and, wanting this, his future passage along the path of fame will be slow and perhaps ere long will cease altogether. College emulation once operated as a substitute and a sufficient incentive, but Mr. —— has since found to his sorrow, that school competition cannot last forever, and that those qualities, which are calculated to shine with much lustre in the world at large, must be permanent residents of the bosom! The most perspicuous intellect is often debarred by a coldness and consequently an inertness of disposition. There are many men of most excellent judgement and usefulness to society, whom, at the same time, we should abhor at our table or as companions of a convivial club. Conversation, in order to be charming, must be enriched by fancy; but fancy is not always found in the society of rigid discretion of mind. Why are men of genius so generally welcome?—Because they are enthusiasts. It is even so. The subjects of their contemplation afford a beauty—α το καλον, as one might say, of which others never dream; hence their ideas are dressed up with splendor and it is their splendor that delights us. For precisely the same reason the lover and the poet are interesting. The former, if not a fool, excites our sympathy, and it is the lot of the latter, as Paine, the American bard, has affectingly sung—

"To live on friendship while he starves on fame."

G——.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XXVI.

You know, Emilia, or one day you will know, that what desolates one woman, frequently consoles another. The death of Adonis threw Cypris into despair, and gave joy to Proserpine. This Queen who was terribly tired of her kingdom, was enchanted to receive there the favorite of Venus; she was still more enchanted with the certainty that the goddess could not pursue her lover into Elysium. Venus, who yet wept for her Adonis, apprized of Proserpine's project, fell into the most desperate sadness; but vexation soon succeeded to sorrow, and rage to vexation. Her sobs ceased, her tears dried upon her burning cheeks. The daughter of Ocean flew to Olympus, traversed the crowd of gods, threw herself at the feet of Jupiter, pressed them with her trembling hands, and dissimulating no more, exclaimed:—

"Yes, my father, I loved Adonis; I loved him. I have lost the youth, the charms, the tenderness of my lover: his soul yet remained faithful to me, and Proserpine would ravish that from me. Oh, Jupiter! avenge me! restore to me my Adonis! Let him live, that Proserpine may not triumph over thy daughter, and her immortality be no longer a burthen."

Jupiter was melted, but ventured not to decide so delicate a cause; he referred it to Themis. That immortal virgin, daughter of Heaven and of Youth, and sister of the amiable Astrea, wore a fillet over her eyes; with one hand she held a sword, in the other a balance and the mirror of youth.

After having heard Venus and Proserpine, Themis decided upon a middle course, and decreed that Adonis should pass six months of each year upon the earth, and six in Elysium. This expedient put the rivals in something like amity; but it was still a question which should first enjoy the presence of her lover. As Proserpine was already in possession, she obtained a grant for the first half year.—What an eternity for

Venus ! But oh ! my Emilia, can you believe it ? Mars continued to sweeten the bitterness of that wearisome period.

After a faint resistance, she suffered him to converse with her alone ; she allowed him to sympathize in her grief, to mingle his tears with hers : in fine, she permitted him to console her. When the six months were over, when Adonis, yet tender and faithful, returned from the gloomy shores of Acheron, he found, alas ! that the absent have always faults.

The sad Adonis for a long time deplored this strange perfidy. He groaned through the weight, and complained aloud to Aurora. Aurora, touched with his sorrow, repeated it to Apollo. That god learned, with secret vexation, the loves and the infidelities of Venus. He remembered former times, and those tender recollections gave birth to jealousy. Concealed behind a cloud, he deceived the vigilance of Gallus, who watched over their privacy, and he espied the lovers. The radiant god reported it to Vulcan, who, during their voluptuous sleep, enveloped Mars and Venus in a net of nearly impalpable fineness. All Olympus was assembled to behold their waking and their confusion.

Mars, in a rage, transformed Gallus into a lock, to punish his negligence. It would seem that under that new form Gallus became vigilant, for every day with the same accuracy, be announces to lovers the uprise of Phœbus; and Mars, while listening, quits the arms of Beauty.

Vulcan having raised the net at the prayer of the gods, Mars saved himself in the mountains of Thrace, where he has since been adored, and Venus in the isle of Cyprus. There she was surprised by a new prodigy : every day her girdle became straiter, till at length this divine zone refused to encircle her waist. In truth, she was obliged to discard it, until Cupid was born. How much good, how much evil shall I not say to you of this god !—but I impose silence on myself at present. If your heart deigned to listen to me, I would speak to you of love ; but what can I teach you ? It is only in your train that I have known Love. You know him already better than I do, and upon one subject the scholar is qualified to become the teacher.—Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

If you should be told, my Emilia, that there exists a blind boy, armed with poisoned arrows, who by a cruel instinct discovers his victims, and strikes direct at their heart; that this blind youth wears a bandage over his eyes which possesses the strange power of multiplying itself *ad infinitum*, and immediately covers the sight of every one his darts have wounded, you would doubtless treat this recital as a fable or a falsehood; but if we should add that the blind boy is of your acquaintance, that you frequently lend him your eyes, and that in return he lends you his bandage, your incredulity would give place to surprise. Nay, more, if you should be assured, that from the age of fifteen, you have led the blind archer by the hand, and have yourself directed the most burning of his arrows, then perhaps, with a tender smile you would recall the friend of Emilia, and would say, "this blind boy is Love!"

Venus had but just given birth to Cupid, when Jupiter, reading in his secret and perfidious face all the sorrows he should one day cause, proscribed him even in his cradle. To remove him from the anger of Jupiter, Venus took her son in her arms, and still languishing, went with her lovely burthen to the forests of the isle of Cyprus. There she soon forgot the brilliant pleasures of the heavenly court, and gave herself up wholly to the delights of maternal affection.

Yet with all this tenderness for her son, Venus was not his only nurse. If Love had sucked only the milk of Beauty, his character had but received a tincture of coquetry; but no sooner was he able to totter, than he crept among the woods, sucked the milk of savage animals, and with their substance imbibed their ferocity.

Forming a bow of ash-wood, and arrows of cypress, he essayed them against the beasts who had nourished him. Assured of his dexterity, he exercised them upon men; and Venus herself was not spared. The darts which struck happy lovers were tipped with gold; those which were to carry coldness or ingratitude to the bottom of the heart, were pointed with lead; but the greater number, dipped in subtle poi-

son, struck, and continue to strike, unfortunate lovers. Their wound is often inevitable: nevertheless, Love conceals his arrows with so much address, Nature and the Arts are so faithful to his interests, that Suspicion herself is constantly taken by surprise. Those fatal arrows find us every where! in the world, in solitude, in the flowers of a nosegay, in the folds of a gauze, in the reflections of a glass, in romances, in letters, even in friendship—in *my* friendship perhaps. Although these darts penetrate the very soul, it is nearly always by the eyes that they enter. Assuredly there must exist some delicate fibre which serves as a conductor of the electric flame from the eyes to the heart: in this age of science, where the knowledge of our nervous system is pushed so far, I trust some skilful anatomist will discover that conducting fibre; for the moment it can be proved that the power of Love holds by a single thread, that thread once cut, adieu to all the secrets of coquetry, sighs, tears, glances, smiles, treasons; adieu, resentments, fears, suspicions, black children of jealousy! Adieu also to the softer sentiments of tender souls! adieu, murmuring sighs, downy kisses, tears and oaths! adieu to the happiness of lovers! Yet can the repose of indifference compensate for the loss of pleasure? Ah, no! to love, to enjoy, to suffer, this is the lot of man. So now, let us abandon the project of our discovery. Could we shelter ourselves, my Emilia, from the arrows of Love, he would still subdue us by the charms of his persuasion. No god possesses, like him, the talent of insinuating himself into the heart, of embellishing virtue, or of smoothing scruples, and giving to human frailty the colors of virtue. We are told that his arguments are always unanswerable: I suspect, however, that upon the chapter of morals, he is not infallible, and that he reasons of chastity as a blind man does of colors. At all events, if his logic is not always good, it is amusing, since it is inspired by Folly, whom Jupiter assigned him for a conductress. That active goddess conducts him to assemblies, to spectacles, to balls, to social parties: he generally appears at these places in the masquerade of different dresses; for when he assumes

not a strange costume the poor little urchin is reduced to the necessity of going naked. When we behold him thus, a delightful thought unites itself with the tender interest his nudity inspires; we look at him, and recall the first days of this changing world, the beautiful golden age, when he appeared without shade, without artifice: in these happy days, the lips pronounced the blissful words, *I love*, the instant the heart had uttered them; the blind boy studied not his timid discourses, like a certain sweet Emilia, who pretends to save her modesty by throwing over it the veil of amphibology, while at the same time her glances, her sighs, her languor, make the secrets of her heart but the secret of a play.—Adieu.

SINGULAR AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

In the wars betwixt the Russians and the Turks there are many barbarities committed by the troops of both nations, and they frequently rather contrive which shall lay a plan for a murder with more ingenuity, than fight with the open bravery and generosity of European warfare. The following story, told and vouched as a truth by a respectable officer in the service of the court of Muscovy, is a most remarkable instance of this.—The two armies, he said, were encamped at no great distance from each other on the banks of the Danube, and there was a deep morass between them, at the approaches to which each of the armies had piquets. Owing to the length of time the war had been carried on in the country, necessaries were becoming somewhat scarce; and the officers, in particular, having been deprived of many of those little luxuries which are considered of so much importance in a camp, were very liberal to any one who could provide for them.

Amongst others, whom the love of money tempted to engage in this traffic, there was an old woman of a very singular character and appearance. She was accustomed to bargain with the officers, to afford them every thing, at a very in-

considerable price, on condition, that if they were killed before that time, she should have their property. Many of them were extremely willing to make an agreement on these terms, as they had no prospect of fighting for a long while after the time she mentioned; and they were accordingly supplied in every thing they wished.

Every one, to the great surprise of their comrades, were killed almost at her day, and almost in such a manner as could excite no suspicion that she had the smallest connection with it; it was perhaps their turn to go out on a foraging party, and they were met by a detachment of the enemy on the same errand, or some dangerous post was given to their charge, on which they were attacked, and their whole party cut to pieces. The thing, however, happened so naturally, that others only cursed the luck of the old witch, and continued to make agreements with her; "among others," said the officer, "I was tempted, through curiosity, as much as other motives, to visit her, and bargained for something, on condition that she should have my gold watch and seals, should I be killed before the expiration of a fortnight. The time passed on till the last evening, and at that time it was not my turn to do any duty, till two days after. I was making merry upon the subject of Madame Grim's disappointment, and took a walk out to see the guard march off for a post on the outside of the camp, to which a great deal of importance had been always attached, as it was the only pass by which the Turks could surprise us. It was likewise the only thing of which I was afraid in my bargain; for during the whole of the week, every detachment which had been sent to watch it, had been found in the morning dead to a man, with their heads cut off; and although the numbers had been almost doubled every time, it had been of no avail; none of them returned alive. I was quite secure, but felt a little of that horror which naturally seizes one on very narrowly escaping a terrible danger, especially as many of the officers, killed on this spot, had fallen just at the time the old hag had predicted.

The men were drawn up, and ready to march, and my comrades were telling me I was one of the luckiest fellows in the world; when a message was sent from head-quarters for the next officer in order to assume the command of the guard, as he, whose turn it was, had fallen sick. I was somewhat disconcerted at this; but still, as it was not my turn, I found all safe: and to my great satisfaction the guard at last marched off; while I betook myself to my tent for the night. Imagine my consternation, however, when not many minutes after, orders were sent that I should mount and follow the detachment, as their officer had his arm broke by a fall from his horse. There was no alternative, so with as good a grace as might be, I took my place; comforting myself that I had twice as many men as any of the others, and would at least stand against the Turks, though much superior in numbers, till I could send for assistance. The post was on the side of a deep morass, and only accessible by two ways, one from the Turkish camp, and one backwards, by which we reached it. Nothing seemed to disturb us, and I had entirely forgotten my superstitions; the night was very beautiful, and the dead stillness of every thing around, interrupted only at slow intervals by the neighing of the horses, or the solitary voice of the centinels, made the scene all solemn. We were in this situation for a considerable time, when, as if it had been thunder, the shouts of men, the clattering of horses, and the sound of arms were heard close upon our post; and, in a moment, several troops of Turkish hussars, half naked, and brandishing their cimetars in defence, were seen galloping down the descent of the opposite ground. The moon shone full upon them, and their savage appearance, together with their number, which was more than double ours, made us all tremble. It was impossible to think of retreating; that would have ruined us, for we had a post of honor; and to meet such a host of savages was certain death. They were on us in an instant, I had only time to draw up my men with their backs to the morass. The Turks cut and slaughtered at a terrible rate; and though my brave fellows behaved like heroes, they were hew-

ed to pieces in a twinkling; I was left with only one or two, and was most dreadfully wounded; cut across my breast with a sabre, my head bleeding, and almost blind with rage and blood, I was still eager for revenge, and would have had it—the leader of the murderers was just at the point of my sabre, and I going to stab him to the heart, when one of his attendants perceiving my design made a furious blow at me; his cimetar, however, or something else, terrified the horse, which ran backwards, and sunk me into one of the deepest holes in the morass. He was inevitably gone, and I felt myself suffocated. By some means, however, I caught hold of the grass on the banks, and hung there a few minutes till I recovered my senses. The Turks supposing I was dead, made no more enquiries after me, while I was obliged to witness such a scene of horror as never human being saw. The field was strewed with men and horses, dead and dying, and the Turks were busy cutting off the heads of those they had killed. They went away at last, and I endeavored to extricate myself, in which, by my weakness, I was several times unsuccessful. I came out, however; but guess my horror when I was instantly seized by a gigantic Turk, whom I had not observed pillaging the dead bodies; he very coolly took out a knife to cut my head off. I besought him in the name of God to spare me, and told him I had friends who would give him a large reward if he did. He said he was not certain of that, but if he took my head to the camp, he would get thirty dollars for the delivery of it, and was proceeding to his purpose, notwithstanding my struggles, when I luckily perceived a dagger at his belt; I drew it, and stabbed him as near the heart as I could think; he instantly fell; and thanking Heaven for preserving me through so much, I took up the shaft of a lance, and supported myself on it to the camp. The general had my story the next day, and came to inquire of me. I was so weak that I could hardly collect myself sufficiently to speak; something, however, came across me about the old woman, and I could only say that the guard should be doubled, but a false number given out in the camp. This was done

accordingly, and the Turks found themselves fairly out-numbered. I then told my suspicions; and when the old hag was seized, and brought a little to it by the fear of being given to the soldiers for a mark to be shot at, she confessed she had always made it her practice to inform the Turks of the number of men to be set on our out-posts.—She had frequently done us the like good offices. With respect to her contrivances she confessed a great deal, and that when she witnessed a combat between two, one of which was a friend, she contrived to irritate the other's horse somehow in such a manner that it threw him. The soldiers insisted she should be burnt alive, but the commander contented himself with nailing her ears to a post for a day, and giving her the knout.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XIV.

Mr. Censor,

A part of my pilgrimage through life has been passed in foreign countries, and among men of various complexions, habits and manners. Different as the inhabitants of different nations are from each other in their customs, laws, and religion, there are a few principles and feelings common to them all, and the *traveller* will find himself at *home*, in some of the sentiments and sympathies which warm the hearts and govern the actions of mankind, wherever he may be carried by his fate or his inclination. Love, perhaps, may be cited as the most universal of passions, and the most generally alike in its effects throughout all societies of men, and under all climes of heaven. It produces its peculiar pleasures, pains, and fooleries, wherever the *sexes* are to be found; and is not extinguished in the human breast, even in a state of celibacy or solitude. I firmly believe there would be no such a being on earth as a bachelor, if love always had *fair play* in the exercise of its powers; but it is often counteracted by other pas-

sions, and though not entirely subdued, is deprived of its proper influence over the heart.

I propose, sir, to occupy a few of your succeeding numbers with some "Sketches of life and manners in Bengal." The following letter appeared in a Calcutta paper, which I for some years edited, and will serve to convince your readers, that the force of love, and the penalties of coquetry, are the same in India as in Boston. A few preliminary observations may be necessary to explain some parts of the penitent Indiana's epistle.

The female children of Europeans, born of native women, are in general, taken from their mothers in infancy, and placed in boarding schools, in which they receive an *English* and a *Christian* education. Lest their minds should be corrupted, or their manners injured by the example of their Indian connections, they are kept from communication with them with all possible care. The father lodges a considerable sum of money in the hands of an agent, for the girl's support, and as a dowry, when she shall marry; and here, his care of her commonly ends. In order to give these young ladies an opportunity to be seen, and to get husbands, balls are given every week by the mistresses of the seminaries, to which the most respectable young gentlemen of Calcutta are admitted; and marriages frequently take place in consequence. The utmost decorum is observed at these balls; and should any visitor violate the laws of decency and politeness, he would not only be excluded from them in future, but subject himself to legal chastisement.—I shall not detain you longer from Indiana's narrative; but throw any further explanations that may seem necessary into marginal notes. L.

"By slow degrees to ripen'd sense we rise;
"At length Experience makes us grave and wise."

Mr. Editor,

The motive which induces me to address you in this public manner, will, I hope, entitle me to the indulgence of criticism, and ensure a favorable reception to my humble labors

in the cause of my too self-deceiving sex. Without farther preface, I am, sir, an old maid, at your service; and how I came to be so, I shall inform you for the benefit of all young ladies, who are not ambitious of the honor of leading apes in another world.

I, no doubt, had a mother, when I was born; but who she was, I never could learn. The first dawn of sense, discovered me to myself, at the seminary of the worthy Mrs. Mildmay. When I had reached my eleventh year, I was as accomplished as most girls are at that period; and being told that I was extremely pretty—that I was worth 15,000 rupees, and "all that," I began to hold up my head and look about me for a sweet heart. "All conquering fifteen" at length arrived. Rich and handsome, I was flattered and carressed. The first rate beaux contended for the honor of my hand, and the first rate belles beheld my conquests with a degree of envy that completed my triumphs.

At our school, we were indulged with public dances once a week. On these occasions a number of gentlemen always attended; and, as in every society, the individuals who compose it are unavoidably divided into classes, so, in our dancing parties, the different ranks of our beaux, were adjusted with accuracy and "respected accordingly." One class, consisted of reputable young men, by some called shippies, by others, birds of passage.* My tender heart soon acknowledged the mastery of an officer in the Bombay marine. He was, certainly, a fine young man, healthy, open-hearted and full of life and spirits. I made him watch strings, netted him purses, drew pictures for watch-papers, gave him a lock of hair, and performed all the little fooleries which girls in their first-love think necessary to prove the strength and sincerity of their attachment. In return, he presented me with some jewels and rings, and wrote verses on me, which I thought extremely fine, and such as never were written before. In this, I afterwards found myself mistaken, for, a few years after, I discovered in an old magazine, the same complimental stanzas,

* The officers of East India or other ships.

which my young sailor had treated me with as his own. But my naval Adonis at length was ordered to sea. Days of delight were not made to last forever. We parted, after vowing and swearing eternal constancy, and—I never have heard of him since.

Absence, and the lenient hand of time, in a few weeks, healed my wounded heart. Short-lived is a lover's grief, when there are a thousand pleasant ways to kill it. A diligent clerk in one of the public offices, found means to convince me, that sailors are ever inconstant, and that the love of landsmen, like the earth on which they earn their bread, is substantial and durable. For the long space of six weeks did this passion last, and my guardians were upon the point of settling my person on my lover for life, and my property in the hands of trustees—when a gallant young *Laul Coortie** stormed my heart, drove out its "sober-suited" commander, and took absolute possession of the fortress, after an almost undisputed contest. Poor Foolscap, nearly deprived of his wits, would, in the first paroxysms of rage and disappointment, have put himself to death with a penknife, had one been at hand. But he was not destined to die so romantically. By doubling his assiduity in attending to the business of his office, he gained the esteem of his superiors, who, in consequence, promoted him from one lucrative situation to another, until he acquired a handsome fortune. He returned at length to his native country; and, I suppose, has long since forgotten the giddy flirt, who is left, a solitary being, to the just punishment of her own mortifying reflections.

Augustus, for by that name I shall introduce my young hero, came to India, a cadet, in the year 1790. I do not exaggerate when I say, that, so elegant was his person, so refined were his manners and so fascinating his accomplishments, it was impossible for any female heart to have remained unsubdued by them. I thought, in them, to have found an ample

* Laul Coortie—from the word *laul*, red, and *coortie*, a corruption of coat—the military gentlemen are sometimes called red-coats by the natives. It is the cant boarding-school term for a soldier.

apology for my inconstancy; and with him, did I expect to pass all the days of my life, in a state of uninterrupted rapture. My whole heart was filled with love—no, not *love*, with adoration. I was now in my plenitude of charms, and he was as much a Leander, as I a Hero. How often did he wish that I lived on the opposite side of the river, that he might prove the ardor of his affection by swimming across the rapid stream, while I shuddered at the desperate resolution with which I could, in idea, see him buffeting the surges of old Hoogly, and breasting the billows of a north-wester!* I was to have been his constant companion; to have shared the fatigues of his campaigns and the dangers of the field; to have been his nurse when sick; to have washed his wounds with my tears, and lulled his aching head to repose on my bosom.

"Like Aaron's serpent, in the human breast,
"One master passion swallows all the rest."

So, in my doating bosom, one dear object engrossed all my thoughts, wishes, hopes, and joys. All, Mr. Editor, that you have read concerning love, in ancient or modern times, is too cold and vapid, to convey even a faint idea of the ardency of my passion. I wrote poetry like a second Sappho. You shall see some of the effusions of my imagination; they will prove "in words that burn," that never before was a maiden so much in love. And now, Mr. Editor, I wish I could lay down my pen, never more to resume it on this painful subject. You cannot suppose, that the public service was to be deprived of a most promising young officer, merely to gratify the wishes of an infatuated girl; or that my guardians would have been so imprudent as to suffer me to accompany that officer, in his first campaign, even in the capacity of a wife. We were both at that period of life, when the desires of the heart are most importunate, and when we all most require the grave lessons of experience to guide and control our con-

* The tremendous gales, attended with thunder and rain, that accompany the change of the monsoons, particularly in March, are called *north-westers*. The term, though not strictly correct, is used in Calcutta for either monsoon, or for any unusually violent tempest.

duct. We were obliged to submit. Augustus joined his regiment, and I remained at school, to comfort myself as well as I could, during his absence.—We were now obliged to "converse at a distance." We blessed the inventor of letters; and I am sure, that during the first year of our separation, a very great part of our pecuniary allowances, was expended to defray the expense of postage.

But, as if fate had ordained that I should not only never be married, but furnish an example of the effects of giddiness and misplaced ambition to succeeding generations, after a lapse of about eighteen months, I began to find the ardor of my passion gradually abating. Augustus complained, in vain, of my remissness in answering his letters, and at length, I confessed that my heart was no longer devoted to him, and though I was sensible of his uncommon merit, I must decline any further continuation of our correspondence, as I could never consent to give him my hand, without accompanying it with my undivided affection. The effects produced on that amiable youth were at first alarming. But, that "few men die of love" is a truth confirmed by the experience of almost every day.—Augustus survived the blow, and is now alive, an ornament to his profession and to human nature. But how this change in my heart was produced, is a secret which I will now for the first time explain.

I was young, beautiful and admired.—My fortune, which report, as usual, had magnified, formed a brilliant addition to my other attractions. I was the reputed mistress of a lack* of rupees, and consequently, an object of universal attention. Thus situated, I esteemed myself entitled to hold a distinguished rank in society, and began to look up to scenes of grandeur and consequence, in which nature and fortune had formed and enabled me to shine. The dominion of love was succeeded by that of ambition, and the idea of uniting myself with any other than a civilian,† was treated with contempt,

* A lack is 100,000 rupees—say, 50,000 dollars.

† A civilian.—The gentlemen of the company's civil service compose the first rank in society. Their pay and emoluments are immense. They may be termed the *aristocracy* of British India.

and as unworthy of a nobly aspiring and elevated mind. From this sudden and ill timed flight I may date the æra of my downfall. My repeated acts of inconstancy, had become generally known, and the last proof of my capriciousness, sealed my doom. Still, however, I was deceived by the continued attentions of gentlemen whose flatteries and fine speeches, I mistook for declarations of their real sentiments; and, I was more than once reduced to an aukward and mortifying dilemma, by too readily construing a common compliment into a sincere and earnest avowal of love. My fortune was no great object to such gentlemen as I would have gladly accepted in marriage. They, at last, became tired of my person, and disgusted with my pride and coquetries. Those, who would have taken me, my *tackas** being an important consideration, I would not condescend to notice. Mortified pride, is as great an enemy to beauty, as intemperance and late hours. I saw my schoolmates, whom I had scorned and frequently insulted, in turn triumphing over me; and young ladies, who were infants when I began my career, proved to me, by their approach to womanhood, that I was not so young as I would willingly have esteemed myself. In fact, my admirers dropped off one after the other, until the ball room, the scene of my former conquests, became the melancholy witness of my irretrievable disgrace. My only refuge was in solitude. I quitted the once cheerful abode of youth and love and joy, and retiring to an obscure, but comfortable villa, I bade adieu to vanity and pride; and determined to make some compensation for the miseries with which I had afflicted many worthy hearts, by endeavoring to deter others of my sex from pursuing those fatal paths, in which I had walked, and which led to sorrow, and the wretchedness of painful recollections; to the forfeiture of all the sympathies of friendship, and of all the endearing connections, which make life desireable and a blessing. I shall die unpitied. My name shall perish with me. Nothing shall remain but the story of my shame; and strangers shall be my heirs and inherit my

*Tackas.—Cash.

fortune. Let the vain coquette read this and tremble. Perhaps, 'tis not too late to recede. Resolve instantly! Be sincere, and you will be happy! Be humble and you will be exalted.

"Learn to be wise from other's harm,
"And you shall do full well."

INDIANA.

KATE KEARNEY OF THE LAKE OF KILARNEY.

The fatal beauty of the heroine of the Lake of Kilarney is celebrated in song, but there is not the slightest allusion to any of the strong features which marked the mind and misfortunes of this female, whose heart, though one in which all the tender susceptibilities were mature, even to luxuriance, was too much oppressed by feelings of another kind to cherish those of love. If her eye was exquisitely penetrating, the tear which early adversity filled it with, obtruded often enough to quench the flame of its glance; and the spell that is said to have lurked in it, was more calculated to conjure up a spirit of compassion, than one of wild and ungovernable passions.

The tale which we are about to relate, as it is only upon oral record, has a great deal of the fabulous in it, which can be accounted for by the romantic spirit of the people of Ireland, and the ignorance of that part of them who lived in the interior of the country upwards of two centuries ago. It is, however, easy to collect from it, that Kate Kearney lost a father upon whom she doated, and that his loss was the occasion of her despondence and death.

Upon the borders of the most beautiful part of this extensive lake lived Kate Kearney, with her father: she had been educated under the immediate eye of her parent, a clergyman, and imbibed notions of virtue which were perhaps too much tinged with enthusiasm. Her father was a widower some years, and had been in the habit of officiating as clergyman in his neighborhood; he was of course an object almost of idol-

atry amongst the hordes, whose minds he succeeded in reducing to a kind of civilization. He possessed a character of the most extraordinary humanity, and his mind was elevated by inspirations of a mild and comprehensive religion; he looked as if his thoughts were in the grave, he spoke as if his thoughts were in the heavens!

The relaxations, in which his daughter used to indulge, were chiefly music and fishing, and he was in the habit of visiting a small island distant from his habitation about a quarter of a mile. One morning the young lady was alarmed at the delay of her father, who had repaired to the island in his boat at a very early hour; and having waited a considerable while, in much agitation, she determined to go to the island herself and seek him. She immediately ordered her female attendant to prepare her skiff, and upon her arrival at the island was horror-struck, upon seeing her father's boat lying empty in the midst of it, about five hundred yards from the water. The island appeared as if the waves of an ocean had washed it, several of the trees were levelled to the ground, and every thing had the signs of an agitation which must have been caused by the joint powers of all the elements.

The boat alone seemed to have been uninjured. An oar was at each side, a fishing net lay at the bottom of it, and an old manuscript, which her father was fond of perusing, lay upon one of the seats. In this indescribable state of distraction the afflicted girl ran through every part of the island, calling upon the name of her beloved father, but no answer was returned, and she was carried in a state of insensibility to her boat. These dreadful circumstances were soon diffused through the country. The poor object of commiseration refused for a long time to take any food, and such were the effects which sorrow had upon her countenance, that she was called by all those who lived near her paternal dwelling, "the Queen of Grief." An elderly lady, who had been in the habits of intimacy with the family, took her into her house, and endeavored to comfort her. Her efforts were not entirely thrown away—as a fresh wound shrinks back from the

hand that would apply a remedy, but by degrees submits to and even requires the means of cure, so a mind under the first impression of misfortune shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them.

Her afflictions were by this time mellowed into a kind of constitutional melancholy, and she still retained the title to which the exquisiteness of her feelings had given her so indisputable a claim. At the period of her father's disappearance Kate Kearney was fifteen. There is no proof, or even report, that she was at that time distinguished for a levity which has been ascribed to her by the present panegyrist of her beauty, who has also ascribed cruelty and inconstancy to her. On the contrary, the circumstances which we have related, stamp upon her a character which can never die; filial tenderness is inconsistent with the disgusting levity of a flirt, and it is impossible that she who adored her kindred, could be cruel to her kind.

Three years rolled on, and the fair mourner still had her misery imprinted on her soul. There appeared in the neighborhood an old woman, who was generally reputed to be a witch; she had done many things of a wonderful description, and to this woman Kate Kearney, who believed that her father was taken away by supernatural means, was resolved to apply. The story goes on thus:—Our heroine was told by the old oracle that her father was yet living, but that the divinity of the Lake, the hoary Killarn, had taken him to his dominions, in order to reward him for his virtues upon earth; that he could again be beheld by his daughter if she visited the bottom of the Lake. She accordingly prepared herself, and after several masses plunged into the water. In a short time she rose above the water, and told those who were waiting in silent expectation, that she had been with her father, from whom she determined to part no more. She immediately disappeared and was never seen again.

For a long time after this the part of the Lake, which the name of Kate Kearney has immortalized, was distinguished

by certain solemn ceremonials, which showed the admiration and the superstition of the clans which inhabited its banks.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

FEMALE AUTHORS.

Ἀ μαζόνες ἀντιάνειραι.—Homer.

THE garden of Eden, blessed as it was by a profusion of fruits and a perennial spring, was found an insufficient abode of happiness until the last and loveliest workmanship of the Creator appeared. To the father of men, how solitary its shades, how tasteless its fruits, how deficient its furniture, until woman was sent first to complete his happiness and then to destroy! How happy would it have been for mankind if our adventurous mother had never meddled with the *tree of knowledge!* And how important it is that her sex should be warned by her example!

I confess that a female author is a notion that never strikes my mind with pleasure. A throng of disagreeable ideas ever accompanies it. No beauty, no grace, no tenderness, no enchanting smiles, no suavity of demeanor, nothing amiable in the virgin, or endearing in the wife, is ever awakened in the mind by that name. I cannot say that, strictly speaking, it means morosity, sluttishness, ill-nature, and a total renunciation of all the rules of social intercourse established among the polite; but I must acknowledge that these things are as invariably called up in my mind by the mention of that word, as if every one of them were actually included in its etymology.

Very severe censures have been uttered against our sex for their aversion to learned women. This aversion has commonly been imputed to a little pitiful jealousy which we have towards any thing like intelligence in the other sex. But the censure has been severe and the imputation is false. Our aversion does not arise from jealousy, but from actual experience of the insufficiency of learning to make women amiable.

and the incapability, which learned women have shown of conferring happiness. Who wishes to hear the jargon of philosophy at the fire side ? She upon whom the gentle virtues sit easy and graceful will be loved and valued there. Nature has ordered it so and we cannot but obey.

I know not what the devotees of female literature will say to me, when I assert, that I never knew a female author whose excellence was sufficient to atone for the violation offered to nature in stepping out of her original sphere. I confess I feel as though I were making a rash assertion when I remember the illustrious names they can number on their side ; and if I were inclined to make exceptions there are some that have powerful claims. But I cannot destroy my general proposition in favor of any one. Still it is a melancholy sight where the philosopher is built upon the destruction of the woman ; we never see the superstructure without recollecting the ruin.

The employment of an author is by no means calculated to exercise the good affections of the heart. It is an unpleasant assertion, but let those who have made the experiment speak, and they will bear testimony to the fact. Every author is in some degree dogmatical. But who loves a dogmatical woman ? An unsuccessful author is always supposed to have been guilty of a breach of modesty in publishing his performance ; before trial no author can be confident that he shall be successful. What spirit then must that be which prompts a woman to obtrude herself on the public, when she knows, that she has not only the common prejudices of mankind to encounter, but also many honest notions of propriety to overcome, and when success will not make her estimable as a woman, and by failure she will become something worse than ridiculous as a teacher ?

But vivacity, that lovely ornament that sets off and makes efficacious the more sober virtues—good-nature, that perpetuates the conquests of beauty—that facility of disposition that accommodates itself to the varying circumstances of life—and, above all, that conscious weakness that looks up to the

lover and husband for instruction as well as protection—what are to become of these? Let the ladies inquire whether it be possible for the female philosopher to retain them; and whether any thing can supply their loss.

The great business of every rational being is to make himself and his fellow creatures happy upon a consistent and lasting plan. His actions are important as they conduce to this end. They are not to be estimated by the vain splendor with which human caprice has clothed them; but by the immutable laws of the Great Author of nature. Now by performing the domestic duties women confer the most happiness. Can they then safely neglect them? Can they find a substitute? And is it degrading to submit to them, when in this department they may, by the rule just given, be of more importance than heroes or statesmen, philosophers or poets, who have acquired splendor, but, perhaps, never gave happiness.

She, who calls this drudgery, understands not her business and has miscalculated her importance. A contemptuous name alters not the value of the thing.

I will only add, that I can endure any thing better than *a philosopher in petticoats*. Whether my aversion be cynical or just it is what nature gave and what I cannot alter. Like Hercules I might submit to be beaten by a woman; the well-known indignity of Socrates I could patiently bear; the virtues of the sex I value; their beauty I admire; their frailties I can forgive. But I cannot submit to be taught by them. Everlasting ignorance is better than this.

PAUCILOQUENS.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

A Clever Fellow.

THE word *clever* is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient. There is no expression in any of

them, which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet. May we not hence conclude, that the *character* here intended, as well as the *expression*, is peculiar to modern times and to governments not very despotic? It is, indeed, only in a land of liberty, that a man can be completely *clever*.

—

Oriental Maxims.

Knowledge produceth humility; from humility proceedeth worthiness; from worthiness, riches are acquired; from riches, religion, and thence happiness.

Men of good or evil birth may be possessed of good qualities; but falling into bad company, they become vicious. Rivers flow with sweet waters; but, having joined the ocean, they become undrinkable.

These six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and those, who live upon others' means, are forever unhappy.

There is one friend, even religion, who attendeth even in death; whilst all things else go to decay with the body.

—

Epigram.

Did ladies, now, (as we are told
Our great-grandmother did of old)
Wak'd to a sense of blasted fame,
The fig-tree spoil, to hide their shame,
So numerous are those modern Eves,
A forest scarce would find them leaves.

—

Epitaph.

Her simple, inoffensive life was spent
In innocence; rewarded by content:
Tell me, ye rich and great, can ye aspire
To any thing or happier, or higher?

—

Conjugal Wit.

A lady wrote this letter to her husband—"I write to you, because I have nothing to do; I end my letter, because I have nothing to say."

Epigram from Boileau.

My rival foes long vainly tried
To make the world my name deride:
Cotin accomplish'd the design—
He call'd his wretched verses mine.

—

Sonnet from the Spanish of Bartolome Leonardo.

Fabius, to think that God hath in the lines
Of the right hand disclos'd the things to come,
And in the wrinkles of the skin portray'd,
As in a map, the way of human life,—
This is to follow with the multitude,
Error or ignorance, their common guide;
Yet surely I allow that God has plac'd
Our fate in our own hands, evil or good,
Even as we make it: Tell me, Fabius,
Art not a king thyself?—when envying not
The lot of kings, no idle wish disturbs
Thy quiet life; when, a self-govern'd man,
No laws exist to thee; and when no change
With which the will of Heaven may visit thee,
Can break the even calmness of thy soul?

—

From the Spanish of Lupercio.

Content with what I am, the sounding names
Of glory tempt not me; nor is there ought
In glittering grandeur that provokes one wish
Beyond my peaceful state. What though I boast
No trapping that the multitude adores
In common with the great; enough for me
That naked, like the mighty of the earth,
I came into the world, and that, like them,
I must descend into the grave, the house
For all appointed; for the space between,
What more of happiness have I to seek
Than that dear woman's love, whose truth I know,
And whose fond heart is satisfied with me?

Conjugal Affection.

A FRENCH gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife, before his second, who one day said to him, "*Monsieur, je vous assuré qu'il n'y a personne qui la regrette plus que moi.*" I assure you, sir, no one regrets her more than I.

A pretty Metaphor.

A YOUNG lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town to retire with him into the country, an acquaintance said prettily, "She has turned one and twenty shillings into a guinea."

Royal Favor.

A LOW Frenchman bragged that the king had spoken to him. Being asked what his majesty had said, he replied, "He bade me stand out of the way."

The Standard of Beauty.

ASK not of me the essential form,
That high-priz'd Beauty bears;
Ah! who shall paint the magic charm
That every breast ensnares?

Search for the answer in your heart,
For there the secret's found—
'Tis your own taste that points the dart,
And bids a beauty wound.

A French Bull.

A MARRIED French lady, who had an intrigue, insisted on having her lover's portrait. He remonstrated on her absurdity, and said it would be proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

Physiognomy.

LAVATER, in his Physiognomy, says that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a very wise man. The earl

of Orford says, "He was one of the most stupid men I ever knew."

Literary Fecundity.

FATHER Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, in one of his later works boasts of having delivered in public

53 Panegyrics,
60 Latin essays, and
32 Funeral eulogiums;

and that he had composed

48 Epic poems,
123 Elegies,
115 Epitaphs,
212 Dedications,
700 Familiar letters,
2600 Heroic poems,
110 Odes,
3000 Epigrams,
4 Latin plays, and delivered more than
150,000 Verses extempore!

One may judge of his taste by his "Origin of the Inquisition." That humane and divine tribunal he discovers to have been in the terrestrial paradise. He pretends to prove, that God was the first who began the functions of an inquisitor, and that he exercised his power over Cain, and the workmen of Babel.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE, TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER VIII.

As certain magicians, in days of fairyism, led the fair, whose hearts they thought by vanity to beguile, through warehouses filled with the gorgeous manufactures of magnificence, I have conducted your Ladyship from loom to loom, devised by the skilful artificer for the adornment of the

rich. But, as I am no necromancer, to cast a gleam over your sight, and steal your heart by the delusion of your eyes; nor you a prey to be caught by the cards of vanity, let them be never so curiously woven in its glittering snare; after shewing you a few more stuffs for baronial pomp, I shall next conduct your Ladyship into the well-stored rooms of yeomen industry; or, what might, perhaps, disgust a less inquisitive researcher into the progress of the arts, to the groaning chests of laborious poverty.

Gazatum, a fine species of woven silk, of the same fabric as the modern gauze, received its name from the famed city of Palestine, Gaza, whence the yet more renowned Samson bore away the ponderous gates. I will not affirm that the garments which that hero stripped off the young bravoes of that country were of the same light texture, but certainly the faith of the fair Philistine to whom he paid his vows, was of as flimsy a nature; and henceforward I hope that no man will trust to his strengh, when beauty decks her wiles in the seductive guise of Gaza! The largest fly is caught in the slightest web.

Lake was the appellation of a fine kind of linen worn by princes and ladies, but denied to persons of lower degrees; and to the clergy as an indulgence too soft for the austerity of their profession. It was almost the same as the lawn and cambric of our days.

Bambaz, or *Bambiæ*, being nothing else than the fine stuff which you ladies now wear under the name of bombazeen, I need not describe it further. Besides this funeral garment, our ancestors had other manufactures for mourning weeds, called *Moretus* and *Burneta*. The first was a fine cloth of the most sable hue and appearance, being of the deadest black. The last, which the French call *brunette*, was a stuff of the most delicate texture; and so soft and lustrous, (although its color was either black, grey, or brown) that Chaucer celebrates it as the "bright brunette."

Boquerannus, called in France *bougran*, and with us buckram, was, wonderful to relate, once a fine thin cloth, so high-

ly esteemed in the thirteenth century that it ranked with the richest silks. See how the transitory tenure of sublunary grandeur is even felt by inanimate nature! Who would have guessed that the descendant of the gorgeous buckram which decorated the martial breasts of the knights of the conqueror's court, and heaved on the snowy bosoms of their ladies, should, in these our degenerate days, be debased to do the office of lining the skirts of coats, to stiffen out some country bumpkin's cravat, and to lie neglected and despised on the board of a dirty village tailor! An ancient author tells of certain ladies habited in vests of buckram, found beneath their girdles, abounding with folds, and sewed together with sumptuous workmanship; to which he afterwards adds, "they wore tunics made in a wonderful manner with buckram."

We have now seen the various costly fabrics of which was formed the garments of the Baron and his dame. Your Ladyship must condescend to behold with me the humbler manufactures which composed the covering of the citizen and the serf.

Camlet, or *camelot*, and which the French call *camelin*, of old times was made of camel's hair, and from that circumstance derived its name. It was originally manufactured in Asia, and first brought by pilgrims into Europe. An imitation was attempted in the thirteenth century by certain weavers in France, who substituted goats hair for that of the camel. Joinville tells us of the *cameline de Cambray*, and the *cameline d'Amiens*, two different manufactures of this useful stuff.

Marbre was a species of cloth consisting of various colored worsted, interwoven with such art as to make it resemble a veined marble; from which likeness it took its name. It was chiefly worn by pages, and by the gaiety of its hues had a very lively effect.

Checkeratus, or, as we find it in Chaucer, *chekelaton*, was a stuff in chequer-work, not much unlike the plaid of Scotland. The lowest species of it is now imitated in the checked shirts of our sailors; and, about fifty years ago, was seen

in the aprons of our household damsels. Since those good days your beds are made in cambric petticoats, and your floors scoured by maids in velvet spensers!

Fustanum, or fustian, was, what it is at this period, a strong cloth made of cotton; and priests, as well as the lower ranks, wore it in vests, tunics, and surtouts.

Russetum, or what country dames would call good honest russet, is spoken of by the oldest Anglo-Norman writers. It was despised by the wealthy and luxurious; but the princess, in all her glory, was not fairer than the village damsel in russet gown, and round-eared coif! Its fabric was coarse, but warm, and not too stubborn to deny play to the easy shape of simple nature. Some orders of the clergy shared its use with the lower ranks of the laity; and to render it more conformable to the unornamented usage of monastic life, its color was generally of that sad dusty grey which has now amongst us the appropriate name of russet.

Tiretanus, or *Tyretoine*, as the French express it, was a sort of woollen cloth, originally manufactured on the continent. It was of various degrees of fineness and value, and according to the coarseness or delicacy of its texture was purchased by the lord or the laborer. Its name is doubtless derived from its color being usually scarlet, which was considered the hue of the far-famed Tyrian die; and Du Cange describes the finest stuffs of Tyretaine to be still more like the splendid manufacture of Tyre, saying that the scarlet woollen was often blended with superb interlacings of gold, and embroidery of flowers, with men and beasts in curious needlework.

Frisius, or *frieze*, was a cloth of very inferior quality, but well calculated for warmth and comfort; and, accordingly we find it the universal habit amongst pilgrims, mechanics, husbandmen, and day-laborers of every description. It may be considered as the very reverse of all that is costly; and on this idea, the gallant Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when devoted by his own merits and the power of love to be the husband of Mary, the widow of the King of France, and the

sister of Henry VIII. of England, addressed to himself and his royal consort, these lines:—

"Cloth of frise, be not too bold,
That thou art match'd with cloth of gold;
Cloth of gold, do not despise,
That thou art match'd with cloth of frise!"

Thus sung Brandon to his queen! And thus would Urania be addressed by as fond a lover, as faithful a husband, if she would deign to award that last precious title to her persevering correspondent!—Till she smiles the gracious yes, scroll after scroll on the fashions of our Henrys, Marys, and Elizabeths, shall salute, or persecute her eyes, from her ever devoted

PARIS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE mind is naturally active, and will employ itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the Devil, they must find him work—and that he will as readily build a church, as pull one down.

GOD is he, from whom to depart is to die, to whom to repair is to revive, and in whom to dwell is life forever. Be not then of the number of those, that begin not to live till they be ready to die, and then, after a foe's desert, come to crave of GOD a friend's entertainment.

THE man who is not *intelligible* is not *intelligent*. You may depend upon this, as upon a rule which will never deceive you.

IT may be said as truly of a knave as of an honest man, that his word is as good as his oath.

THE eighteenth century hath been an age of public charities: but one charity is still wanting; and that is, *an Hospital for Scholars*.

GREAT abilities and a fawning temper seldom meet together; and they who *deserve* favors are not made to *beg* favors.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

AN OBVIOUS THOUGHT.

Behold, he comes in every noisy blast
Bleak from the regions of eternal frost,
From climes severe, and on a shivering world
The keen destroyer lays his icy hand.

As round from field to field, from hill to vale,
The roving eye of Contemplation strays,
It sees the growing desolation spread
And marks its gradual progress; marks the steps,
Which by degrees lead on the frozen year.
At first the north sends forth a chilly breeze;
The peasant lights his fire, and in his hearth
The cricket sings his winter-warning song.
Cold fall the dews of night; and in the morn
Wide o'er the meadow lies a spangled fleece
Of silver hoar-frost glittering to the sun;
The forest feels its power; and for a while
Blooms in deep crimson at the coming cold
And blushes even in death. But like the man,
Whom some delusive fever leads along
Through days of pain and nights devoid of rest,
With hopes of health; painting a transient bloom,
(An omen sure of his approaching fate)
So all this flush so pleasing to the eye,
Bespeaks their verdure fled; and only tells
How soon their transient honors must be lost.
The clouds of heaven, as round the air they float
Present a ragged form; while on the gale
Along the fields the yellow leaf is driven.
The songsters cease; the swallow to the bank,
Where devious streams have carv'd him out a home,
Retires; and finds a torpid shelter there:—
Thrice happy bird! whom, 'mid these freezing hours,
A long sweet slumber ever comes to bless;

Not so the poor, they find a bed of straw,
A wretched hovel, and a half-made fire;
They live to suffer and they wake to weep;
Bless'd, could they gain oblivion such as thine,
And sleep with thy repose. Thus fades the year,
Till cold November blows his fiercer gales;
When harder frosts and louder tempests come;
Through the bare branches sighs the lingering wind;
A mournful dirge to Nature's dead remains.
Receding suns, as, round the southern skies,
Through warmer signs, their winding way they take,
Cast a long look and bid our clime farewell.
Black o'er the heaven a dusky veil is spread;
The gathering clouds collect their threat'ning force,
Then pouring out their manufactured stores,
They scatter winter o'er the iron glebe;
And cold December kills a withering world.

With such a gradual progress have I seen
The cheek of health, the bloom of beauty fade;
In a gay hour, when Pleasure's blissful spring
Drest every prospect with supreme delight,
Blush'd in ten thousand blossom'd hopes, and told
Of fields of bliss and rosy beds of joy;
A paradise without a tempter near;
All good expected and no evil fear'd;
In such an hour, so guardless and so fair,
Into the heart, joy-ruin'd, bliss-beguil'd,
Crept the cold frost of death; and, working slow,
Froze on; till every beating vein was stiff,
And death's eternal winter blighted all;
The poor deluded dreamer saw too late
(How many such too late their faults have seen)
His Eden ruin'd and his hopes destroy'd,
And sigh'd a vain repentance. Wept to find
A Spring so short and Winter without end.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

November 15, 1813.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In June last, the editors of the Port Folio offered two premiums of One Hundred Dollars each, to be adjudged to the authors of the two best naval songs, which should be communicated to them before the first of October. The first in order of the two successful compositions is the following Naval Ode, which besides its poetical merit, is accompanied in the Port Folio with original music, composed for the occasion. The other song, by the same author, though it did not obtain a prize, we think, promises to equal in popularity, the best of our national songs.]

NAVAL SONG.—THE PILLAR OF GLORY.

By Edwin C. Holland, of Charleston, S. C.

1.

Hail to the Heroes whose triumphs have brighten'd
The darkness which shrouded America's name;
Long shall their valor in battle that lighten'd
Live in the brilliant escutcheons of fame:
Dark where the torrents flow,
And the rude tempests blow,
The stormy clad Spirit of Albion raves;
Long shall she mourn the day,
When, in the vengeful fray,
Liberty walk'd like a God on the waves.

2.

The ocean, ye chiefs, (the region of glory,
Where Fortune has destin'd Columbia to reign)
Gleams with the halo and lustre of story,
That curl round the wave as the scene of her fame:
There, on its raging tide,
Shall her proud *Navy* ride,
The bulwark of freedom, protected by Heav'n;
There shall her haughty foe,
Bow to her prowess low,
There shall renown to her heroes be giv'n.

3.

The Pillar of Glory, the sea that enlightens,
Shall last till Eternity rocks on its base,

The splendor of Fame its waters that brightens,
Shall light the footsteps of Time in his race:
Wide o'er the stormy deep,
Where the rude surges sweep,
Its lustre shall circle the brows of the brave;
Honor shall give it light,
Triumph shall keep it bright,
Long as in battle we meet on the wave.

4.

Already the storm of contention has hurl'd
From the grasp of Old England the *Trident of War*,
The beams of our *Stars* have illumin'd the world,
Unfurl'd our Standard beats proud in the air:
Wild glares the Eagle's eye,
Swift as he cuts the sky,
Marking the wake where our heroes advance;
Compass'd with rays of light,
Hovers he o'er the fight;
Albion is heartless—and stoops to his glance.

NAVAL SONG.—RISE, COLUMBIA, BRAVE AND FREE.

By Edwin C. Holland, of Charleston, S. C.

1.

When Freedom first the triumph sung,
That crush'd the pomp of Freedom's foes,
The harps of Heav'n responsive rung,
As thus the choral numbers rose:
Rise, Columbia! brave and free!
Thy thunder, when in battle hurl'd,
Shall rule the billows of the sea,
And bid defiance to the world.

2.

Supremely blest by Fate's decree,
Thy hardy tars, in battle brave,
Shall plume thy wings, and keep thee free,
As is the motion of thy wave:
Rise, Columbia! &c.

3.

The stars that in thy banner shine,
Shall rain destruction on thy foes,
Yet light the brave of ev'ry clime,
To kindred friendship and repose:
Rise, Columbia! &c.

4.

The storms that on thy surges rock,
Around thy flag shall idly sweep,
Proof to the tempest's fiercest shock,
Its stripes shall awe the vassal deep:
Rise, Columbia! &c.

5.

Encircled with a flood of light,
Thy Eagle shall supremely rise,
Lead thee to victory in fight,
And bear thy glory to the skies:
Rise, Columbia! &c.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

Whence comes this keen, this cutting smart?
Why doth the tear unbidden start?
Why beats my sad, my sinking heart
Thus heavily?
Eliza, 'tis because I part,
My life! from thee.

Tost on the rude and foaming wave,
O'er which the howling tempests rave,
In distant climes I go to brave
The furious sea;
My doom, perhaps, a wat'ry grave,
Far, far, from thee!

Oh! say, then all on earth I prize!
Wilt thou my absence mourn with sighs,
And Heav'n invoke, with uplift eyes,
To speed my way?
Wilt thou? but see, the signal flies!
I must not stay!

By storms that sweep the deep abyss—
By plighted vows—by all our bliss—
By this embrace—and this—and this—
Dear girl! be true—
Remember Love's last parting kiss!
Adieu! Adieu!

MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Boston Theatre.

Nov. 1. Right and Wrong (1)—Blue Beard.
3. Gazette Extraordinary—Love laughs at Locksmiths.
5. Ourselves—Timour the Tartar.
8. Sons of Erin—The Sleep Walker. (2)

(1) A comedy of very slender claims to public indulgence. This was the first and only time of its exhibition.

The dramatic romance of *Blue Beard*, like most of Colman's productions, whether opera, comedy, or farce, loses none of its attractions by repetition. To say nothing of the merit of the composition, the music, marches, processions, songs, &c. will always render it a popular favorite. Mr. Dickson's *Ibrahim* is a fine recipe to keep off dull care; but a still better nostrum, and even a more potent charm than all *Abomelique's* incantations, is the bewitching *Beda* of Mrs. Young, whose lovely simplicity, sprightliness, and gaiety, appear in all their native prettiness. Mrs. Wheatley's *Fatima* is much improved since last season. She sung the well-known air, "*When pensive I thought of my love*," with delicate sweetness.—Some new transparencies, by Mr. J. R. Penniman, added to the *delightful horrors* of the blue chamber.

(2) This farce depends for success chiefly on the merriment excited by the walking dreams of *Somno*, the servant of an Irish baronet, who during sleep "acts *Richard*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Falstaff*, and twenty others in a breath." In performing this part, Mr. Entwisle gave one or two striking imitations of Cooke, particularly in the line, "And my first step shall be on Henry's head." A ludicrous scene takes place in the second act, where *Mrs. Decorum*, (Mrs. Barnes) supposes *Sir Patrick Macguire*, (Mr. M'Farland) to be a young girl in disguise, and offers him a share in her bed. The whole is very entertaining.

10. Castle Spectre (3)—Blue Beard.

12. The Curfew—Sleep Walker.

15. John Bull(4)—American Tars, or Huzza for the Navy.

(3) A gentleman, said to be from New York, made a *debut* in the character of *Earl Percy*, and was not probably displeased with his reception. Mr. Young's *Osmond* might be considered as in the best style of his tragedy. *Angela*, innocent, unaffected, and interesting, was sustained by Mrs. Young with exquisite feeling. Mrs. Barnes discovered a well-studied idea of the character of a chattering old crone in *Alice*. Her old women are all very respectable. She possesses one talent, at least, in a higher degree than any other lady on the boards —*videlicit*, the knack of screaming. In some plays, where a sudden shriek is so necessary to *stage-effect*, to be able to scream with propriety is no mean accomplishment.

Amongst all the attempts of dramatists to introduce supernatural personages on the stage, there is none that can vie with the appearance of *Evelina* in the fourth act of this play. It was managed by Mrs. Mills, as the spectre, and Mrs. Young, in the best manner. So long as the ghosts in *Richard*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c. are permitted to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," we see no substantial reason why the spirit of Evelina should be prohibited the privilege of walking in her once favorite "oratory."

The number who attended the representation evinced, that this once popular play has still some claim to regard If performed in the original style of costliness and splendor in dress and scenery, however "stale and flat" it might appear to some, it would not be "unprofitable" to the managers.

After having "supped full with horrors" in the *Castle Spectre*, *Blue Beard's* "sheeted skeletons" and "grinning ghosts at their gambols" were served up as a desert.

(4) Mr. Dickson's *Job Thornberry* is a fine display of proud and rugged honesty, parental tenderness, and generous friendship. He has so often been crowned with the chaplet of criticism, that any further enumeration of his excellencies in the part may seem superfluous. But we cannot pass unnoticed the sudden flash of delight which brightened up his features at the accidental recollection of his uniform integrity, in the following passage—

"*Bur.* You have been as noted, all round our town, for a kind man, as being a blunt one.

"*Job.* Blunt or sharp, I've been *honest*. *Let them look at my ledger*— THEY'LL FIND IT RIGHT."

The fashionable "antipathy to all that's good," which marks the character of the *Hon. Tom Shuffleton*, and the frivolity of *Lady Caroline Braymore*, were well portrayed by Mr Young and Mrs. Powell.

17. George Barnwell—Tekeli.
19. School for Friends (5)—Sleep Walker.

In Mrs. Young's pathetic delineation of *Mary*,

"A love-lorn maid we trace,
"Whose heart was virtue and whose form was grace;
"In life's gay prime, when passion, pure as truth,
"Bids the blood frolic through the veins of youth,
"The plighted vow her easy ear receiv'd,
"The proffer'd faith her glowing heart believ'd;
"Artless herself, she thought the world so too,
"Nor fear'd those vices, which she never knew."

Mr. Tyler's *Peregrine* merited and received a liberal share of approbation. It was the most successful effort of his talents we have witnessed.

If Mr. M'Farland had been aware of the strong prejudices, against which he had to contend, in *Dennis Brulgruddery*, he would probably have played the part with less haste—and by using more pains would have appeared to take less. The impression made by Mr. Bernard in *Dennis* is still fresh in our minds. It was one of the most finished of that excellent actor's performances; and it was observed by one of the critics of that day, that "he blundered without knowing it." Mr. M'Farland, on the contrary, appeared to make a previous preparation for a *bull*, that the joke might not be lost to the audience, when he pronounced it. Notwithstanding this it was a very amusing performance. Mr. M'Farland is undoubtedly the legitimate representative of St. Patrick, and worthy to wear the garland of *Shamrock*, and to wield the shillelah, undisputed by any competitor.

(5) This well-written comedy is the first dramatic production of a Miss Chambers, and was acted at Drury-Lane in December, 1805. The lady has since produced the comedy of *Ourselves*, and, it is supposed, one or two others, none of which have been equally successful with the *School for Friends*. The following is the fable.

"Sir Edward Epworth, a dissipated baronet, allured by the fascination of gaming, deserts an amiable wife, and forms a fashionable arrangement with Lady Courtland, a demirep of Faro notoriety, who resides at a country villa with her grand-daughter Emily. Lady Epworth, under the assumed name of Mrs. Hamilton, takes lodgings in a neighboring town (in the same house resides Mathew Daw, a watchmaker, and a benevolent Quaker); where, from poverty, she is reduced to part with her jewels. Lord Belmore, having heard of his friend Sir Edward's aberration, arrives at Lady Courtland's with a view of reclaiming him. He, by accident, sees Mrs. Hamilton, and being ignorant of her sacred connexion with Sir Edward, becomes enamored; an interview follows, and his Lordship leaves

22. John Bull—Mr. H. (6)
24. School for Friends—The Farmer.

a 200*l.* note upon the table to relieve the object of his attachment from her difficulties. The lady returns the note by Mathew Daw, who, instead of delivering it to Lord Belmore, gives it to her own husband, Sir Edward Epworth. The baronet, fearful lest his friend should become the dupe of an artful courtezan, writes in answer, "that her character is known to him; and that he shall take care Lord Belmore shall not be made the victim of false appearances." Lady Epworth is distracted at receiving such a letter from her husband; but Lord Belmore, having ascertained the mistake, introduces Sir Edward to her in the disguise of his uncle; and the mystery is happily solved by their reunion, under the auspices of his Lordship, who proves himself a preceptor, able to preside over "*The School for Friends*," and is united to Miss Emily, an artless, unvitiated girl, though educated under the seducing influence of Lady Courtland. Such is the principal spring of the plot; but, in order to enliven the scene, there are introduced Mr. Hardy, an eccentric humorist, who pretends to be poor, but at last bestows a fortune of 50,000*l.* upon his niece, Lady Epworth;—Sir Felix Mordaunt, a county member of liberal principles;—Matthew Daw, a good humored Quaker; and Lucy, a chattering, yet affectionate *Fille de Chambre*, who is at length prevailed upon to enlist under the matrimonial banners of honest *Broad Brim*."

To the conduct of this plot we have one objection—the introduction of *Sir Edward* in disguise to his wife, for the avowed purpose of soliciting her acceptance of *Lord Belmore's* criminal overtures, is such an outrageous violation of humanity offered to the feelings of an innocent woman, on the very brink of despair, that no auditor can witness it without indignation: and all the virtues of *Lord Belmore* are not sufficient to throw a mantle over this gross and wanton barbarity.

The performance was such as to gain frequent and deserved applause. Mrs. Powell in *Mrs. Hamilton* gave a lively and glowing picture of virtue in distress, and the dignity with which it can repulse the advances of seduction. Mr. Spiller in *Lord Belmore*; Mr. Young in *Sir Edward*; Mr. Dickson in *Matthew Daw*; Mr. Entwisle in *Hardy*; and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Barnes, and Mrs. Mills, in *Emily*, *Lady Courtland*, and *Lucy*, were severally entitled to approbation, which was liberally awarded.

(6) The story of this farce is simply this—Mr. *Hogsflesh*, who, on account of his name, "has been refused by nineteen virgins, twenty nine relicts and two old maids," determines to conceal it till he can persuade a lady to marry him, and in the mean time passes by the appellation of Mr. H. He accidentally discovers it himself, and is immediately deserted by

26. The Sailor's Daughter—Timour the Tartar.
29. The Poor Gentleman (7)—Valentine and Orson.

his admirers, but at length is reconciled to the lady of his choice, by the king's permission to take the surname and arms of *Bacon*. It will be easily seen, that this plot affords but little scope for incident—the disputes of servants, and the curious speculations of the ladies, create considerable humor. The puns, and allusions to the name after it is unluckily blabbed by the owner, are somewhat too gross for a refined auditory; but the piece may notwithstanding, (supported as it is by the talents of Mr. Spiller in Mr. H.) serve for a change of entertainment.

(7) Next to the plays of Shakspeare, we know of no higher theatrical enjoyment, than the comedies of George Colman, the younger. *The Poor Gentleman* is rich in moral sentiment, in lively repartee, and genuine wit; and has some scenes of affecting domestic distress to excite the agreeable sympathies of our nature. They who have seen Bates and Bernard in *Ollapod*, and Harper in *Lieut. Worthington*, may have beheld some fine acting, which might have induced them to think meanly of the representation of the play now. But we are rather disposed to bestow commendation, than to make comparisons unfavorable to any part of the performance of this evening.

Mr. Dickson's *Sir Robert Bramble*, was, as it has ever been, the correct delineation of a blunt old gentleman, with too much honesty to receive flattery, and too much generosity to see his neighbors in want.

In Mr. Tyler's *Worthington*, we saw no want of *feeling*, or *propriety*; but a large share of the former, chastened and refined by the latter.

Mr. Entwisle is undoubtedly the best *Ollapod* in the company; and he played the part with his usual humor and drollery. His drollery, however, is not exactly the kind which is most congruous to the character of this odd compound of patriotism, gallantry, and medicine. Although his powers are competent to a respectable personation of a great variety of character, yet it is in the country louts, both serious and comic, that he is really and truly excellent. In Yorkshire *sharpers* he is better than the best, and, in *Farmer Ashfield*, is utterly unapproachable by any one on the American stage.

Mr. Johnson's *Corporal Foss* was much above the customary level of his acting. We have not before remarked upon this gentleman's performances. The neglect has not been from insensibility to his deserts; but from the trifling consequence of the range of character to which he has been chiefly confined. The comparative insignificance of a part, however, should be no excuse for a careless performance, though it is often made such by the performer. This general remark is not intended for the sole

benefit of Mr. Johnson, as we are not convinced that he is the only one who needs such a monitory hint. Mr. J. is entitled to the praise of a purity in pronunciation, which others would do well to imitate; and it is not easy to detect him in false reading or misplaced emphasis.

Mrs. Barnes supported the affected dignity of *Miss Lucretia* in the true spirit of the *Mac Tabs.*

Mr. Stockwell has much merit in country boys, and his *Stephen Harrowby* was "very well," for which "we owe him one."

Among other novelties, which the managers have procured as purveyors of the public amusement, is Mr. Garner, engaged to sing between the acts. He possesses much sweetness of voice and prettiness in the execution of ballads. We presume he is what is called a *natural singer*, by which we understand one who sings by rote, without knowledge of music as a science, or the power of reading it in notes.* *Sandy and Jenny*, a Scotch ballad, has gained him great applause, and is perhaps better adapted to his powers, than others, in which he has been less successful. We recommend to him, if he intends to remain on the stage, the study of music, and to endeavor to attain to a clear and distinct articulation, an accomplishment above all things desirable in a vocal performer.

* Mr. Mallet, well known as an organist in this town, not many years ago, remarked to the leader of the choir at Christ-Church, that the performers were all *natural singers*, for they took no note of *flats* or *sharps*.

DIED,

In Boston, on the 6th of November, the Hon. THEOPHILUS PARSONS, chief justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts.—Various obituary notices of Judge Parsons have appeared in the papers, which we shall endeavor to condense into something like a regular Biographical Sketch in our next.

Correspondence.

"Theatricus" is received. His communication is so very lean as to *facts*, that it has more the appearance of a brief *critique* than a biography. For a very obvious reason, we must decline inserting it.

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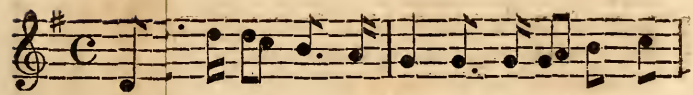
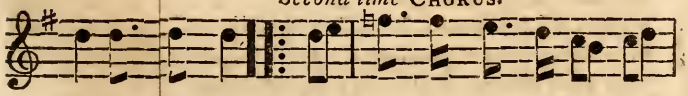
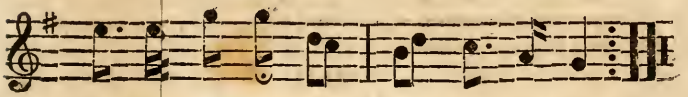


O'er ly ride; Till the flag of Columbia her

Second time CHORUS.



Perry unf the world! Whilst hostile ships engage, And



round the Perry! awarded to thee.

4.

The sners triumphantly flew,
To th were born to subdue;
There he battle resolved to maintain,
And l nd our right to the main!

5.

Wher uest our heroes are crowned,
And l e bright naval chaplet be bound!
Wher dare the fight to sustain,
O'er t them to conquest again!

(Polyantho

benefit of Mr. Johnson, as we are not convinced that he is the only one who needs such a monitory hint. Mr. J. is entitled to the praise of a purity in pronunciation, which others would do well to imitate; and it is not easy to detect him in false reading or misplaced emphasis.

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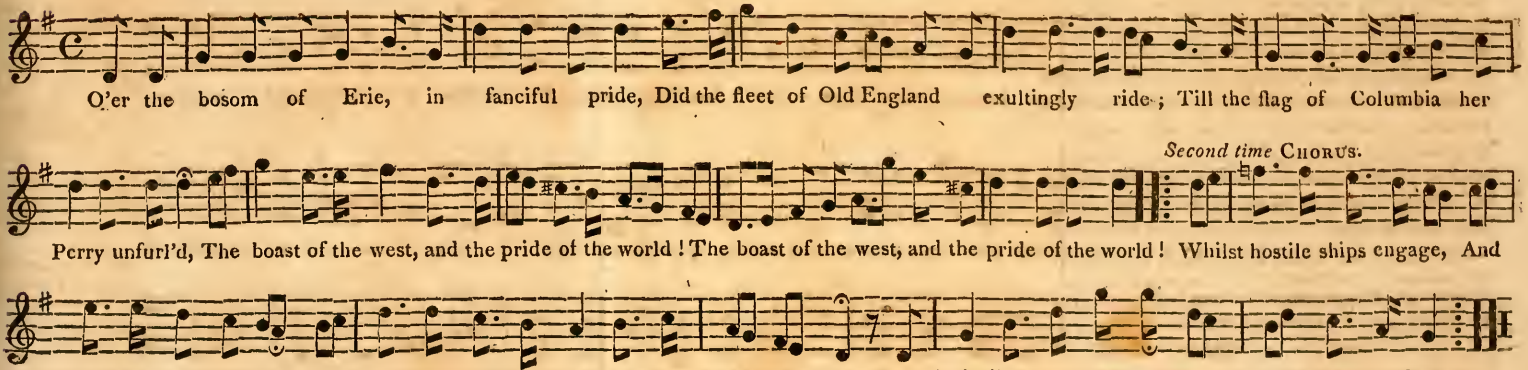
Perry's Victory.

A new Patriotic Song, written by Joseph Hutton.



2.

The spirit of Lawrence his influence sheds,
To the van of the fight while the Lawrence he leads;
There death dealt around, though such numbers oppose,
And levelled the gun at fair Liberty's foes.

3.

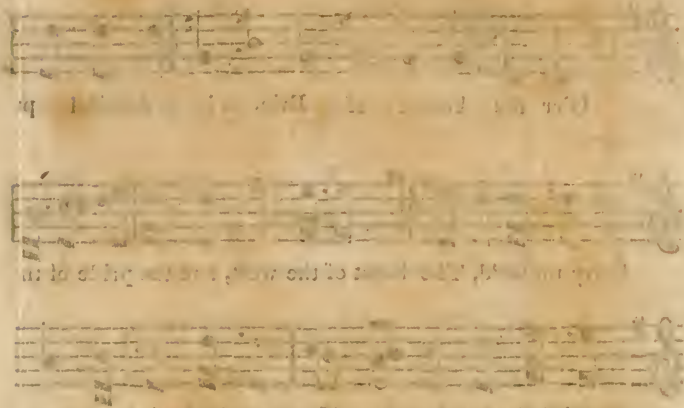
When covered with slain, from her decks he withdrew,
And led the Niagara the fight to renew;
Where undaunted in danger, our sea-beaten tars,
O'er the cross of St. George wav'd the stripes and the stars!

4.

Six ships, while our banners triumphantly flew,
Submitted to tars who were born to subdue;
When they rushed to the battle resolved to maintain,
The freedom of trade and our right to the main!

5.

With the glory of conquest our heroes are crowned,
Let their brows with the bright naval chaplet be bound!
For still should the foe dare the fight to sustain,
Gallant Perry shall lead them to conquest again!



REV. E. PARISH, D.D.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE *REV. ELIJAH PARISH, D. D.*

I will not undertake to describe the warrior, who has drenched a country in blood, moving in triumph with a thousand captives in chains; nor the statesman, who, by his policy and address, has accomplished a revolution in the social order. Rather would I attempt to draw the picture of one, who combines an assemblage of talents and virtues, in their qualities entitled to purer esteem; and in their effects, more salutary to the moral views and habits of men. We need not for this repair to the annals of the dead, and glance at Basil, Chrysostom, or Jerome, but to the records of the living, where character is better discerned, and example more impressive.

The Rev. Elijah Parish was born in Connecticut; and nature destined him to a station at the temple of Apollo. His mind, taste, and habits, were early formed for labor in the gardens of science. Endowed with an acute and vigorous understanding, a retentive memory, and lively imagination, he commenced his classical pursuits, and proceeded through a course of public education, at the university of

Dartmouth, ascending to the rank of her choicest sons. His religious views and feelings had formed the bias, and accordingly, when leaving this seat of literature, he engaged in the professional duty of theology. The lessons handed down from Irenæus, Augustine, and Calvin, were cherished by him, and his name stands enrolled among the disciples of their venerable school.

The people of Byfield invited him ; and the pastoral care of their church was committed to his trust. There his unremitted labors have been bestowed for more than twenty years—there the words of eternal life, dispensed by him, have been accompanied by the mighty power of God, and the riches of his grace, in guiding many from the wilderness of error and sin, to the paths of truth and holiness. Of this the evidence appears in that order, peace, and Christian love, exhibited in principle and practice by the people of his charge ; and among its effects have arisen, strengthening in their growth, affection and respect for their spiritual guide.

But the pious labors of this learned divine have been extended, and their fruits collected in remote fields. We could bring into view many public occasions, on which he was called to preach in distant places ; we could give a list of his numerous sermons published—the subjects, with their adaptations and harmonies—the wide ranges, which they display in the immense circle of theology. With a heart unpolluted by guile, sincere in attachment, ardent to defend the cause of truth, did he ever seem in his remarks to transcend the nice boundary of his profession ? It was, that he beheld the interest of religion in the fate of his country ;—that he feared the depraved spirit of *a political corps* had conspired to overthrow the liberty of the citizen, and the altars of God. His lively imagination might have touched, with strong coloring, men and measures—he might in a moment of its flight, like the hero of Tasso, or the author of Æmilius, have embraced the original in his own picture. Malevolence, those who best know him will testify, could find no admittance, as a welcomed guest, in his heart.

However useful the labors of Dr. Parish, as a pastor, or splendid his attainments, as a theologian, his genius could never be isolated or tramelled to the pursuits of a solitary profession. With a constitution too slender for robust operations, but better adapted to mental exercise, patient and persevering, he has toiled with unceasing avidity in the mines of intellectual wealth, and collected treasures of high estimation in the republic of letters. The monuments of these are exhibited in his writings. Besides the sermons already referred to, the *Gazetteer of the Eastern Continent*, the *History of New-England*, mostly the result of his application,* his *Modern Geography*, and his *Gazetteer of the Bible*, are the effects of his industry, researches, and discernment. They unite in unequivocal testimony to his force of mind, his extensive and various science.

We may not omit to add the advantages, which he has acquired in the schools of oratory;—the easy, pathetic, and persuasive manner, in which, as a public speaker, he informs the understanding, and allures the passions; and that perspicuity, terseness, and energy of style, which pervade his writings.

But these are not his only endowments. They are associated with virtues, which increase the lustre of talents, and unite pleasure with the profit of their fruits. Never was his soul chilled by the blast of apathy, nor infected by malignant hate. Need I speak of what has least escaped the companions of his days, his tender sensibility mingling with the destinies of humanity? his joys and commiseration in the happiness or affliction of others? the effusions of his benevolence for the good of man?

The picture now drawn of Dr. Parish presents only the *contour* and prominent features, without embellishments of color and drapery. However deficient in taste and expression, still it may trace, in resemblance, the more valuable properties of the original. An intimate acquaintance, above

* The life of Dr. Wheelock was the joint work of Dr. M'Clure, and Dr. Parish.

thirty years, with his mind, his habits, and his march in the ascending path of improvement, has authorized an attempt to render that to his merit, which the just pay to the deserving.

Dartmouth College, 1813.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT

OF THE FALL OF PART OF A MOUNTAIN.

About five o'clock in the evening of the 3d of September, 1800, a large projection of the mountain of Rossberg, Geneva, on the north-east, gave away, and in less than four minutes completely overwhelmed three villages. The torrent of earth and stone was more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, every thing before it. Burying completely a space of charming country, more than three miles square. The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Rigi. The quantity too was numerous, since it left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the falling mass was rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and filled in a fifth part; two little islands in this lake were admired for their picturesqeness.—One of them famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient chateau, once belonging to the house of Hapsburgh. So large a body of water was raised by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands and the whole village of Seven, at the southern extremity, were, for a time, completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations and carried half a mile. The hermits were absent on a pilgrimage to the abbey of Einsideln. A fertile plain was at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property obliterated. The main road from Art to Schweitz was completely filled up, the former channel of a large stream

choked, and its course altered. The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruins of this mountain was scarcely less than fifteen hundred. Some estimated it as high as two thousand. Of these, a woman and two children were found alive, after having been several days under ground. They affirmed, that while they were thus entombed, they heard the cries of poor creatures who were perishing around them, for want of succour. "It was above a week after the fall of the mountain," says a person who visited the spot, "that our rout through Switzerland led us to visit the scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views which presented themselves. From various points on our passage, we had views of such a scene of destruction, as no words can describe. Picture to yourself a rude mingled mass of earth and stone, bristled with the shattered parts of wooden cottages, and with thousands of heavy trees, torn up by the root, and projecting in every direction. In one part a range of peasant's huts, which the torrent of earth had reached with force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills broken by huge rocks, transported from the top of the mountain, which fell and were carried high up the opposite side of the Rigi. Birds of prey, attracted by the smell of the dead bodies, were hovering about the valley. But the general impression made by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected, too with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive, buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labors of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood. As we travelled along, a poor peasant, wearing a countenance ghastly with woe, came to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried in the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavoring to clear away. As we were walking mournfully along we met the dead body of a woman, which had been just found; two men, preceded by a priest, were carrying it to more decent burial.—We hoped this sight would have concluded the horrors of the day; but we contin-

ued to find relics of ruined buildings for a league along the whole extent of the lake; and a little beyond the two islands, mentioned above, we saw, lying on the shore, the stiff body of a peasant, which had been washed up by the waves. But I will mention no more particulars."

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AMBITION AND IDLENESS.

Ambition. How can you exist in such a state of indolence?

Idleness. How can *you* exist, who go through so much toil?

Ambition. I am born for action, I could not live without it.

Idleness. I am born for repose, *I* could not live without *that.*

Ambition. You talk of nothing but repose.

Idleness. Nor you but of inquietude.

Ambition. But what pleasure can you feel in being always idle, and undertaking nothing; forming no plans, and always remaining in the same place?

Idleness. And what can be *your* pleasure in undertaking every thing and achieving nothing; always in motion and never gaining any thing by it; forming all manner of schemes and never arriving at your object?

Ambition. You are mistaken. I have one object which I have every hope of attaining; and that is, repose, after I have executed all my designs.

Idleness. If it is commendable in you to seek for repose, surely I am not to be blamed for enjoying it now. You are about to set out on your journey, but I am at the end of mine already; you acknowledge you must meet with many difficulties and dangers on the road; now I am at home, and in possession of what you only *hope* to get at some distant period—without any difficulty, any anxiety, or any danger.

Ambition. Of what use is a man who does nothing but sleep?

Idleness. Where is the use of running after mere wind and smoke?

Ambition. But you acquire nothing.

Idleness. And you enjoy nothing.

Ambition. I shall some day or other.

Idleness. And I enjoy it already.

Ambition. Very little will content *you* it seems.

Idleness. And you have not even a little to be contented with.

Ambition. But will you never part with that indifference which renders you contemptible?

Idleness. Or you with that restleness which makes you importunate and troublesome?

Ambition. Too much sleep is injurious to health.

Idleness. Too little is much more so.

Ambition. For my part, I find it good for me to be in action, and to busy myself about public affairs.

Idleness. If you are the better for being agitated by the tempest, I am not the worse for retiring from it; the fish which sleeps at the bottom of the water is better off than one which is floundering about in the net of the fisherman.

Ambition. A little of my vigor would do you good.

Idleness. Some of my tranquillity would do you no harm.

Ambition. I am afraid what you call tranquillity is merely sluggishness.

Idleness. And your vigor, I conjecture, is downright rashness.

Ambition. Of what benefit are waters that never flow?

Idleness. Or torrents and rivers that exhaust themselves by their rapidity?

Ambition. I hate that *dead calm*, which prevents the vessel from proceeding on her voyage.

Idleness. And *I* the tempest, which sends it to the bottom.

Ambition. Heaven preserve me from that numbness of the nerves which threatens a paralysis.

Idleness. And me from that convulsion of the limbs which precedes a violent death.

CAPRICES OF IMAGINATION.

Fienus, in his curious little book, *de viribus imaginationis*, records from Donatus the case of a man, who fancied his body increased to such a size, that he durst not attempt to pass through the door of his chamber. The physician, believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination, than to shew that the thing could actually be done, caused the patient to be thrust forcibly through it: who struck with horror, and falling suddenly into agonies, complained of being crushed to pieces, and expired soon after.

Van Swieten, in his Commentaries upon Boerhave, relates, that a learned man had studied, till he fancied his legs to be of glass; in consequence of which, he durst not attempt to stir, but was constantly under anxiety about them. His maid bringing one day some wood to the fire, threw it carelessly down; and was severely reprimanded by her master, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glass. The surly wench, out of all patience with his megrims, as she called them, gave him a blow with a log upon the parts affected: which so enraged him, that he instantly rose up, and from that moment recovered the use of his legs.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS PAD.

Dean Swift, riding out one morning, in the strand near Dublin met one of his parishioners well mounted, and began to pay him some compliments on his horse.

"All this may be very true, Mr. Dean," said the man; "but still he is not equal to yours."

"To mine!" returned the dean in surprise: "why this is but a mere pad, that I keep for exercise."

"Aye; but notwithstanding that," replied the other, "he *carries the best head* of any horse in Ireland."

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the earliest times we read of nothing but complaints against the shafts of Love ; yet those shafts have caused fewer tears than his wings. Shaded with various tints of purple, azure, and gold, the plumage of his pinions offers a fit emblem of inconstancy. I will not absolutely tell you, my Emilia, at what age Love feels his wings begin to grow ; a coxcomb will protest to you that it was on the very day of his birth ; but my opinion is different : he had no wings at his birth, for Innocence is always faithful ; he had none when he began to run alone, for Infancy is never cruel ; in that age when sighs are first breathed, he flew not yet, for Constancy is the sister of those desires which youth expands ; but at the first kiss which his mouth obtained from Beauty, the two points of his wings began to pierce through his white skin : another and another kiss ! two days were not completed before the whole plumage was unfolded. At last, by his seductive eloquence, he was permitted to snatch at still more, and the next instant he flew away !

Soon after this Love was walking one day with his mother in a meadow enamelled with flowers ; there calculating upon the rapidity of his wings, he boasted that he could cut down more flowers in a few minutes, than Venus could gather in many. Venus accepted the challenge, and Cupid flying before her, hastened to gain the wager ; but at the moment of conquest, he saw his glory vanish ! Ah ! how often does not Love allow the victory to escape, while he flies from flower to flower ! The nymph Peristera, who accompanied Cypris, assisted her to fill her basket ; and Love, in the revenge of his discomfiture, changed the nymph into a turtle-dove. In spite of his bad success, Cupid has still preserved his taste for flying : he has followed in their conquests the uncertain steps of our heroes in gallantry : yet with this difference, that our heroes grow old, and Love always preserves the shape,

the freshness, and the activity of a child. This extreme youth is doubly astonishing when it is compared with his irresistible strength. By what charm, by what address, does a feeble child overturn reason and triumph over virtue ?

We call him strong ; but the little rogue's strength lies solely in our weakness. The infancy of Love is certainly proved by his sports, his caprices, and his lightness ; and we may readily imagine that the age of prudence can neither suit nor please him. Nevertheless his figure bears not the artless character of Innocence : we see there but the wicked delight of having done mischief, and the wish of doing more. Yet in spite of that perfidious physiognomy, the ancients regarded Love as the most beautiful of the court of Olympus. Surely this opinion is well founded ; for if the woman that I love is the most charming in my eyes, it is just, that Love himself, should be, for me, the most beautiful of the gods.

About his character opinions are strangely divided. One party makes him the author of all good, the other of all evil ; and this according to the degree of good or evil they have received at his hands. Pardon me, enchanting Emilia, if I am of the last opinion ; you will not allow me to be of the first ! Is it not probable that such opposite opinions have given birth to the idea which the ancients adopted, that there were two Loves ? According to them, the one presided over voluptuousness, the other over sentiment. Anteros destroyed the flower of pleasure even as it expanded ; it is he who formerly made Titon grow old in the arms of Aurora. Eros, his brother, inspires that divine fire which you, my, Emilia, have lighted up in my breast. Pure and sublime must be that fire which virtue kindles and esteem feeds ! Its altar is in my heart, and you are the vestal who guards it.

As to the birth of Love, it has led to more errors and fantastic systems than his character and attributes. Aristophanes tells us, that Night, embraced by Zephyrus, produced an egg, from which Cupid issued. Plato says, that at the celestial banquet, Porus, the god of Abundance, being drunk with nectar, met in the gardens of Jupiter with Persia, the goddess of

Poverty, who became the mother of Cupid, whom Venus adopted. Sappho made him the son of Heaven and of Earth; Alcacus, of Discord and of the Air; others have given him for parents, Zephyrus and Flora. In fact, there is not a *new Peer* upon whose origin a greater variety of conjectures has been hazarded. Some profane mortals have had the temerity to assert that Love was neither god nor king. If this error was credited formerly, your power dissipates it now: since that blind god has taken up his abode on your bosom, he has regained his sceptre and his divinity: by a single glance your eyes prove his sovereignty, and your virtues are his apotheosis.—Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Venus had a long time sought to reconcile her son with Jupiter; Destiny at length presented to her an opportunity. It was the nuptials of Thetis and of Peleus, to which all the celestial court were invited, except Discord. Profiting by the circumstance, Venus sought Thetis, and said to her, "Jupiter has proscribed my son from his birth. To-day all things are granted you. Obtain grace for him, and reckon upon my gratitude."

Thetis promised her intercession to Venus; who, to strengthen it, went to solicit the support of Juno. "Introduce my son," said she to her; "obtain his pardon; and for the recompence of such a benefit he will throw a shaft at your husband which will render him faithful for eight days!"

Juno was tempted by the promise of such a wonder, and assured Venus she would assist her with all her influence.

Olympus being then assembled, Love, led by the hand of Thetis, appeared in the Temple of Hymen. His childish figure was full of that innocent candor, and that ingenuous air, which attract hearts. He smiled and was beloved. Hymen wished to make acquaintance with this amiable stranger, and even proposed to him a friendly league. But their commerce suffered much from the opposition of their characters: The one is fire, the other ice. Thus lovers tremble with reason when they see them united.

However that may be, Juno and Thetis presented Love to Jupiter, who received him graciously. The infant flew upon his knee, and embraced him. But how well we know his caresses are wounds! All the goddesses were wounded nearly at the same time. Sighs and glances went round; and the eyes of Bacchus having encountered those of Cypris, remained fixed upon her. This god had formerly suffered from the wrath of Juno, but they were now reconciled, and he appeared for the first time at the celestial banquet. In addition to his real qualities, he had the greatest of all merits in the eyes of the goddesses, that of novelty. Curiosity besieged him. You may divine that he was interrogated; you may divine also that he replied.—He replied in these terms:—"You know, goddesses, that I owe my birth to Semele, daughter of Cadmus, brother of Europa, who gave her name to the most beautiful division of the globe. My mother had just entered into that age in which even ugliness has the charm of spring. Judge with what brightness her beauty adorned it. Jupiter was dazzled, and the arrow passed from her eyes into his heart. He instantly took the figure of a beautiful youth; he appeared, and was beloved. For a long time the modesty of Semele resisted Love, but at length she ceded to Vanity. Repulsed from her arms, her lover declared himself the Sovereign of the gods. At those words a look recalled him; and Semele became a mother! I am ignorant, Oh Juno! how you became instructed of this mysterious intrigue, but terrible was thy vengeance. You sought my mother under the form of Beroe, her nurse; and, giving her a tender kiss, said to her secretly, 'My beautiful child, what hast thou done with thy roses? I see but lilies to day on those languishing cheeks. What can have withered thy half closed lips? The wretch: I swear that it is he.'

'Ah, who do you mean?' replied my mother, with a blush.

'Who? that seducing young man whose eyes, whose smiles, carry a heart in two days. I will know nothing; but, if thou tellest me all, I promise thee to be silent.'

'I have nothing to confide to you,' replied Semele.'

'Nothing! Look at me well. Oh, those downcast eyes!—Nothing! My child, I am too learned in these matters. I say no more, but thy robe hardly closes, and thy zone will no longer meet.'

"At these words my mother replied, but with tears, and fell upon the neck of the false Beroe, who thus feigned to console her: 'Weep not, my poor child, when we are young we are weak; and I well know what it costs us to be wise in the bloom of youth. But who is this young unknown?'—'It is Jupiter.'—'And thou believest him? The Impostor! a Jupiter, without a beard! To prove his divinity, make him appear before thee in all the brightness of his glory.'

"This proposition flattered the vanity of Semele, and she soon after pressed her lover to yield to it. In vain did he represent to her, that by consenting, he would end her days. She replied to him, 'If by the burning lustre of thy supreme glory this frail body is destroyed, if I die in fire, I shall die in the arms of him I love.' Too tender to resist her desires, Jupiter appeared in a cloud of light, holding in one hand his sceptre, and in the other the thunderbolt. Intoxicated with love and glory, Semele held out her arms and precipitated herself into his. But hardly had her lips touched the lips of her lover, when the thunderbolt consumed her. Her shuddering soul flew towards Elysium. Juno smiled; and Jupiter, bursting into tears, sought for me amidst the ashes of my mother, and putting me into his thigh, he carried me there till the term appointed for my birth. Mercury then confided me to the nymphs of the mountain of Nysa, saying to them, 'Educate this child under the shade of Mystery. He was an orphan ere he saw the light. May his infancy be dear to you, and in your fond bosoms may he forget that he has lost his mother!'

"I found that mother again in each of these faithful nurses; who, as a recompense for their cares, sparkle now in the midst of the stars, under the name of the Hyades. When I quitted their arms the good Silenus became my preceptor. He was a merry old man, always mounted on his ass; and it is to him that I owe my first lessons in education. Formed

by the precepts of my master, I resolved from my earliest youth to follow the steps of heroes, and to surpass the glory of the most illustrious conquerors. But the ideas of conquest, which Silenus gave me, were not in the least sanguinary. I desired to make men happy, and not to enslave them. Thus the nations that escaped my power, soon learned to envy the vanquished. My plan being thus conceived, I set forth at the head of a numerous army. The Dryades, thyrsis in hand, began the march. Instead of artillery, the Sylvans rolled along the earth thousands of tuns of wine. Gaiety and Love, crowned with grapes, replaced amongst them Fury and Glory. And when at the sound of the tamborine, our army was seen to halt, it was always for the purpose of drinking. I was mounted upon a car drawn by two tigers, a thyrsis was my sceptre, and a vine branch formed my diadem. Fame soon announced to the people of India, that a son of Jupiter was advancing to conquer them. These people believing me heir to the Thunderer, flew from my approach; but reviving from their first alarm, they came in crowds before their new master. Far from exacting from them tributes and hostages, I said to them, 'Sow these uncultivated but fertile fields. Plant these young vines on the sides of your hills. Gather your scattered flocks into these smiling valleys. These are my laws, this is my worship. I exercise not the horrors of the god of Thrace, and of Bellona. Live free, I would subjugate only hearts. To your ancient princes I leave the crown, on condition that they render me a pure homage in your happiness. Go, submit yourselves, and drink to the conqueror.'

"In a short time all the neighboring people submitted to my laws. Every city opened its gates to me, and I counted the days only by victories. Having finished the conquest of Arcadia, of Syria, and of the other provinces of India, I quitted my new subjects; I returned triumphant, and traversed all those beautiful countries where, at every step, I saw the peaceable monuments of my victories. I beheld the harvests gilding the fertile fields, the flocks sporting in the valleys, the trees and the vine crowning the hills with fruit and verdure.

And comparing these scenes with those in which so many heroes have acquired a cruel glory, I joyfully said to myself 'I have not watered these plains with the blood of my new subjects. They will shine only with the iron of Ceres, and my nectar only shall redden their fountains.'

"At length I embarked, bearing with me the regret of the people I had subdued. My vessels were crowned with green vine branches; the vine herself entwined round the masts and the cordage, presenting but her vermillion clusters. As the sailors expressed their delicious nectar, they sung the pleasures of the vintage. The nymphs of Amphitrite, attracted by their songs, surrounded our fleet; they raised above the waves their bosoms of lily and their arms of snow. The zephyrs, wafting their wings, fondly fanned the beauties of these nymphs; and their sweet breaths, mixing together, impelled our light navy through the liquid lapse. Soon the isle of Naxos appeared like a cloud in the horizon. By degrees its rocks were seen to rise out of the depth of the waters. The ancient trees which crowned them, seemed to elevate their majestic heads as we approached the shore. I resolved to rest in that island. I found it uninhabited, and I knew not what secret charm that solitude diffused through my heart. An interior voice seemed to say to me, 'In the road where victory has conducted thee, even to this day thy heart has known but glory: here thou shalt know love.' Attracted by a sweet reverie, I wandered alone in that enchanting desert. I fancied I heard the echo of a sigh. Farther as I advanced the more tender and plaintive became the sounds which reached me. At length I arrived near a rock, at whose foot the sea broke in waves of foam. The rock half opened, presented a grotto, the entrance of which was shaded by black cypresses. From the bottom of this wild cavern proceeded a touching voice, which pronounced these sad words:—"Ah cruel! why hast thou betrayed me? I have sacrificed all for thee, and thou sacrificest me. Thou hast condemned me to death. I displease thee, therefore I am guilty. Alas! if it were sufficient to love, to be amiable, ingrate, I should please

thee yet! Adieu! thy deserted mistress, too weak to hate thee, gives her last sigh with her last breath. I fly to meet death."

"At these words, with pale cheeks and scattered hair, a woman springs from the grotto, and flies towards the sea. But, swifter than the lightning, I cast myself before her, and retain her in my arms. Sadness had subdued her; terror now seized her; she uttered a piercing cry, looked at me, and fainted. I need not tell you that she was interesting, for she wept. In drying her tears I suffered my own to flow, and gradually became intoxicated with a voluptuous sadness. At length she opened her languishing eyes and casting on me a tender and melancholy glance, she said to me :—'Ah, if my fate interests you; if you know how much love makes us suffer when he betrays our tenderness, in pity leave me to die!'

"The accents of that melodious voice diffused through all my senses inexpressible delight. My heart palpitated against that of the unfortunate, and my arms, in sustaining her trembled under their sweet burthen."

At these words, Venus, with a bitter smile, exclaimed :—"The moment is critical, and I see your heart, my dear Bacchus, just ready to fall.—Hebe, our amiable conqueror, requires your assistance."

At these words the blushing Hebe approached, and, with downcast eyes, distributed nectar to the heavenly circle. Bacchus, confused, presented his cup, looked at her, sighed, and stopped in the middle of his recital.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF

LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE TENTH.

ASTRONOMY—Part First.

THE science, by which we become acquainted with the celestial bodies, their motions, periods, eclipses, magnitudes,

and other phenomena, is the pleasing and important subject of consideration in the discourse, to which your attention is now solicited. Perhaps, in the whole circle of human knowledge, there is no article more interesting than astronomy, nor one, which leads the mind to nobler contemplations on the great first cause of the material universe. Poets and philosophers, both Christian and heathen, have united in its cultivation, and celebrated its praise. Virgil, after he had finished his Æneid, and by that divine performance secured the palm of immortal fame, devoted his remaining days to philosophy; and had his life been spared to his country and the world, for a few more years than were allowed him in terrestrial existence, we have strong evidence to support the opinion, that he would have proved himself the darling of the philosophic, as he was of the epic muse.

In his pastoral poems, he evinces his attachment to the study of astronomy, and shews an intimate acquaintance with natural science, gained by observation and experience. In the ardor of his desire to develope the causes of the phenomena which he beheld, he thus beautifully invocates the assistance of the Pierian goddesses—

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd,
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear,
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know,
The depths of heaven above, and hell below,
Teach me the various labors of the moon,
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

That Virgil and Ovid were both acquainted with the Pythagorean philosophy, is evident from their writings. In the sixth book of the Æneid, Anchises is represented as explaining to his pious and heroic son the principles of that system; and in the first book of the Metamorphoses, the form of the

earth is said to be globular, and the zones of heaven are enumerated with accuracy. The doctrine of Pythagoras, after the lapse of many ages of ignorance, superstition, and error, was revived and confirmed by Copernicus, and established by Newton, on the immutable and eternal basis of mathematical demonstration. Aristotle asserts that fire is in the midst of the world, and that the earth is one of the heavenly bodies; by which he clearly acknowledged the existence of the solar centre of the system, and, of course, to account for the natural phenomena, which he every day beheld, must have admitted the earth's annual and diurnal motion. How can we account, then, for his warm support of the Ptolemaic hypothesis? Other ancient philosophers held the same opinion. Among the Romans, we find that Numa built a temple to represent, according to Plutarch, the system of the heavens, with a sacred fire in its centre. Thus, also, in the Jewish temple, it is supposed that the seven lights had a reference to the planetary luminaries. But, still, no general coincidence of opinion among mankind was in favor of the fact after the time of Ptolemy, who adopted the system that now is distinguished by his name. This system, though erroneous, was supported by the evidence of sight, and the world was content with it for many ages. But, "at the time appointed," says Sir John Pringle, president of the Royal society, "when it pleased the Supreme Disposer of good gifts to restore light to a bewildered world, and more particularly to manifest his wisdom in the simplicity, as well as the grandeur of his works, he opened the scene with the revival of sound astronomy."

Before we proceed to a description of the solar system, as now adopted by the learned world, and the enlightened disciples of the Copernican school, a brief view should be taken of the hypotheses, which were formed by Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, and Des Cartes.

In the Ptolemaic system, the earth is supposed to be at rest in the centre of the universe; while the heavens are considered as revolving about it, from east to west, and car-

rying with them all the stars and planets in twenty-four hours.

The Tychonic system was taught by Tycho Brahe, a Dane. It supposes that the earth is fixed in the centre of the universe, or firmament of stars; and that the stars and planets have a diurnal revolution around our globe. But it differs from the Ptolemaic system, as it not only allows a monthly motion to the moon round the earth, and that of the satellites round Jupiter and Saturn, in their proper periods, but it makes the sun to be the centre of the primary planets, which, in their orbits, are carried round the sun in their respective years, as the sun revolves round the earth in a solar year; and all these planets, with the sun, are supposed to revolve round the earth in 24 hours. This hypothesis, embarrassed and perplexed with intricacies without clue, and weights without balance, gained but few advocates. A feeble attempt was made in its favor by Longomontanus, a disciple of Tycho. He amended the system, proposed by his master, by allowing the earth a diurnal motion on its axis; but denies its annual revolution round the sun.

In the seventeenth century flourished the great French philosopher Des Cartes. He maintained the elements of all matter to be indivisible atoms. To the systems of the ancients, he made a small improvement, by alleging that these atoms are not all alike, or of the same magnitude. He attributed to each atom a particular motion on its axis; and to the whole a general motion round a common centre, as in a vortex or whirlpool. The most rare particles of the universe, he asserted, collected in the middle and formed the sun. In addition to this general and common vortex, he assigned to each primary planet and its satellite an appropriate subordinate vortex, which occasioned the revolution round its axis. In short, says an ingenious investigator of this system, the word vortex, in the hands of Des Cartes, was a key to unlock all the secrets of nature.

The Copernican system, so called from Nicholas Copernicus, a native of Thorn in Prussia, is now considered as the

true solar system, and is the Pythagorean, revived and established. In this simple and beautiful constitution of the planets, the sun is placed in the centre, and the orbs of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, the newly discovered Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, revolve round it as their common centre. We shall in another part of the lecture on astronomy describe this system more particularly, and demonstrate its truth by an analytical survey of its organization.

The superstition and ignorance of the Romish church waged a cruel, though unsuccessful war against the advocates of true philosophy. Copernicus died soon after the publication of his system, and thus escaped the persecution, which was too likely to follow the promulgation of his astronomical opinions. His successor and zealous defender, Galileo, was not so fortunate. This venerable sage, having observed some solar spots, in 1612, printed that discovery in the following year at Rome. In that publication, he ventured to assert the truth of the Copernican system, and adduced several new arguments in favor of its confirmation. For these he was cited before the Inquisition. After some months of imprisonment, he was released, and sentence pronounced against him, that he should renounce his heretical opinions, and not defend them by word, or writing, or insinuate them into the minds of any persons. But having afterwards published his dialogues concerning the two great systems of the world, the Copernican and Ptolemaic, he was again summoned before the holy office, and committed to the prison of the ecclesiastical court in Rome. The Inquisitors, in his presence, pronounced sentence against him and his books; obliging him to abjure his *errors* in the most solemn manner; immured him in their gaol during pleasure; and enjoined him, as a saving penance, for three years, to repeat, once in every week the seven penitential psalms. His objectionable works were burnt at Rome: but the truths he asserted were too widely disseminated to be destroyed by the fanaticism of monks and inquisitors. A prolific seed-time of knowledge had been industriously improved by Galileo, and the friends

of Copernicus;—and the harvest was rich and abundant. Year after year has rolled on since their time, with its increase of intellectual food; and the vast field of nature, cultivated with activity and skill, continues, and will ever continue to produce ample returns for the labors of the busy and unsated mind.

In prosecuting astronomical inquiries, the indispensable utility of the telescope will be readily admitted. By means of this noble instrument, the wonders of the heavens are discovered, and objects the most sublime and stupendous are rendered familiar to sight, which must have ever remained invisible to our unassisted organs of vision.

The origin of the telescope, like that of many other important and scientific discoveries, is traced to accident. The children of Zachariah Jansen, a maker of spectacles, in Middleburg, in Germany, having placed a couple of lenses one before the other, observed, on looking through them, that the dial plate of the town clock appeared larger than when seen with the naked eye. This circumstance being communicated to the father, he fixed the glasses on a board, and amused himself and his neighbors with the view of distant objects through them. Galileo soon received information concerning the effects produced by Jansen's simple invention, and is said to have formed the first telescope, by grinding two pieces of glass into proper form, and placing them in the ends of an organ pipe. Thus, though the children of Jansen discovered the magnifying powers of the concave and convex lenses, Galileo, by forming the instrument, and adapting it to the purposes of astronomical inquiry, is fairly entitled to the honor of being considered as the inventor of the telescope.

The telescope, in the hands of Galileo, soon enlarged the sphere of human knowledge, and made the inquisitive philosopher acquainted with parts of our system, unknown to the most able and acute of the sages of antiquity. Galileo, directing his wonderful tube towards Jupiter, first beheld the satellites of that planet. With what emotions he contem-

plated those before unseen heavenly bodies, we may form some faint idea from the pleasure which a sight of them always affords to the eye familiar with their beauties. As a compliment to Cosmo the 2d, grand duke of Tuscany, he called them the Medicean stars :—But, were justice done to their discoverer, the Gallilean would be the most appropriate denomination, by which the moons of Jupiter should be distinguished among the luminaries of heaven. The ten years succeeding the invention of the telescope were employed by Galileo in making still further discoveries in the starry regions. But, by continual application to that instrument, added to the damage his eyes received from the nocturnal air, he at length became totally blind. He bore this calamity with patience and resignation worthy of a philosopher. The loss of his sight neither broke his spirits, nor interrupted the course of his studies. He supplied the defect by constant meditation ; by which means he prepared a large quantity of materials, and began to arrange them by dictating his ideas to an amanuensis. A distemper of three months continuance deprived the world of this great man, in the 78th year of his age ; and with him, we have reason to suppose, was buried an invaluable fund of useful knowledge and sublime instruction, which he had not time to finish, nor opportunity to publish. But, for his own fame, his life was sufficiently long, and his name will be preserved in the grateful and affectionate remembrance of the wise and good, while virtue shall have a friend, and science a votary in the world we inhabit.

Our earth is a planet—a constituent member of the solar, or Copernican system. The bodies which revolve round the sun, and shine with light which they receive from him, are divided into three kinds ; primary planets, secondary planets, and comets.

The primary planets are those, which revolve round the sun, and respect him only, as the centre of their courses.

A secondary planet, commonly called a satellite, or moon, is a body, which, while it revolves round the sun, also moves about a primary planet, which it respects as a centre.

Comets revolve round the sun. The theory of their motions is at present little more than conjecture. We shall consider them more at large in another lecture.

The sun, the centre of the solar system, is computed to be eight hundred and ninety-three thousand, five hundred and twenty-two miles in diameter; and in bulk, is one million, four hundred and thirty-four thousand, and four hundred times larger than the earth. It has a diurnal rotation on its axis, equal to 25 of our days. It is placed near the common centre of all the planets, and inclined to the plane of the ecliptic in an angle of eight degrees. The sun is supposed to have a motion about this common centre of the planets, as well as on its own axis. But, so vast is its distance, that for all purposes of calculation, we may consider it, as we do the other fixed stars, the heart of a system, affording light and life to its planetary members.

> " By his magnetic beam, he gently warms
> The universe; and to each inward part,
> With gentle penetration, though unseen,
> Shoots invisible virtue."

When we examine the sky in a clear night, we observe some stars, which beam with a steady effulgence, and which change their places, moving among others which are distinguished by their twinkling, and preserving continually an equal distance from each other in their apparent motion from east to west. Of these stars, those which are seen to change their places, with respect to other stars, are the planets belonging to our solar system: the others, which, from the distances they keep from other stars of the constellations in which they are grouped, are called fixed stars, are the central suns of other systems. We shall enter on this sublime speculation with more advantage, after we have described the principal members of the department of the universe to which our sun and globe belong.

The planets of the Copernican system are, with regard to the earth's location, called inferior and superior. In the first class Mercury and Venus; the second, Mars, the asteroids,

Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, are included.—By extending the plane of our equator to the heavens, we shall find that it will intersect a celestial circle, called the ecliptic, in two points, or nodes. This celestial circle is in the middle of an imaginary belt, circumscribing the heavens, to which the name of zodiac has been given: and within this space the planets of our system perform their annual revolutions. The ecliptic is the line describing the real path of the earth round the sun; but, from the apparent progress of the sun in that course, it is used as descriptive of the track of our glorious luminary through the signs of the zodiac from the beginning to the close of the year.

Four planets, or asteroids, situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and named Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, have been discovered since January, 1801. They are very small, and their distances, magnitudes, and motions, have not yet been accurately ascertained.

The secondary planets, belonging to our system, are in number 18. Four of the primary planets have satellites revolving round them from west to east, and they accompany them in their revolutions round the sun. The earth has 1 moon, or satellite, Jupiter 4, Saturn 7, and Herschel 6 satellites. The planets and their secondaries are all opaque, spherical bodies, and shine with light which they reflect from the central sun. Comets are planetary bodies, belonging to our system. They move round the sun in long elliptical orbits, and in all directions. Cassini observed a tract in the heavens, which he thought included the bounds of most of the comets, and he therefore called it their zodiac. But neither their number nor use is sufficiently known to enable us to form a satisfactory theory concerning them. They are distinguished from the planets by a luminous train, issuing from the side of them that is farthest from the sun. They are seldom seen. They are supposed by Newton to be agents of the most beneficent kind, employed by the supreme Creator to supply fresh stores of matter to such parts of the universe as require recruits, either from gradual waste of substance want of

moisture, or the operation of heat in its processes of combustion or evaporation. This great philosopher thought the principal use and design of comets to be to supply fuel for the sun, which, from its continual emission of light and heat, might otherwise be in danger of gradually wasting to nothing.

According to Dr. Bradley's calculation, the following may be estimated as the respective proportional distances of the planets from the sun. Mercury 28 yards, Venus 52, Earth 79, Mars 109, Jupiter 273, Saturn 684, Georgium Sidus, or Herschel 1357.

Demonstration of the truth of the Copernican system, by a Planetarium.

To demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system, we will suppose the brass ball in the centre to represent the earth, and the ivory one on the third stem from it to be the sun, moving round it in the circle which the earth really describes. The instrument in this state gives an idea of the Ptolemaic system. Now, in this disposition of the planets, several circumstances are observable contrary to the true appearances of the celestial motions. On this hypothesis, Mercury and Venus could never be seen to go behind the sun from the earth, because the orbits of both are contained between the sun and the earth ; but these planets are known to go as often behind the sun as before it, that is, they are eclipsed in their superior conjunction by the sun, as often as they eclipse that luminary in their inferior conjunction. It is also evident from the planetarium, that these planets might be seen in opposition to the sun, or at any distance from it : but this is contrary to experience ; for they are never seen on the meridian at midnight, nor do they ever appear to recede beyond certain distances from the sun, as seen from the earth. These distances are called their elongations ; the greatest elongation of Mercury being but 28, and of Venus only 47 degrees. Again, on the Ptolemaic system, all the planets would be at an equal distance from the earth, in all parts of their orbits ; and would therefore necessarily appear of the same magnitude, and moving with equal and uniform

velocities in one direction: circumstances repugnant to observation and experience; for the sun's apparent diameter is, in the middle of winter, 32 minutes and 47 seconds; in the middle of summer, it is 31 minutes and 40 seconds, by which it is evident that the earth is considerably more distant from the sun in summer than in winter, and that its orbit is elliptical.

Light is defined to be the sensation occasioned in the mind by the view of luminous objects; or the principle by which objects are made sensible in the sense of seeing. Philosophers have made it a favorite subject of speculation from the earliest ages; and the founders of various sects have each endeavored to support a separate theory. The nature of light has occupied much of the attention of thinking men; and even the philosophers of the present day are not agreed as to the independent existence of light, or the cause by which we see. The Newtonians maintain that light is not a fluid per se, but that it consists of a great number of very small particles, thrown off by a repulsive power with immense velocity in all directions from a luminous body. These particles are all emitted in right lines; and they preserve this rectilinear direction until they are turned out of their path, by the attraction of some other body near which they pass; which is called *inflection;* or by passing through a medium of different density, when they are *refracted;* or being turned aside by the opposition of some intervening substance, when they are *reflected;* or by being totally stopped by some body into which they penetrate, and are there extinguished. A succession of such particles, following one another in a straight line, is called a ray of light. A *beam* of light is a body of parallel rays; a pencil is a body of converging or diverging rays. Converging rays are those which tend to a common point; diverging rays are such as separate as they proceed from a point; and the point from which they proceed is called the radiant; the focus is the point in which the converging rays are united.

That light is material, is proved by its velocity and mo-

for the flash of a gun, fired at a considerable distance, is seen mentum. Its velocity is much more rapid than that of sound; before the report is heard; and their relative motions are so well known, that the distance of the place from whence the cannon is discharged can be pretty accurately measured by the interval between the light, and the noise of the explosion. The rapidity, with which a ray moves from the sun, is ascertained by observing the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. It appears from thence, that light takes 8 minutes and 13 seconds in passing across the semidiameter of the earth's orbit; or from the sun to the terrestrial globe. It therefore moves at the rate of 167,000 miles in a second of time. Light, darting with this astonishing rapidity, would require a term of six years in passing from the nearest of the fixed stars to our eyes; so that, supposing Syrius were struck out of existence, it would be six years before his loss would be perceived by the inhabitants of the planet to which we belong.

Light has a momentum, and consequently weight. From some experiments made by throwing the focus of a concave mirror on the extremity of a very delicate scale beam, placed in an exhausted receiver, it was discovered that a slight motion was effected; and hence deduced that light has a momentum. It was calculated from the weight of the beam, and the motion communicated by the impulse of light, that the matter which was thrown on the beam during one second of time, and which was collected from the surface of four square feet, amounted to no more than one twelve hundred millionth part of a grain.

Light is indebted for its source to the sun, and the fixed stars, suns of other systems,

> "Which ask no leave to shine,
> From the proud regent of our scanty day."

Other bodies, as well as the planets, emit light, but it is reflected to us from the solar centre of the various systems that compose the universe. Why the sun and stars are continually pouring forth their bright effulgence, is a question, which will probably forever baffle the noblest efforts of the

human understanding. When we ascribe the source of light to the sun, we speak of it as the centre of our system. In our next lecture, we shall consider a few of the most probable theories of the sun, and particularly the hypothesis of Dr. Herschel, who asserts that the body of the sun is inhabited, as well as the rest of the heavenly orbs: and by analogy of reasoning, if his hypothesis be rational, we must conclude, that every star in the heavens contains its millions of immortal beings, with whom, at last, we terrestrials shall be acquainted, and form with them one eternal society of blessed spirits in the presence of our Father and our God.

To what sublime contemplations are we led by these views of the universal brotherhood of man! How paltry and insignificant are the broils and contentions of the world in which we toil and bustle, when compared with glories that await us in a more refined state of existence.

In a divine spirit of benevolence towards the family of creation in other spheres, Thompson excurses in all the fervor of poetical inspiration.—

"I cannot go
Where *universal love* smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better *still*,
In infinite progression. But I lose myself
In HIM; in LIGHT ineffable—
Come then, expressive SILENCE, muse his praise!"

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE *HON. THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL. D.* *LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

THE observation of Lord Bolingbroke concerning history, that it is philosophy teaching by examples is equally just when applied to biography. The lives of eminent, virtuous men, when properly recorded, operate with a beneficial in-

fluence beyond the period of their existence. The history of professional men has a peculiar interest, especially when their industry, virtues, and talents have placed them at the head of their respective departments; and could the life and annals, the acquisitions and conversations of the great man of America, who most resembled Dr. Johnson in mental capacity and acquirements, be as circumstantially detailed to the public, we know not a more valuable addition that could be made to the stock of useful biography. The regret must be universal, that such a history can never be obtained; and the world must for the present be content with a brief statement of facts, and the elegant sketch of the character of the late chief justice, drawn by the masterhand of one of the associate judges.

The subject of this memoir was born in the parish of Byfield in the town of Newbury, in Essex county, Massachusetts, in the month of February, 1750. His father was the clergyman of that parish, and educated him at the university in Cambridge. We are informed by Judge Parker, that he was comparatively great before he arrived at manhood; that his infancy was marked by mental labor and study, rather than by puerile amusements; that his youth was a season of persevering acquisition, instead of pleasure; that when he became a man, he seemed to possess the wisdom and experience of those who had been men long before him; and that those who saw him lay open his vast treasures of knowledge in later life, unaided by recent acquirement, and relying more upon memory than research, could account for his greatness only by supposing a patience of labor in youth, which almost exhausted the sources of information, and left him to act rather than study, at a period when others are but beginning to acquire. In 1769, he graduated at Harvard College, and soon after entered himself a student in the office and under the tuition of the Hon. Theophilus Bradbury, then an eminent counsellor at law in Falmouth, (now Portland,) and late one of the judges of the supreme court of this commonwealth. While he resided in Falmouth, he instruct-

ed the grammar school in that town. Professor Luzac, of the university of Leyden, has given testimony of his critical knowledge of the Greek language, and the literati of our country have, on many occasions, acknowledged his philosophical and mathematical acquirements, his logical and metaphysical powers.

After his admission to the bar, he practised law a few years at Falmouth, and until that town was burnt by the British forces, at which time he withdrew to his father's house in Byefield, where he met judge Trowbridge. The intercourse which there occurred between young Parsons and that venerable and learned judge was of singular benefit to the former; and we are told, that he regarded it as an uncommon blessing, and that this early interruption to his business, which seemed to threaten poverty and misfortune, was one of the most useful and happy events of his life. In a year afterwards, he selected Newburyport as the place in which he would again enter upon the business and duties of his profession.

Never, says judge Parker, was fame more early or just, than that of Parsons as a lawyer. It spread through his native county, and into the state of New-Hampshire, and from the country to the capital of Massachusetts, in all which places he was called to take a part in trials of importance. The other eminent men of that day did full justice to his powers. Governor Sullivan declared he was the greatest lawyer living.

For thirty-five years he continued in extensive practice in all branches of the profession, universally regarded as the living oracle of the law. A few years before the resignation of chief justice Dana, he removed from Newburyport to Boston, where he resided the residue of his life. A long time before he left the bar, he acted unofficially as a judge in important mercantile disputes, it having become in a degree customary for merchants of distinction to draw up statements of facts in disputed cases, and submit them to his legal decision. When judge Dana resigned the highest judicial of-

fice in the state, our present governor Strong appointed Mr. Parsons to be chief justice in his place, which was the first and only instance of departure from the ordinary rule of succession; and no greater proof could be given of his pre-eminent legal endowments. "The assertion," says judge Parker, "that chief justice Parsons would probably have been made lord chancellor or lord chief justice in England, had he lived there, will probably be considered as extravagant by those who are in the habit of magnifying objects in proportion to their distance. But from a comparison of him with lords Mansfield, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Eldon, and Erskine, as they appear in books, and from the opinion of several gentlemen, who have seen most of those dignitaries in the exercise of their high functions, I have little doubt that such would have been his destiny, and none that he would have merited it."

It should not be omitted that prior to his being appointed to preside in the supreme court of this state, president Adams, in 1801, sent him a commission as attorney general of the United States, which he declined; and that earlier in life, although always attached to home, he on important occasions gave his time and talents to the public service. In 1779, he was a conspicuous member of the convention, which framed the state government, and afterwards of the Massachusetts convention, which discussed the merits of the constitution of the United States and adopted it. He was occasionally a member of the state legislature, and drafted many of the most important laws in the statute book. In the latter part of his life he was elected one of the corporation of Harvard college, and paid zealous attention to its interests.

A few sketches of his character in his several important stations, drawn by the graceful and correct pencil of his eulogist, will close this biographical notice.

He was endowed by nature with faculties adapted to the profession which engaged his attention. "There were united in him an imagination vivid, but not visionary, a most discriminating judgement, the attentiveness and precision of

the mathematician, and a memory, which, however enlarged and strengthened by exercise, must have been originally powerful and capacious." Independently of these talents, "his habit of looking deeply into the ancient books of the common law, and tracing back settled principles to original decisions, was a principal source of his early and continued celebrity. In the art of special pleading, which more than any thing tests the learning of a lawyer in his peculiar pursuit, he was without a competitor. In force of combination and power of reasoning, he was unrivalled, and in the happy talent of penetrating through the mass of circumstances, which sometimes surround and obscure a cause, his equal could not be found. His arguments were directed to the understandings of men, seldom to their passions: and yet instances may be recollected, when, in causes which required it, he has assailed the hearts of his hearers with as powerful appeals as were ever exhibited in the cause of misfortune or humanity. I do not disparage others by placing him at their head. They were great men; he was a wonderful man. Like the great moralist of England, he might be surrounded by men of genius, literature, or science, and neither he nor they suffer by a comparison. Indeed he seemed to form a class of intellect by himself, rather than a standard of comparison for others."

"His great talent was that of condensation. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of the cardinal points of a cause, upon which he poured out the whole treasures of his mind, while he rejected all minor facts and principles from his consideration. He was concise, energetic, and resistless in his reasoning. The most complicated questions appeared in his hands the most easy of solution, and if there be such a thing as demonstration in argument, he had the power to produce it."

As a judge, "he appeared to have an instantaneous perception of the legal merits of a controversy, and to see the beginning, middle, and end of a cause in one comprehensive glance. In his judicial as also in his political character

there was an apparent suddenness of opinion, which at the moment seemed precipitancy, but which has in most instances been discovered to be the effect of a process of reasoning extremely rapid, or the immediate decision of a judgement upon facts and principles stored in his memory, and always ready for use. What has been imputed to haste has often been afterwards found to be the result of knowledge and memory. Though fraught with all the technical learning of the bar, and accustomed to a strict adherence to rules in his own practice, he yet, like lord Mansfield, was averse from suffering justice to be entangled in the net of forms; and he therefore exerted all his ingenuity to support by technical reasoning the principles of equity and right. In the administration of criminal law, however, he was strict, and almost punctilious, in adhering to forms, believing it to be the right, even of the guilty, to be tried according to known and practised rules, and that it was a less evil for a criminal to escape, than that the barriers established for the security of innocence should be overthrown. He was a humane judge, and adopted, in its fullest extent, the maxim of lord chief justice Hale, that doubts should always be placed in the scale of mercy."

As a politician, "he was undoubtedly bold, and on any interesting crisis his system was to take the ground which he thought was right, and maintain it without regard to difficulties to be encountered, and especially never to be deterred by fear of unpopularity. But much more has been imputed to him on the score of political influence, than was true: and I sincerely believe that he had no private or personal views to gratify, and that his sole object was the permanent interest and prosperity of his country."

"In his private character he was just, regular, and punctual in all his transactions. Simplicity, hospitality, and cheerfulness reigned in his mansion. He was great even in common affairs. Neither philosophers nor children could leave his society without being improved or entertained. The more solid productions of polite literature had passed

the ordeal of his judgement, and even the lighter works of fancy and taste did not escape him. His conversation was illumined with flashes of wit and merriment, which captivated his hearers, and rendered him at the same time the most edifying and most entertaining of companions. He was accessible, familiar, and communicative, never morose or ill-natured, excellent in all his domestic relations, a patron of literature and literary men, a warm friend to the clergy and to the institutions of religion and learning, and a most ardent admirer and promoter of merit among the young. Above all, he was a Christian, and bore testimony to the truth of the Christian revelation. His belief was the result of an examination and trial of witnesses, in which professional acuteness was aided by native powers of discrimination. It is comforting to the sincere and humble believer, to be able to add the name of PARSONS to the long list of great and good men, who have given their living and dying testimony to the religion they profess."

He died at Boston, on the 6th day of November, 1813, after a few weeks severe sickness; and his funeral, by his own order, was unaccompanied by parade or ostentation. But his fame and extraordinary merits will never be effaced from the recollection of his countrymen, while a love of justice, and estimation of great and worthy men shall continue to exist among the citizens of the state.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE FRENCH ASTRONOMER, LALANDE.

From the Travels of an American.

THE elder Lalande, the celebrated Professor of Astronomy, and one of the most extraordinary men of his age, was among the first of the distinguished *savans*, with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted. He died during my residence at Paris, and after his decease, had that justice done

to his stupendous powers and acquirements, which, as it happens to many others, was refused to him during the last years of his life. Lalande, if not the most profound and original, was certainly the most learned astronomer of France, and the principal benefactor of the science to which he was so passionately devoted. He was remarkable for the most egregious vanity, and for the broadest eccentricities of character, and almost equally eminent for the most noble virtues of the heart. By a very singular perversion of intellect, he became a professed atheist about the commencement of the French revolution; pronounced, in the year 1793, in the Pantheon, a discourse against the existence of God, with the red cap upon his head, and displayed on this subject the most absolute insanity during the rest of his life. This monstrous infatuation betrayed him into the most whimsical acts of extravagance, and particularly into the publication of a *Dictionary of Atheists*, in which he enregistered, not only many of "the illustrious dead," but a great number of his contemporaries, and, among these, some of the principal dignitaries of the empire.

This circumstance led to an occurrence in the Institute, which that body will not soon forget. At an extraordinary sitting of all the classes convoked for the purpose, when Lalande, was present, a letter from the Emperor was announced, and read aloud, in which it declared that M. de Lalande had fallen into *a state of dotage*, and was forbidden to publish thereafter any thing in his own name. The old astronomer rose very solemnly, bowed low, and replied, that he would certainly obey the orders of his Majesty. His atheistical absurdities, deserved no doubt, to be repressed, but, besides the singularity of this form of interdiction, there was an unnecessary degree of severity in it, as the end might have been attained without so public a humiliation. Lalande was notoriously superannuated, and not therefore a fit object for this species of punishment. Some consideration, moreover, was due to his many private virtues, to his rank in the scientific world, and to the large additions which he had made to the

stock of human knowledge. His atheistical opinions arose, not from any moral depravity, but from a positive alienation of mind on religious topics. He was not the less conspicuous for the most disinterested generosity; for warm feelings of humanity; for the gentleness of his manners; for the soundness of his opinions on questions of science, and for a certain magnanimity with regard to the merit of his rivals and detractors. The extravagance of his opinions and his manners during his dotage, rendered him an object of universal derision in Paris, and subjected him to the most cruel and indecent mockery. It became fashionable, even among those who had derived their knowledge from his lessons, and experienced his bounty, to depreciate his merits, both as an astronomer and as a man. Lalande had the misfortune of living to see a maxim verified in his own regard, which has been exemplified in every age and country—that some disciples may become superior to their masters. But he was, nevertheless, at all times, among the luminaries of science, and to him astronomy was indebted for more substantial and unremitted services, than to any one of his contemporaries.

No person of the last century made so brilliant a *debut* upon the world of science as Lalande, nor was any *savant* ever rewarded, during so long a course of years, with so many scientific honors, or feasted with more intoxicating homage. Before the age of twenty-five, he was admitted into almost all the learned academies of the world, and pensioned by the principal monarchs of the continent. He travelled through nearly all the states of Europe, and was every where received with demonstrations of the most enthusiastic respect, not only by the learned of every description, but by all who were most distinguished in rank and fortune. In Italy, upon which he wrote the best book of Travels now extant, he was overwhelmed with attentions by Clement XIII. and pursued, from the remotest extremities of that country, by its most distinguished ornaments in every department of knowledge and taste. He found his bust in most of the observatories in Germany, and was greeted with the surname of the God of As-

tronomy in some of the cities of the North. His reception in England was of the most flattering kind, and in fact all his journies were but a continued succession of brilliant triumphs. Before he had passed the age of thirty, he numbered among his correspondents and his private friends, some of the reigning Princes of Germany, and almost every author or *savant* of note in Europe. His works would embrace more than sixty ponderous volumes, and correspond, by their learning and utility, to the high reputation which he enjoyed. It is not therefore much to be wondered at, if the circumstances of his early life produced that delirium of vanity, if I may be allowed the expression, which marked his character in the last stage of his career.

In the conversation which I had with him, not many months before his death, I frequently saw occasion to admire both the brilliancy of his imagination, and the copiousness of his knowledge; but it was impossible to confine him, for any length of time, to a rational strain of discourse. His mind reverted incessantly to his favorite theory of atheism, and to his own personal merits, upon which he expatiated with a complacency that would have been irresistibly ludicrous, if it had not exhibited so melancholy a proof of the imbecility of human nature, even when most eminently gifted. When he spoke, however, of republican institutions and of this country, he displayed a liberality of sentiment and an ardent attachment to the cause of freedom, which, with me, made full amends for his egotism. His passion for astronomical studies never deserted him. Until the moment of his dissolution, he was engaged in deep calculations, and in the most elaborate researches. He was at all times lavish of his fortune, in favor of the interests of science, and gave to the Institute, in the year 1802, a considerable sum in perpetuity, the interest of which, was to be allotted to the person who produced the best work on Astronomy, or made the most important discovery in that science, in the course of the year.

I was present at his funeral, which was attended by his brethren of the Institute, and rendered particularly solemn by

the discourse pronounced over his grave. Dupont de Nemours, now one of the most prominent of the literati of Paris, and who, as you may recollect, resided at New York a few years ago, stepped forth from the crowd, with the tears flowing rapidly from his eyes, and, in the course of a very touching panegyric on the deceased, recited acts of benevolence, which had fallen under his own observation, that would have done honor to a Howard. He made one striking observation, in which his whole auditory appeared to acquiesce at once; "that Lalande had more religion than he was conscious of possessing."

Lalande was below the middle size, and exhibited one of the ugliest faces that I have ever seen. He was, however, not a little vain of his person, and extremely fond of narrating the conquests which he had achieved, in his youth, over the hearts of half the princesses of Europe. The egotism which completely vanquished his judgement in his old age, blinded him to the absurdity and falsehood of the recital on this head, which he never failed to make, even to his casual visitors. He fancied that he had arrived at absolute perfection, and published at various times a notification to the world, "that he possessed all the virtues and good qualities of human nature." A wit of Paris very earnestly requested him on one of these occasions, "at least to deduct that of modesty." His manners were exceedingly engaging, and his conversation was enlivened by brilliant sallies, and by a singular degree of candor and *naivette*. Lalande addressed a delineation of himself to a lady who had promised to write his life. I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it for you, as it exhibits an amusing specimen of the superlative vanity, and for the most part, a very just picture of the character of this extraordinary man.

"I am," says he, "an enemy of show and ostentation; my *amour propre* (and every one has his share) has but one object—literary glory. My patience and temper can withstand any vexations arising either from sickness, disappointment, or injustice.

" I exercise the most liberal indulgence with regard to the faults or follies of others. I find every thing good. I can bear pleasantry, sarcasm, or even slander, but I know how to rally in my turn. I dislike the common pleasures of this world. I cannot endure gambling, shows, or feasts.

" I never go to the play : study, and the converse of intelligent persons, particularly of well-informed women, are my only amusements. Such have been for me, in regular succession, the meetings of Madle. Geoffrin, du Bocage, du Defante, de Bourdic, de Beauharnais, de Salem, &c. In frequenting their societies, I always go on foot, and sometimes take long walks ; my object in so doing is to encounter mendicants, and I take pleasure in relieving them.

" I have often lent, and my money has been rarely returned, but I have never reclaimed it. My honesty of speech often degenerates into rudeness. I have never been able to dissemble the truth, even when it was calculated to offend. I have often fallen out with old friends, in consequence of refusing them my suffrage at academic elections. I never could bear the weight of hatred on my mind ; I have made many enemies by my candor ; but I never hated, and I have always endeavored to conciliate them. I love whatever contributes to the perfection of mankind, and care very little for what contributes to their amusement.

" Gratitude is so deeply implanted in my heart, that I weep involuntarily whenever I recollect the proofs which I have either given or received of this feeling. The numerous instances of ingratitude, which I have experienced, have never diminished the warmth of my acknowledgement for favors.

" Among the numerous men who have honored me with their friendship, I recollect with pleasure, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, J. J. Rosseau, Dalembert, Clairaut, Maupertuis, La Condamine, Voltaire, Reaumur, Euler, Barthelemi, Raynal, Macquer, &c.

" The last wished me to marry his daughter. I refused her from a motive of friendship to the family ; she deserved a better match.

"I am reproached with speaking too often of myself. I acknowledge this defect, and have no other excuse to offer but my natural sincerity and my love of truth. I maintain that it is treason against the community to be silent in relation to the vices of others. It is sacrificing the good, from a mistaken charity to the bad. I love my family. I have given up to them the enjoyment of my income, even during my life time. I have loved women much; I love them still. I have always endeavored to contribute to their improvement; my passion for them has always been reasonable; they have never injured my fortune, nor interfered with my studies. They have never made me pay a morning visit. I have sometimes said to handsome women, 'It only rests with you to make me happy, but it is not in your power to make me miserable.' They tell me that I have never truly loved—granted; if to love truly it be necessary to turn fool.

"I am rich, but I have no caprices nor wants. I have but few servants, and no horses: I am temperate and simple in my habits; I never ride: I can sleep any where. Great opulence or rank would be useless to me.

"I am well prepared for death. When I write a note or memoir, I say to myself—perhaps this is the last; but it is a great gratification for me to render an additional service to astronomy, and to add another stone to the edifice of my reputation.

"I am satisfied not only with my physical constitution but with my moral being, with my philosophy, with my sensibility, with my disposition to stigmatize vice, although it has made me many enemies: I enjoy therefore all the happiness of which humanity is capable. I am one of the most contented men on earth, and I can say, as Bayard did, that I feel my soul glide away from me satisfied with herself."

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XV.

"Consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault." ADDISON.

ADVENTURES OF PETER PILGARLICK IN INDIA.

Mr. Censor,

I HATE prefaces;—they are like long prayers on the house top;—they are are professions of humility, which are expressive of real self conceit, and petitions for candor and mercy, which we are confident we do not require from a public, ever ready, and *obliged* to admire our performances. They are like a veil thrown over the face of a courtezan, to hide a countenance which has lost the faculty of blushing.—But stop! I shall write a preface myself, before I am aware of it. I only meant to say, that no man would venture to submit his works to the public eye, if he did not think them worthy of perusal; and he, who, thus thinking, *does* implore the compassion of his readers, is like a highwayman, who, after robbing you of your purse, should beg pardon for detaining you on your journey, and intruding on your valuable time.

I am, then, Mr. Censor, an unfortunate young man, and have been ruined by the *dreams* of fond and partial friends. I was bred to a genteel and liberal profession; but having *no* patrimony, and *less* family influence, my sole dependence for fame and fortune rested on the exertion of my own abilities. As to my country, you may guess that by my style, but whether you do, or not, is of very little consequence. My story may, perhaps, afford a subject for some useful moral reflections, and, pro bono publico, you shall have it.

The most influential person in our family is my grandfather. He is a tolerably good scholar, and so much of a politician, that he thinks it treason to himself, to coincide with his neighbors in their vulgar notions on any subject

whatsoever. But he is, notwithstanding, a well meaning man; and I sincerely believe, that if his patriotism were put to the test, he would rather sacrifice his dogma than his life; not that he is particularly averse to the spilling of blood for the public good, but because he very prudently and properly is of opinion, that there are at least some millions of subjects in the realm, more worthy of the honors of the scaffold, than himself. As this venerable personage can, from his circumstances and situation in life, have but very little to do with the government of the nation, he is obliged to play the great man in a humbler sphere, and to content himself with controling the little domestic empire, of which he is the acknowledged head.—Now, as all the revenues of the family, that could be spared from its actual and inevitable necessities, had been expended in giving me an education, and preparing me for a distinguished station in society, when it was found, that no immediate advantage accrued from my superior accomplishments and erudition, I was viewed, rather as an incumbrance, than an ornament to my relations and friends. I cannot take any blame to myself, for my want of success in struggles to rise to eminence in my profession; and it is very natural to suppose, that after indulging the most pleasing and flattering *visions* of rank and opulence, encouraged by the sanguine hopes and wishes of my family, I should have anticipated some part of my future fortune, in supporting my future dignities, by running into debt.

At length, it appeared, that in my case, my superiors joined in lord Coke's opinion, that age and experience were necessary to make great lawyers.—The *vigenti annorum lucubrationes* stared me in the face; and ambition was appalled into despair by the hideous spectres. If I ever saw the bench,—I was sickened with the smell of the midnight lamp;—if I looked at the bar,—I felt a strange chillness in my heart, and an indescribable pain under one of my ears. "Brown grew my coat, that once was black." I shook hands with law, and, in my anger, getting mad, I paid my devoirs at the shrine of hypocrisy, and turned field preacher. But,

bad as my luck was, my better stars saved me from that fate, which I had apprehended in my former profession. My grandfather, at that critical juncture, "dreamed a dream," and I was *reprieved*,—that is, I was reserved for some state of future peril and ruin,—for some final sentence of destiny, which has not yet been *executed* upon poor Peter Pilgarlick.

After his usual genuflexion, and so forth, in the night of the 5th of December, 1799, about 10 o'clock, my good grandfather fell asleep. He declares, that he had hardly touched the pillow with his head, before he was "sound asleep,"—as Spencer says, "So sound he slept, that nought might him awake."

He dreamed, that he was suddenly conveyed in a ship, to a land at an immense distance from that, in which he had always resided since the day of his nativity;—that he disembarked at a place, which he used to call a *slip*, at home, where such places are usually made of wood; but in this outlandish region, was denominated a ghaut; its being built of brick, he supposed, was the cause of its having a peculiar name.*—A tall, lank, dark-colored man, with a piece of white cloth rolled around his head, and another thrown about his person, and over his shoulder, put his hand to his forehead in a respectful manner, and said, Salam Sahib!—an expression, which I afterwards understood to signify, welcome, green-horn!† He took my grandfather most courteously,—not by the hand, but with frequent salams, and kind, officiously kind questions, to a grove, by the natives termed a jungle. Peru! Mexico! Golconda! what are ye, famed

* In this supposition, however, the good dreamer was wrong—*ghaut* means, properly speaking, the slope of a mountain, or other eminence towards the waters of oceans, rivers, &c.

† This is a true description of a sircar, or native broker, who lays out his employer's money, and settles his account monthly. Salam Sahib is a respectful salutation. A young man, on his first arrival in India, is called a "*green-born*" and he is sure to be well *trimmed* of any cash or credit he may have, by these same sircars, before he gets fully "seasoned to the climate."

mines of wealth, compared with the treasures which this golden, and silver, and diamond forest presented to my grandfather's eyes, in this dazzling domain of imaginary riches! There he beheld trees, whose luxuriant branches were bent beneath the weight of golden coins;—hedges, whitened with silver medals; and herbage, sparkling with diamonds. Tanks,* glittering with fishes, whose eyes were illumined with saphires, and inhabited by alligators, whose ruby orbs of vision shone with the fiery radiance of the basilisk's glance, astonished this stranger to oriental splendor and magnificence. All animal and vegetable productions of nature teemed with fecundity and ever-varying brilliance. On a sudden, a flash of lightning imparted a thousand-fold lustre to the scene; a crash of thunder followed.—My grandfather awoke. The seductive delusion was too potent for his reason. He had read about India, and heard still more concerning it. The dream affected him deeply—and he was convinced, that, if he could bear the fatigue of the voyage, a fortune would reward him for his trouble. As he was too far advanced in life, for such an undertaking, he cast his eyes on me, as the true and legitimate prop and support of the family honor and opulence;—and, notwithstanding all my reluctance to leave my native land, I was obliged to embark on a fool's errand to Bengal, to gather rupees and mohurs† from bushes and trees—a task indeed, as easily to be performed by the most illiterate blockhead, as by the most wise and industrious of all sagacious and enterprising adventurers!

But enough of this, Mr. Censor, for the present. You shall be made acquainted with the consequence of this dream in my next communication. It is said, that we cannot control our own fortunes;—but my history will prove, that other people can control them for us. I may, perhaps, shew, that

* A tank is a large reservoir of water. Some of them are very large, containing five or six acres of surface.

† The gold mohur is a coin worth eight dollars.

a superstructure of substantial misery can be raised on the "baseless fabric of a vision." I do not like *paradoxes*;—unfortunately, such is *human life*, that he who does not like the one, can scarcely endure the other;—for life is made up of paradoxes, and man is a riddle, that none but his Maker can resolve.

INDUSTRY AND RICHES.

An honest and sensible man is placed in a middle station, in circumstances rather scanty than abounding, He hath all the necessaries, but none of the superfluities of life; and these necessaries he acquires by his prudence, his studies, and his industry. If he seeks to better his income, it is by such methods as hurt neither his conscience nor his constitution. He hath friends and acquaintances of his own rank; he receives good offices from them, and he returns the same. As he hath his occupations, he hath his diversions also, and partakes of the simple, frugal, obvious, innocent, and cheerful amusements of life. By a sudden turn of things, he grows great in the church or in the state. Now his fortune is made; and he says to himself, "The days of scarcity are past; the days of plenty are come; and happiness is come along with them."—Mistaken man! it is no such thing. He never more enjoys one happy day, compared with those which once shone upon him. He discards his old companions, or treats them with cold, distant, and proud civility. Friendship, free and open conversation, rational inquiry, sincerity, contentment, and the plain and unadulterated pleasures of life, are no more; they departed from him along with his poverty. New connexions, new prospects, new desires, and new cares take place, and engross so much of his time and of his thoughts, that he neither improves his heart nor his understanding. He lives ambitious, and restless; and he dies—*Rich*.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The wise may learn from the ignorant; and an ass once instructed a prophet.

Beasts that are surly and malicious love solitude. It were to be wished that men who resemble them in temper had the same inclination for retirement.

Flatterers are as mean and sordid, as they are mischievous and odious. To them might be applied the Levitical Law: *Every creeping thing is unclean, and shall be an abomination.*

You must give the wall to a king and to a blind man.

By examining the tongue of the patient physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

Glareanus, being asked how he lived, replied, "I live like a nobleman: I eat, and drink, and am in debt."

If there were no God, we should have a cruel stepmother, called Nature.

There is a pleasure in receiving favors from great men, when they are bestowed in a polite and generous manner; there is also a pleasure in passing through this world without any obligations to them; and this pleasure a man may enjoy without being envied for it.

Somebody said to a learned simpleton, "The Lord double your learning, and then—you will be twice the fool you are now."

There is no great harm in flattering dedications; because they always expose the writer, and never impose upon the reader.

The study of the *Belles Lettres* is a poor occupation, if they are to be confined to a knowledge of languages and of antiquities, and not employed to the service of religion and other sciences. To what purpose doth a man fill his head with Latin and Greek words, with prose and verse, with histories, opinions, and customs, if it doth not contribute to make

him more rational, more prudent, more civil, more virtuous, and religious? Such occupations are to be considered as introductory and ornamental, and serviceable to studies of higher importance; such as philosophy, law, ethics, politics, and divinity. To abandon these sciences in order to support philology, is like burning a city to save the gates.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO CALUMNY.

Hie thee hence to endless night,
Cursed fiend-begotten sprite!
In thy native shades of hell
With goblins damn'd and demons, dwell.

Baneful powers, of deadliest name,
At thy mention lose their fame;
Venom, that from *thee* proceeds,
Their whole united force exceeds.

On thy pestilential breath
Float the keenest stings of death;
E'en innocence before thee flies,
Or, bleeding, at thy feet she lies.

Dost thou linger? oh depart!
Pierce no more the feeling heart,
Nor by thy hateful minions stain
The loveliest of the female train.

Haste thee hence! for truth appears,
Whom thy dastard spirit fears;
The mirror that her hand displays,
Clearly thy hideous form portrays.

May the power celestial bind
Thee, the foe of human kind;
Then Candor shall her throne regain,
And heal the mischiefs of thy reign.

TO CONTENT.

CARE and noisy pleasure, hence—
Come Content, O, haste thee, come,
Darling child of innocence,
Tell me where thou lov'st to roam?

High, on yonder towering hill,
Grandeur spreads his glittering wings,
There enraptured art thou still
Breathing peace on lords and kings.

No. I hear his rattling wheels!
Mad Ambition's fiery car
Thundering comes, the mountain reels!
Blazing lightnings flash afar.

Bright o'er yonder sunny field,
Science holds her beamy reign—
Dost thou there thy sceptre wield,
Round the happy letter'd swain?

No. Behind his lagging hours,
Pining love and sorrows rise!
And beneath the blooming flowers
Snaky Envy hissing lies;

Far adown the woody yale,
Clear, the crystal streamlets play
Round (the theme of many a tale)
Yonder cottage gleaming gray—

Up its ends the ivy creeps,
Round it honeysuckles twine;—
Who the happy dwelling keeps?
This, Content, this must be thine!

No. 'Tis listless Luxury,
Here that lolls in rural state!
On her dull Satiety,
Fribbling Affectation, wait!

Sweetest wanderer, have I found thee?
Yes! amidst the fields of Toil!

Peace and Piety around thee,
Drinking up thy charming smile.

Labor looks to thee, and brighter
Burn his ardor-beaming eyes;
Slavery, too! looks up, and lighter
On his back the burden lies!

Come henceforth, my little dwelling,
Let it be thy blest abode:
Anxious Fear and Doubt expelling,
Wave thy soul-composing rod.

Resignation waits to greet thee—
Bring thy nurse sweet Piety;
Love, and Temperance, both entreat thee—
Come, Content, and dwell with me.

LOVE.

BY R. SOUTHEY.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,

Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Boston Theatre.

1. Doubtful Son—Irishman in London.
3. School for Friends—Perouse.
6. Who wants a Guinea—Tom Thumb.
8. Right and Wrong—Tekeli.
10. Who wants a Guinea—Lodoiska.
13. Grecian Daughter—Love laughs at Locksmiths.
15. Time's a Tell-Tale—Irishman in London.
17. Exile—Honest Thieves.
20. Man and Wife—Blue Beard.
22. Who wants a Guinea—The Purse.
24. Jane Shore—Honest Thieves.
27. George Barnwell—Forty Thieves.
29. Road to Ruin—Forty Thieves.
31. Rich and Poor—The Sleep Walker. (*For the benefit of the sufferers by the fire at Portsmouth.*)

It will be seen by the catalogue of performances this month, that they embrace very little of novelty. When we have said, that the respective performers have exerted the various talents which they are known to possess; that most of the entertainments have been respectably performed; we shall probably have said as much as can be expected from "honest chroniclers." The gentleman who came out in *Percy* (see our last No.) re-appeared as *Borachio* in the *Doubtful Son*, in which he discovered many of the qualifications of an actor. We found, on the repetition of the *Exile*, that our hint given in No. XIII. respecting Mrs. Young's costume, was not thrown away upon an incorrigible subject; a pelisse trimmed with fur, with a comfortable pair of sleeves, looked something like a dress for a Siberian winter.

The revival of the *Forty Thieves* drew one of the fullest houses of the season.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, OBITUARY NOTICES, &c. &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Benjamin James, M. M. S. S. has just published a new work entitled, *A Treatise on the Management of the Teeth.* The work being intended for general use, it is entirely divested of technical terms; and the whole art of managing the teeth, from childhood to old age, is expressed in language familiar to every capacity. A treatise of such universal importance, containing, among many useful directions, cautions against the use of deleterious dentifrices, and hints respecting the impositions of itinerant dentists, ought to be universally read, and regarded.

Messrs. Inskeep and Bradford, New-York, have just published "*Columbia's Naval Triumphs*," dedicated to the officers and seamen of the navy of the United States. It is anonymous; but nevertheless bears evident marks of that never-to-be-enough-admired bard of Mohawk river, Osander, as an extract or two will abundantly specify.—The following are the first ten lines.

> First to Jehovah strike the sounding praise!
> A growing, deep'ning, note of glory raise
> To him who rules the sea, the earth, the sky,
> With all the shining myriads on high:
> Who hurls the honors of the proud to dust;
> Exalts the humble who devoutly trust;
> Decides the fate of battles by his will,
> With the same power which bids the tempests still;
> Who reigns o'er all, eternal and alone,
> Infinity the bulwark of his throne.

After describing the achievements of Hull and Porter, in his usual "seraphic strains," the author pays the following tribute to the bravery of Jones.

> Again the cry of victory we hear!
> Fresh laurels round Columbia's brow appear!
> Her honor'd stars with brilliant lustre beam,
> And glory clothes her in a golden stream! [!!!]
> Another son of freedom scours the seas,
> Seeking the foe with every fav'ring breeze.
> The foe is met—his banner waves in pride,
> Claiming the homage of old ocean's tide.
> Battle begins—that banner drinks the wave,
> And rests, neglected, in a wat'ry grave.
> Tho' an inferior opponent assail'd
> The boasted might of Britain's prowess fail'd.

The battle of the Shannon and Chesapeak is related with wonderful accuracy.

They meet—lo! Lawrence's pilot instant falls!
No more the reeling ship obeys his call;
At the same moment, a commission'd death
Summons the hero to resign his breath:
Sudden explosion spreads confusion round;
Scarcely a leader on the deck is found;
The ships are foul—brave Livermore in vain
Meets the bold Broke and his o'erwhelming train—
Proud Albion gains the long-expected day:
One ship is vanquish'd on the wat'ry way.

We have room for only one more extract.—The author goes on to detail all the naval battles that have occurred since the commencement of the present war, on the ocean and on the lakes, and thus piously and elegantly attributes the whole success to whom it is due.

He who preserv'd the Jewish tribes of old,
Safe as a shepherd guards his tender fold;
Who led them through the desert and the deep,
And bid the might of opposition sleep;
Who slew the horrors of their direst foes—
Wither'd the strength of all who dar'd oppose;
And brought them safely to the promis'd land,
Wall'd by his mighty arm on every hand,
Thus far has been our shield in danger's path:—
Thus far has sav'd us from destruction's wrath.
He in the battle has preserv'd from harm:
His voice has lull'd the tumult of alarm.
Mark how the edge of death has turn'd away
From our brave warriors in the bold affray!
How few have sunk within the hungry grave!
How many live armipotent to save!
In our foes' bowels direful death has sheath'd
His angry sword, and desolation breath'd. [!!!]

Homer and Virgil, "Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays" from the scorching beams of Osander.

Historical Society. The anniversary of the landing of our fathers at Plymouth, Dec. 22d, 1621, was celebrated in Boston by the *Historical Society*. It is the object of this society to collect and preserve all documents and facts relative to the first settlement and subsequent history of Massachusetts in particular, and of other parts of America in general. The services at the Chapel were prayers by Rev. Drs. Freeman and Holmes; and an address from the Hon. Judge Davis—learned, classical, interesting; giving a just view of the principles and characters of the *pilgrims*, and enriched with judicious, profound, and pious reflections. The society dined together at Concert Hall—the bill of fare being simply of fish, of various kinds; such as probably composed the food of our adventurous ancestors. The following lines,

composed for the occasion, were sung after the exercises at the Chapel.

GOD OF THE WORLD! on thy decree
Hang life, and fame, and destiny.
THOU speak'st—aw'd ocean yields and deserts smile;
THOU speak'st—and ruin mocks pride's prostrate pile.

In THEE the weak, the humble trust;
And trampled power adores in dust.
Thy name we bless—invoke, in evil hour,
Forgotten mercy and resisted power.

By THEE, our *Fathers* dar'd to brave
Mid savage man a foreign grave:
Their march THOU marshal'd'st o'er the pathless sea,
Who fled for freedom, and who fled to *Thee*.

Where peep'd the hut, the palace towers:
Where skimm'd the bark, the war ship lowers:
Joy gaily carols where was silence rude;
And cultur'd thousands throng the solitude.

O THOU, who tam'st the *savage* soul,
Of Christian man the lusts control:
Ne'er may this happiest spot, thy favor'd clime,
The abode of mercy, be the abode of crime!

Thy grace we'll seek, thine anger shun:
GOD of the *Sire* protect the *Son!*
Thy smile, thy frown, we own: subdue our pride:
The *Pilgrim's* GUARDIAN be the *Nation's* GUIDE!

DISPENSARY. Mr. Alexander Shirras, a native of Scotland, who resided long in Charleston, S.C. and died a short time since, left by will three valuable houses in the city for the support of a Dispensary for the relief of the sick poor of that place. The City Council have increased the fund thus created by voting an annual grant of 1000 dollars. And a general subscription for its further augmentation has been set on foot.

COAL. A company has been formed in the city of New-York, for the purpose of exploring and working coal mines and other valuable minerals in that state.

SALT. A company at Greenbush, Penn. have lately commenced the manufacture of salt. With forty kettles only they have made thirty bushels in one day.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

FIRES. The dwelling house, office, and barn of Moses Eastman, Esq. and a barn containing 40 tons of hay, belonging to Mr. Francis Little, in Salisbury, Mass. were consumed by fire on the 3d of December.

On the 2d of December, the dwelling house of D. Oliver, a man of color, of Rutland, was destroyed by fire, and five of his children (all but one) burnt to death.

The capitol of Frankfort, Kentucky, was destroyed by fire on the 28th of November. It is said that most of the records and valuable papers were saved.

A great and distressing fire broke out at Portsmouth, N. H. on the 23d Dec. at 6 o'clock in the evening, which desolated the most flourishing, compact, and populous part of the town. Its ravages extended over about fifteen acres. It is ascertained that *one hundred and eight* dwelling houses, and *sixty-four* public buildings and stores were destroyed.

A fire broke out at Bristol, R. I. on Sunday night, the 26th, and destroyed several buildings, and a considerable part of the privateer Yankee.

Female Courage. The wife of a militia soldier, who is serving on a tour of duty at Norfolk, resided in the neighborhood of Richmond, in a small house of one room only, near the farm of Mr. Bootwright. One dark and rainy night when she had retired to bed, with no one near her but a sleeping infant, she was disturbed by a sudden rap at the door! On asking who was there, a gruff and authoritative voice demanded entrance—she inquired his name—when the person without replied, if she did not open the door he would break it. She complied, and in stalked a negro man, a slave of her neighbor Bootwright's! On demanding of him what he wanted, with an authoritative air he replied, that he had come to sleep with her! and that he would do it, or take her life. Determined to die rather than submit to his wishes, she set him to washing his feet, and while he was splashing the water over them, she stepped to the door and seized an axe, which she whirled with such tremendous effect upon his skull, that he fell dead from his seat! She then caught up her child, rushed out of the house, and made the best of her way through the rain and gloom of the night, to her neighbor Mr. Bootwright—and to him she disclosed the terrific events which had just transpired!

Savage Barbarity and Murder.—On Thursday, the 16th inst. two young men, one named Livermore and the other Angier, received the sentence of death, at the supreme court held at Cambridge, for the murder of an Indian man, named Nicholas John Cruay, and his wife, by shooting them while in their beds, with muskets loaded with balls and tenpenny nails.

It does not seem that the provocation was great on the part of the Indian man, and that the Indian woman knew nothing of the parties. Some of these young men, who worked in the nail factory at Malden, condescended to engage in a wrestling match with the Indian, who lived in a hut in Stoneham, near Spot Pond. He threw all that engaged with him;

they thereupon united and threw him into the water, in a place where he might have been drowned. A night or two after, several of them prepared their muskets, obtained cartridges, and loaded them up with balls and nails, and went two miles to the Indians' hut, and arrived there at about ten o'clock, when they burst open the door, and as the Indians arose, shot them. The arms and bodies of these poor creatures were lacerated in a shocking manner; the condition of the woman rendered the deed more deplorable. In this situation they remained in the woods without assistance until next day. The man lingered for several days before he expired; we have not heard whether the woman is yet dead.

DEATHS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGIA. In Toogoola river, 19th of Nov. three daughters of Mr. Thomas Harrison, aged 14, 11, and 9 years. They were in a canoe, with one other daughter and a son of Mr. H. and two young negro fellows. In passing down the shoal, the canoe upset; and the three girls and one of the negroes drowned. The eldest daughter was saved by getting upon the bottom of the canoe, which the surviving negro swam after and pushed to the shore. The son narrowly escaped drowning.

VIRGINIA. In Hanover, Col. William Macon. Near French Mills, Lieut. Col. T. Dix, of the 4th U. S. regiment.

MARYLAND. In Baltimore, Col. Thomas Gist, 73. Mr. Rufus Bigelow, merchant, a native of Massachusetts. In Blasdenburgh, Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. a gentleman who has successively filled various stations of eminence in public life, among which was that of secretary of the navy during the administration of Mr. Adams. He was much respected, and his loss will be much lamented by his connections and friends.

PENNSYLVANIA. In Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary, relict of John Lawrence, Esq.; Mr. Charles Endman, 60; Capt. Joseph Shippen Smith, 40; Mr. Samuel Folwell, limner, 49; Mrs. Alice, wife of the reverend George Richards; Mr. John Oliphant.

NEW-YORK. In New-York, Mr. John M'Kay, 72; Mrs. Mary Gilson, 85; Dr. John Wilson, 57; Mrs. Ann, relict of G. H. Ludlow, Esq. 74; Mr. James Hunt, broker, 56. In Plattsburgh, Lieut. H. R. Stebbins, of the 29th regiment of U. S. infantry, 23; Captains Joseph Bryant and Jesse Copeland, of the U. S. infantry. In Albany, Mr. John Watson, 51, formerly of Amherst, N. H. In Schenectady, Adrian Van Sleck, Esq.

Connecticut. In Middletown, Mr. Hezekiah Hale, 73. In East-Haven, Deacon Levi Pardee, 72. In Lyme, Capt. Joel Doswich, 30. In New-Haven, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of William Woolsey, Esq. 41. At Norwich, Elisha Hyde, Esq. mayor of that city. In Trumbull, Mr. John Burton, 90. In Stratford, Mr. T. Cook, 98. In Haddam, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of Dr. H. Brainerd, 63.

Vermont. In Burlington, Hon. Samuel Hitchcock, 59; a native of Brimfield, Mass. He had officiated in various public offices, and was a judge of the Federal Circuit Court for the district of Vermont. In Bridgewater, of spotted fever, Lavinia and Polly, daughters of Mr. Ezekiel French. In Wethersfield, from the 17th to the 27th ult. nine deaths of spotted fever occurred, all within the space of half a mile. At Fairhaven, Mrs. Elizabeth Spooner, wife of Alden Spooner, Esq.

Massachusetts. In Springfield, Mr. Zachariah Warner, 73; Mr. Robert Beebee, 29. In Northampton, Miss Caroline, eldest daughter of Josiah Dwight, Esq. 19. In Bellingham, Mrs. Mercy Holbrook, 83. In Northbridge, Mrs. Mary Shepherd, 81. In Worcester, Mrs. Abigail Johnson, 91; a child of S. Warden, jun. by falling into a kettle of hot water. In Amherst, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Hugh, H. Clark, and daughter of the reverend J. Barnard. In Dana, Mr. Seth Williams, 71. In Rutland, Mrs. Margaret Browning, 73; Lieut. William Graham, 39. In Brookfield, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of Capt. Ithamar Wright, 83. In Royalston, Miss Lucy Wilder, 64. In Marblehead, Mrs. Abigail Hendley, 96. In Taunton, Mr. James Dean, jun. 28; Mr. Samuel V. Crossman, 29. In Rowley, Deacon Joseph Chaplin, 62. In Athol, Mrs. Lucy Cushing, 75. In Boston, Mr. Robert Oliver, 83; a child of Mr. John D. Williams, 3; Mr. Christopher Barker, 44; Mr. Charles Peverelly, 48; George Frederick, son of Professor Mackay, 5; William Stackpole, Esq. 69, many years an eminent wine merchant; Mrs. Sarah Dolliver, 34; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr John Magner; Joseph Hewins, Esq. 68, late of Sharon, and many years a member of the state legislature; Mr. Thomas B. Frothingham, 23; Miss Harriot Hills, 19; Lt. Peter St. Medard, 31; Widow Ann Hartwell, 79; Widow Rachel Coffin, 87; Mr. Samuel Lamson, 45; Ebenezer Larkin, Esq. many years an eminent bookseller; a gentleman of irreproachable character, a sympathetic and liberal benefactor of the poor, an active member of society, and an ardent and sincere friend of his country.

CAPT. ISAAC HULL.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR JANUARY, 1814.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH
OF
CAPT. ISAAC HULL,
OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

"And all awake,
While in the radiant front superior shines
The first paternal virtue, *public zeal;*
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And ever musing on the common weal,
Still labors glorious with some great design."....*Thomson.*

THE great object of biography is to render justice to the characters of men, whose examples of public or private virtue may prove beneficial to mankind. The panegyrist of individual merit occupies but a humble station in the literary world, when his only aim is to gratify the pride and selfishness of the human heart. For this reason, there is a peculiar delicacy and address to be used in celebrating the deeds, or noticing the good qualities of men, who are still in active life, and whose characters may hereafter become the proper themes of the necrologer. So frail is human nature, and human character is so liable to be affected by the prejudices of party or the versatility of opinion, that a man's fame cannot be viewed as complete, until the hand of death shall have laid him at rest in the tomb. Then the business of biography may with propriety begin, and then may she consign his exploits and virtues to a new life of immortal fame.

Of the gallant, amiable, and accomplished officer, whose portrait adorns this number, we shall presume only to give some characteristic sketches. The honor and pleasure of writing his life will be, we hope, the employment of the historian in a very distant year.

The town of Derby, in Connecticut, is the birth place of captain Hull. His father was a gentleman who distinguished himself by his courage in our revolutionary war. Our hero, soon after leaving school, choosing the sea for the exercise of his profession, entered on board a merchant ship, and in due course of time became master of a vessel. In this situation he was found at the establishment of our navy, and, at that time, he received the commission of a lieutenant. He has been employed in the service of his country in many situations of peril, and of confidence; and in every instance has acquitted himself with honor. The records of the times, from his appointment in the navy to the present day, bear frequent and respectful testimonies in favor of his abilities and conduct as an officer, a gentleman, and a patriot. We shall, however, in these brief sketches, mention a few incidents, illustrative of his naval skill, his general disinterestedness—his personal intrepidity, and his munificent humanity.

Leaving Chesapeak bay, on the 12th of July, 1812, in the Constitution of 44 guns, on the 17th, he fell in with a British squadron, consisting of one ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner. One of the frigates was within gun shot. It being a dead calm, the only head way to be made was by towing. By attaching all his boats to two frigates, the enemy gained on the Constitution so as to bring some of his bow guns to bear on her. This kind of combat continued during the whole day: the Constitution occasionally firing her stern chasers. And it was not until the next morning that she was enabled by a light breeze to escape the formidable force she had encountered. The gallant crew remained the whole time at their stations. It is related on good authority that the officers of the British ships expressed their admiration of the skill with which capt. Hull manœuvred his ship, and effected his escape.

But, however brilliantly the nautical knowledge and professional adroitness of capt. Hull were displayed on that occasion, his generous disinterestedness, afterwards, is worthy of universal applause and imitation. The public notice taken of the affair, and the praises bestowed on the commander, induced him, on his arrival in Boston, to insert the following card on the books of the Exchange Coffee House.

"Capt. Hull, finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation, when chased by the British squadron off New-York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to lieut. Morris and the other brave officers, and the crew under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain Hull has great pleasure in saying, that notwithstanding the length of the chase, and the officers and crew being deprived of sleep, and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them."

An able writer has observed, that unless the world were sometimes vexed with wars, many of the nobler qualities of man would remain in a dormant state, or, at most, be drawn forth in a humble degree, compared to the dignity that they acquire by being called into action, in the cabinet of policy, or on the field of glory. The fine idea of one of our poets, that Julius Cæsar, had he been a shepherd, would have "been the best wrestler on the green," evinces his intimate acquaintance with the human character. For view man in every possible situation that nature or fortune can assign him, we invariably find him actuated by emulation. This emulation is infinitely various; and the reputation acquired by it is dear in proportion to the dangers and difficulties by which it was purchased. How noble then is the disinterestedness of the hero, who, so far from claiming all the glory of a victory to himself, is anxious only lest his comrades in arms should be defrauded of their share of it. Addison, when compli-

menting the duke of Marlborough on an eminent display of the same spirit, says, "The great officer, who forgoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his glories are unenvied, for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do, who have no such endearing circumstances to part with." If we add, "And is so scrupulously regardful of the fame and deserts of those he commands, as to forego the honors in which they are not included," the passage will apply in all its force, and with full propriety to captain Hull.

The virtues of captain Hull are the inseparable companions of true courage. We shall not, therefore, enter into a long encomium on his universally acknowledged bravery. The word GUERRIERE is more expressive of his valor and seamanship than volumes of elaborate eulogy.

On the memorable 19th of August, captain Hull, in the Constitution, with the same officers and men that were with him in his escape from the British squadron, fell in with his Britannic Majesty's frigate Guerriere, mounting 50 guns, and captured her after a severe engagement of 30 minutes! Captain Dacres, the British commander, had some time before endorsed on the register of a merchant ship an invitation to captain Hull to a meeting on the ocean. He was gratified in his desire to fight; but the result was wofully fatal to his hopes. The loss of his ship was in itself of trifling importance, compared to its general effect on the naval character and circumstances of the British and American nations. We will not enlarge on the consequences of this victory. They have been gloriously obvious in the conduct and success of our naval heroes in subsequent encounters with their experienced and gallant foes.

Captain Hull, soon after his brilliant victory, arrived with his ship in Boston harbor. His reception by his fellow citizens must have been gratifying to those feelings of honest pride, which ever vibrate in the bosom of the brave. It has been said, however, that his modesty shrunk from the public

expression of his country's gratitude, and that he expressed more fear of a formal exposure to the rapture-beaming eyes of the crowds of spectators that saluted him on landing, than he experienced upon braving the naval thunders of imperial Britain. We say "*more* fear," not that he felt any palpitations for his personal safety, but because he must have endured some anxious solicitude for his country's honor, of which he was the champion.

Captain Hull has not been at sea since the cruise which terminated in the capture of the Guerriere. The splendor of his triumph was gloomed by a severe domestic affliction. On his arrival he received the melancholy tidings of the death of a beloved brother. This affecting circumstance, together with the consequent necessity imposed of attending to some important pecuniary concerns, induced him to ask for a furlough. His request was readily granted by the government he had so eminently served.

Captain Hull is married to an amiable, beautiful, and accomplished lady, with whom we cordially wish him all the felicity he so richly deserves. He is now employed in superintending the building of a seventy-four at Portsmouth. Of this ship, he will, it is said, take the command. Should this be the case, we feel confident that the fame he has already acquired will be increased by any services in which he may be engaged. His country's honor in such hands will never be tarnished in war, or in peace. For, in the friendly intercourse of nations, their public officers may display the refined feelings and urbane manners of polished life with still more beneficial effects, than when they exhibit the daring intrepidity and martial science of warriors in the field of battle, or on the contested ocean.

Noble and conspicuous proofs of captain Hull's humanity were given in his liberal donations to the distressed inhabitants of Portsmouth, immediately after the fire which recently spread devastation through that unfortunate metropolis. But, in these instances of cheerful and unsolicited benevolence, he created no surprise. His character as a philanthropist

had been well established by his generous conduct to those, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his power. The rose of benevolence blooms with unfading beauty in the chaplet that adorns the brows of that beloved and admired hero; and the name of HULL calls to instant remembrance every virtue that dignifies our nature, and allures to affectionate and strenuous imitation.

☞ *The picture of Capt. Hull, which we publish in this number, was taken about twelve months since, during his residence in Boston, and intended for immediate publication. Before the engraving could be finished, however, another appeared in the Analectic Magazine, and the dissimilarity in the two pictures induced us to postpone the publication of ours, till it should have been submitted to the inspection of his friends. Having done this, we are authorised to say that it has been honored with their entire approbation.*

BON MOTS AND ANECDOTES.

Translated from the French.

Avarice.

IT is observed that avarice survives all other passions, and exists till death. M. de M——, having made his will on his death-bed, at the end of it made this memorandum: "That such a particular notary should not engross it, as his bills were extravagant."

Retort courteous.

Ill-natured witticisms are often retorted upon those who make use of them. Madame de ——, who was famous at court for her bon-mots, was attacked by a young petit-maitre of high rank with this question: "Pray, Madam, was not that fine gown given you by a gallant?"—"No, my little fellow," replied the lady; "you think you are talking to your mother."

Violence ineffectual.

Too rigid a philosophy makes few sages. Too strict a policy forms few good subjects. Too austere a code of religion retains few persons any long time within its rules. Casuists too much addicted to severe injunctions create more aversion to themselves than to the vices; the penitence they enjoin makes men prefer the ease of continuing in their bad courses, to the painful difficulties which they may encounter in breaking from them.

—

A Physician described.

This is a man who is paid for talking nonsense in a sick man's room, till nature has cured, or the physician's remedies have killed, the patient.

—

Prince of Conde.

The Prince de Conde, in a council of war before the battle of Rocroi, speaking of the advantages of possessing that place, the Marechal de Gassion replied, "But if we lose it, what will become of us?"—"I do not consider that," replied the Prince, "as I shall die before that happens."

—

Life.

The progress of it may be compared to the five acts of a play:

Act I. The state of innocence.
Act II. The passions.
Act III. Love of study.
Act IV. Ambition.
Act V. Devotion and quiet.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The passion, which we do not conquer, will, in time, reconcile us to any means, that can aid its gratification.

THE highest human wisdom is to foresee and prevent misfortune; the next degree is to make the best of it when unavoidable.

IT might be supposed, that when the scale of duty which we trace is low, we should be the more likely to reach the little eminence at which we aspire; but experience shows us, that they who poorly circumscribe the Christian race, stop as much short of their humble design, as does he of his nobler purpose, whose glorious goal is perfection.

To a projector of eighteen, a shake of the head is, of all gestures, the most offensive; and the smile, which usually accompanies it, miserably perverts the office of a smile.

WITHOUT both caution and self-command, the most upright *woman* will be guilty of subterfuges, where LOVE is in question. *Men* can talk of the object of their affections—they find pleasure in confiding, in describing, in dwelling upon their passion—but the love of *women* seeks concealment. If she can talk of it, or even of any thing that leads to it, the fever is imaginary, or it is past.

WE should command by *example*, not by *authority*: Admiration forces imitation better than commandment can: a general that lives in indolence, while he treats his soldiers with rigor, is their *tyrant*, not their *general*.

LIBERALITY is characterised by the manner of giving. The liberal double the worth of the present by sentiment; the avaricious destroy it by regret.

REFLECTION is the *guide* which leads to *truth*.

WOMEN, who have fed their minds with the maxims of fashion, fall into a deplorable void as they advance in years. The world forsakes them, and their reason likewise departs: to what shall they betake themselves? the *past* furnishes *regret*; the *present*, *vexations*; the *future*, *fears*. RELIGION calms all: in uniting her votaries with their GOD, it reconciles them to the world and to themselves.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF

LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE TENTH.

ASTRONOMY—Part Second.

In our last lecture we considered the sun as the centre of the solar system; placed in the common centre of gravity of its circumvolving planets, having a motion on its own axis; and completing its diurnal revolution in 25 of our days. According to Sir Isaac Newton, it cannot recede far from the common centre of gravity; and this, he thinks ought to be accounted the centre of our system. Among other arguments in favour of the earth's annual motion, we adduced this, that the sun's apparent diameter is sensibly larger in December, than in June; and that the earth must be proportionably nearer to the sun in winter than in summer; and this is confirmed by the earth's motion being more rapid in December than in June; and hence is deduced a convincing proof, that the orbit of the earth is an ellipsis, the sun being in one of its foci. We will now proceed to an enumeration of the most eminent and probable theories of the sun; and assuming the fact, as no longer controvertible, that it is the centre of our department of the universe, we will examine the constituent members of the planetary family in their order of location from the source of their light, heat, and animation.

The sun, whose genial influences were sufficient to warm the mind of the untutored savage, in the rudest state of man, with awe and gratitude, very naturally became the earliest object of religious love and adoration. Ignorance, devoutly adored the giver of light, of warmth, of activity and joy; and saw him retire, to leave the world in darkness and cold, with sighs of anxiety and regret. The philosophic and inquisitive, in more polished ages, while they honored the luminary of day with more sublime ascriptions and more elevated senti-

ments, gave him the fame as a hero, that accorded with the lustre of his beams, and the affection as a benefactor, which he merited by the beneficence of his influences on the material world, but they still worshipped him in ignorance. It was necessary to account for the existence of the light, whose powers they personified, and of whose bounties they participated. They consecrated temples, and immolated hecatombs to an unknown God, whom their wisest men could only estimate by his effects, and their most virtuous acknowledge as a Deity in the fabulous and irreconcilable qualities of his mythological character. The sun, the source of light, and of germination, afforded a prolific theme for the imagination of the poet, and, to the philosopher, a never failing subject of conjecture and hypothesis. Thales, who believed that water was the principle of all things, asserted that the stars consisted of a substance that was continually red hot; he was succeeded by Anaximander who was of opinion, "that there is along the heavens an exterior sphere of fire, and within this sphere, an interior sphere of opaque matter. In this sphere of opaque matter, there is a circular aperture; through this aperture, the light is transmitted, and appears to the inhabitants of this world as a sound and distinct body of fire. Eclipses are occasioned by the closing of this aperture." That the sun and stars, were fiery substances; stones, or earths intensly ignited, was the general opinion of the ancient sages. We have no hypotheses, worthy of serious attention, until Pythagoras. His mind, enriched with all the learning of Egypt, and disciplined by the wholesome severities of reason and virtue, developed the grand, but simple system whose truth is now perceived and acknowledged; that the sun is in the centre of the universe; that the earth is a sphere; that the moon reflects the rays of the sun; that the stars are worlds; that the planets are inhabited; that the comets are eccentric stars, visible in the inferior, and invisible in the superior parts of their orbits; that the galaxy consists of an infinite number of stars, and that the distances of the planets, are in certain harmonic proportions to one another.

Kepler, to whom we owe the first discovery of the laws of the planetary motions, was an advocate for the doctrine of the analogies and harmonies of nature, after the manner of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, and to this disposition, we are indebted for valuable acquisitions of knowledge, infinitely more than sufficient to excuse his conceits. But Pythagoras, though he furnished us many materials for the increase of a philosophical acquaintance with nature, and the material world, has not left any precise dictum with respect to the substance of the sun. He placed it in the centre of the system, and for this gigantic effort of mind, he is entitled to the veneration of all who, in later times, bow to the authority, and admire the virtues and wisdom of Verulam, and Newton.

Among the moderns, Bacon was the first who maintained a genuine independence of sentiment. Des Cartes, whose system of vortices, we described in our last lecture, taught that the universe was composed of atoms, and that the rarest of those atoms collected in the middle, and formed the sun. Newton's opinion of the nature of the sun, may be obtained by a consideration of the following queries : Are not the sun, and the fixed stars, great earths, made vehemently hot ; the parts of which are prevented from fuming away, by the vast weight and density of their superincumbent atmospheres ; and the heat of which is preserved, by the prodigious action and reaction of their parts on one another ? The principle being assumed, that the sun had such an atmosphere, Newton calculated that the comets in their course must pass through it ; that thereby they must be retarded in their motion ; that this successive retardation, must occasion them at every revolution, to approach the nearer to the body of the sun ; that in consequence, they would eventually enter the substance of the sun ; that this might be the principal use and design of the comets to supply fuel for the sun, which might from the gradual emission of light and heat, otherwise be in danger of gradually wasting to nothing.

The consideration of the sun, as the source of light and heat, belongs to the particular department of the chemical

philosopher. The mechanical properties of it, as holding all the planets in their relative distances, and regulating their motions in their orbits, are the peculiar objects of natural philosophy as defined in our Introductory Lecture. The ancients held that the universe was composed of four elements, earth, fire, air, and water. Of these, fire, being the most active, light and subtle, receded to the greatest distance, and formed the sun and stars. Chemistry however, has banished the system of four elements, from the theories which are advocated by men of science in the present day. To Becher, Stahl, Lavoisier, Black, and other chemists, we are indebted for all the knowledge which we can boast of possessing, on the theory of light and heat; and though the theories of some of those learned men, were diametrically opposite, yet so much was done by the first who raised chemistry to the dignity of a science, that the professors of it, in this day of unclouded truth, will not hesitate to place the wreath of deserved applause on the brows of their precursors in the course they have pursued with equal perseverance, but with more accuracy and success. But I will not longer interrupt the proposed order of the lecture. If we had time to enter into a detail of all the theories which chemistry can furnish, we should perhaps, require a vocabulary to render it intelligible. Let us therefore conclude this part of our subject with the opinions of Darwin and Woodward; the first of whom asserts, that the sun is a phlogistic mass of matter, whose surface is in a state of combustion; which, like other burning bodies, emits light in all directions with immense velocity. The second, Woodward, affirms that the substance of the sun is electron, a term expressive of the matter of electricity, contemplated as an elementary substance, not compounded of any substances presented to our observation on this earth.

Such then, is the variety of hypotheses respecting the nature and organization of our system and its centre. Whether it be a globe of solid fire, a blazing orb of ignited earth, a luminous atmosphere of a primary planet, or a ball of electron, sending forth its energies in the form of light, in the radia-

tions of heat, and the insensible processes of growth and increase in animal and vegetable life, will probably be a subject of conjecture and inquiry, without satisfaction or information, until the end of time. If, in a future state, the fullness of our knowledge will be the perfection of our bliss, we fondly hope that the interesting theme on which we have just bestowed our attention, will afford no inconsiderable reward of virtue when explained in another world. We must now content ourselves with the analogies of nature, and the inductions of philosophy; and knowing that the sun is the centre of our system, that it warms, refreshes, and fertilizes our globe, and diffuses innumerable other blessings through the universe, we will contemplate it as the habitation of rational beings, and the abode of millions of fellow men, with whom we shall be as well acquainted in some future state of existence, as we are now with our neighbors and friends, with whom we join in the ordinary business, and reciprocate the charities and the daily good offices of the present life.

In a former lecture we noticed generally, the great assistance which science derived from the invention of the refracting telescope of Galileo. We will now pay a more particular attention to the use and construction of that noble instrument, that the principle on which it is made, and its powers calculated, may be understood before we again avail ourselves of it in our survey of the heavenly bodies.

Hipparchus, says Pliny, could, as a Deity, enumerate all the stars of the firmament. This was a wonderful task for the unassisted organs of human vision. But had the historian of that philosopher lived to the present time, in what language could he nave rendered justice to the discoveries made by the telescope, by which modern astronomers have been enabled to detect, and constellate more new stars than Hipparchus ever counted in the skies with which he is said to have been so intimately acquainted. In our own day, the energy, and philosophic enthusiasm of Herschel, have enlarged the boundaries of astronomical knowledge. The heavens, as it were, have increased under his eye; and 44,000 stars, seen in the

space of a few degrees, seem to indicate that 75,000,000 may be discovered in the expanse exposed to human invention.

By a telescope, is usually signified an instrument that renders the view of distant objects more perfect, or in more general terms, which represents distant objects under a larger angle, than that under which they appear to the naked eye.

When the distance of an object is very considerable, the effects may all be referred to the same distance, and a telescope may be said to enlarge an object just as many times, as the angle under which it represents it is greater than that under which it appears to the unassisted eye. Thus the moon as seen without the aid of a telescope, appears under an angle of almost half a degree; if a telescope magnifies 100 times, it would represent the moon under an angle of 50 degrees; if 200 times, under angle of 100 degrees, and then the moon would appear to occupy more than half the visible heavens, the whole extent of which is only 180 degress.

It is a common expression, that telescopes bring objects nearer; but the expression is equivocal, admitting of two different significations. The one is, that when looking through a telescope, we estimate the object as much nearer to us, as it is magnified by the instrument. The other meaning applied to the expression is, that the telescope represents the object as large as it would appear if we were so much nearer to it; the latter meaning is more conformable to truth than the preceding; for the nearer we approach to an object, the larger is the visual angle. When we look, however, at a well known object, as a man, at a great distance, and he is seen under a larger angle, we are led to think him so much nearer because he then would really appear under a greater angle; but with respect to the sun and moon, there can be no estimation of distance. One principal object therefore of the telescope, is to enlarge or multiply the angle under which objects appear to the eye; and they are estimated according to this effect, and are said to magnify five, ten, or any other number of times, according to the nature and construction of the telescope.

An important consideration in the construction of a telescope, is the *field of view*. When we direct our sight through one, to the heavens, or any other distant object, the space discovered appears of a circular form, and no objects are perceived but such as are contained within this circle. This circular field is called the apparent field, or simply the field of view. As a larger field is a great excellence in an instrument, it is often necessary to measure it with accuracy. This is generally performed by finding the number of degrees contained within the space taken in by the telescope. Thus the apparent diameter of the full moon is almost half a degree; and a telescope that will only take in the moon, is said to have a field of half a degree; but if only one half of the moon could be distinguished, the field would be only one quarter of a degree. But in order to judge rightly of the field of a telescope, we must ascertain its magnifying power; for it is a general rule, that the more a telescope magnifies, the smaller is the field. The same adaptation of lenses, when multiplied in telescopes of great powers, is to be observed, as in the Gallilean tube of only two glasses. The number of glasses may be increased even to 16, but their foci must be all at one and the same distance or point. And all that we mean by adjusting a telescope to its focal point, is the bringing all the foci of its glasses to one focus, or point; and these instruments are so constructed, that they may with equal facility be made to suit the eye of any observer, who has any tolerable use of his organs of vision.

In the northern region, our summer is about 8 days longer than our winter. Two reasons are assigned for this difference in the duration of the seasons, first, because the sun continues in the northern signs, while the earth is performing the greater part of its revolution; and secondly, because the sun's apparent, or the earth's real motion, is slower while it appears, or is, in the northern signs, than when in the southern ones. We know, that the earth is nearer the sun in winter, than in summer, because the apparent diameter of the sun is larger in winter than in summer by a minute and seven seconds of

a degree. It may be inquired, why, if the sun be nearer the earth in winter than in summer, the light and heat which we derive from that luminary, should be greatest, when the earth is at its greatest distance? To this it may be answered, that our summer is hotter than our winter, first on account of the greater height to which the sun rises above our horizon in the summer; and from the greater length of the days in that season. The sun is much higher at noon, in summer than in winter, and consequently as its rays in the former, are less oblique than in the latter season, *more* of them will fall on the surface of the *earth*. In the summer, the days are very long, and the nights proportionably short; therefore the earth and air, are more heated by the sun in the day time, than they are cooled by the night; and, upon this account, the heat will keep increasing in the summer, and for an *opposite* reason, will decrease in winter when the nights are longer than the days.

We cannot close this head of the lecture, after accounting for the vicissitude of seasons, without admiring the remarkable provision that is made in the world to keep up a perpetual change in the degrees of heat and cold. These are the two antagonists, or, as lord Bacon calls them, the very hands of Nature, with which she chiefly worketh; the one contracting, the other expanding bodies, so as to maintain an *oscillatory* motion in all their parts; and so serviceable are these changes in the natural world that they are promoted every year, every hour, every moment. From the oblique position of the ecliptic, the earth continually presents a different face to the sun, and never receives his rays two days together in the same direction. The irregularities of the elements, the changes of the seasons, even the extremes of atmospherical temperature, are not in vain, nor without design. The immoderate heats of summer, and excessive cold of winter, prepare the beauties of budding spring, and the ripened fruits of autumn. Superficial minds only, can attribute *these* vicissitudes to chance; they flow not from irregular causes, or fortuitous coincidences; they are regulated by divine wisdom, and produce, under

the sovereign Lord of creation, all the blessings which his creatures enjoy; all the comforts and felicities, which we receive in the course of our existence below, and which demand from every moment of our lives, the earnest expressions of gratitude and praise.

Sacred and profane poets have glowed with rapture, when contemplating the wonders of nature. They have even made animals and inanimate objects vocal in the praise of the sovereign Creator, and continual protector of the universe.

Addison's divine hymn on the subject of our present consideration, furnishes me with so beautiful a conclusion to this lecture, that I cannot resist my inclination to avail myself of so elegant an ornament at the end of a philosophical discourse, notwithstanding it must be so familiar to my audience, that were not its intrinsic merit suitable to the dignity of its theme, I should feel obliged to apologize for its want of the grace of novelty to recommend it to attention.

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue etherial sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice or sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XVI.

THE HISTORY OF PETER PILGARLICK CONTINUED.

Mr. Censor,

My grandfather having determined to send me to India, I was packed off, nolens volens, by the earliest conveyance that was presented by my evil stars for my transportation. Matters being arranged, I embarked on board a ship bound for Madras, in the capacity of assistant to the captain's clerk; a place, in which I had very little business to perform, and in which, during the voyage, I found much more spare time than was good for me, without it had been better improved. Instead of availing myself of this invaluable opportunity for the cultivation of my mind, and the acquisition of *useful* knowledge, I lounged all day in my cot, either fantastically employed in building castles in the air, in reading novels, or composing essays and poems. I relied on my superficial acquaintance with the classics, and trusted to the vivacity of my imagination, for reputation and fortune in India! The purser of the ship was a very good merchant, an excellent accountant, and of an obligingly communicative disposition. He frequently ridiculed my vanity, and always pitied me, as an inexperienced young man, who would in all probability be ruined by an obstinate adherence to palpable errors and mistaken notions. From him I might have learnt the "Art of living and growing rich" in this region of the globe. Complimental verses, said he, are not a very current species of paper in the bazar; and even on the exchange of fashion, you will find it difficult to purchase a lady's heart by a mere "Sonnet to your mistress's eye-brow." In the month of June, 1800, I arrived in Madras roads. As the ship dropt her anchor, with that I seemed to drop all my former fears and disquietudes. I eagerly longed to go on shore. A new world burst upon my view. Even the dreadful surf that roared and dashed between me and the Land of Promise was

deprived of half its terrors by my anxiety to press the soil of India with my feet, and to hold converse with its rich and *gentle* inhabitants. At length I was permitted to leave the ship; the captain's business requiring my attendance on shore. Alas, how short-sighted are mortals,—how little can they conceive of the connection between this moment and the next! I was soon on shore;—but ah, Mr. Censor, the boat was unfortunately upset in the surf, and I was with difficulty dragged to the beach by some catamaran* boys, in a shocking state,—drenched, half drowned, and half bruised to death. The humane and opulent natives kept at a respectful distance,—*probably*, lest by crowding about me they should deprive me of the benefit of a free circulation of air. However, my poor and naked "Preservers from a watery grave," and a few Europeans, completed the good work of recovering me. Dry clothes were procured;—my bruises were washed with brandy, and a glass of that excellent liquor, taken inwardly, effected wonders. Such was my *debut* on the busy stage of Coromandel. If being cast ashore like a dead pig from a wreck could be deemed a propitious omen, I had much to encourage my hopes and enliven my spirits. But I hasten over a scene barren of incident, and which, as it affords me, in recollection, neither pleasure nor pain, would of course be quite uninteresting to my readers in the recital. I will only observe, that I continued to dream away all my leisure moments; and this habit of mental abstraction had already so far prevailed over my judgement and a sense of duty, that the captain and his clerk frequently had cause to reprimand me for my indolence and inattention to business. I will, therefore, introduce myself to my readers, just stepping from a tow-boat, at Chaundpaul ghaut,† with a manuscript volume of essays and poems in one hand, and a wrapper containing three letters of recommendation in the other;

* Catamaran is formed of two logs of wood, fastened together. The natives of India go out a considerable way to sea on them. They attend boats through the surf to pick up any that may need their assistance.

† The principal landing place at Calcutta.

but without a pice* in my pocket, or a rational device how to gain one, in my head.

In a situation so truly interesting and novel, it behoves a prudent man to commune with himself seriously,—to form his intellectual faculties into "A committee of the whole house," for the purpose of devising ways and means to support the *Microcosm* in health, happiness, and reputation. Of so much consequence is the first resolution made, or measure adopted, that upon the wisdom of the one, or the moral fitness of the other, in general, depend an adventurer's future felicity, success, and good name, in society. Young men are apt to be head-strong and self-conceited. Eager and impetuous, they are glad to find any ground upon which they may escape from the grave lessons and prudential restraints of age and experience. They commonly grow wiser as they grow older, and live to see their successors on the stage of life, repeating the errors and follies of their own earlier years. Thus generation follows generation, like wave impelling wave, in regular series of undulations to that shore, upon which one after the other dashes, and subsides into the peaceful calm of endless repose.

——"Our youthful time is short,
As when the sun is spread upon the earth."

Though the glorious beams of the fountain of light and heat diffuse general beauty and pleasure around, refreshing both animal and vegetable nature, yet, in a very few brief hours, we shall experience a total alteration. Soon does the ruler of the day descend to bestow his benefits upon the inhabitants of the other hemisphere, leaving this, for a time, to torpid silence and solitary darkness. Thus it is with human life!—Now, said I, is the time, the all important season, when, during the genial spring of existence, I should exert my best abilities to secure such a stock of comforts and necessaries, as shall make the autumn of my days serene and happy: that when the sun shall be sinking toward the other

* A copper coin of trifling value.

hemisphere, and the cold hours of darkness are approaching, I may enjoy in grateful tranquillity the fruits of my youthful labors. This is my duty, and may God enable me to perform it.

Thus meditating, I stood at the corner of the ghaut, next to the Esplanade.* The morning was cool and cloudy, and although it was in the month of August, I was able to walk without inconvenience, or danger from the usual heat of the climate. My little box, containing a few books and my scanty wardrobe, was carried by a dandy† on his head, and having enquired for a place of refreshment, was directed to Parr's tavern, by a kind European whom I accosted as he was returning from his morning's promenade. Almost as much alone as were our first parents, when they were driven from their original home, pensively, like them, I took my solitary way, supported by the consoling assurance, that Providence, though his ways were inscrutable, was "My guide,"—that unless I deserted my God, he never would abandon me to unmerited ruin. I had, in many cases and on many occasions, like other frail mortals, acted foolishly, and perhaps, immorally; but I could not recollect any deed of mine that was sufficiently atrocious to deserve particular vengeance. I never had intentionally insulted God, or injured man. The effects of all my misdoings had ever fallen "on my own pate"—and I was determined to realize the brilliant

* A beautiful green, extending a mile from the ramparts of Fort William to the town. On the side bordering on the river is a fine shady mall, the fashionable promenade of the ladies and gentlemen of Calcutta. This place, on account of its pleasantness of situation and salubrity of air, has been celebrated by an Indian muse under the appropriate appellation of the *Hygeian walk.*

† Dandy is a waterman. These amphibious animals, from being continually exposed to wet, and the scorching rays of the sun, have their bodies encrusted with a matter in appearance not unlike the scales of a fish. They go entirely naked, except a small cloth which passes between their thighs, and is fastened by a piece of twine, which passes round the body. A stranger, particularly one of the fair sex, is disgusted at the sight of so uncouth and indecent a figure.

dreams of my grandfather, and of my own imagination, by honest and honorable means, or not at all. Little did I think, however, that my sanguine reliance on a foolish *presentiment* and superstitious dependance on an old man's dream should be the cause of afterwards involving my character in disgrace; or that I should be led to believe that any deception whatever could be justifiable,—much less, for a moment, be entitled to the rank of an honest and honorable mean to support respectability in society, or obtain that opulence, whose fictitious splendor, like an ignis fatuus, has deluded thousands into numerous errors and misfortunes. I hope my moral reflections will not be tiresome, although they are trite. I sermonise from experience—I preach for the public good. If I do not allure by persuasion to the path of virtue, I claim the merit of exibiting a beacon, by whose light the novice may be enabled to shun some of the dangerous shoals and quick-sands, on which my hopes have been ship-wrecked and irretrievably lost. Believe me, reader, that when you mean to secure to yourself permanent honor and happiness, you must seriously adopt, and conscientiously adhere to fixed substantial moral principles of sentiment and of action. Brilliant talents, mental or corporeal accomplishments, benevolence of disposition or innocence of intention, will not avail you, unless you think and behave according to the settled principles of reason and religion. This doctrine shall be illustrated in my next communication. Facts are stubborn things; and I would venture to oppose a single well attested one, to a host of fanciful theories and speculations. When we despise the opinions of others, and assume the right of acting agreeably to our own conceptions of right and wrong, trust me, we charge ourselves with a heavy responsibility, and act and think at our peril.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XXX.

Let me resume the narrative of the god of wine.—" Well, well," observed Venus, biting her lips with vexation, " and pray what did the amiable unknown ?" Bacchus resumed as follows :—" We sat upon the strand; her declined head leaned upon my breast, and her languishing eyes only raised themselves by intervals to mine. After a long but sweet silence, I sighing said to her, " your heart is indeed wounded, but can it not be cured ? Try the effect of time ; let me persuade you to it, and I will consent to let you die, if I fail of making you love life.'—' O thou !' she replied, ' thou who takest so tender an interest in my fate, what wouldst thou say of a man saved by the woman who loved him from a frightful and inevitable death, then led by her into a desart island, seeing that she had sacrificed to him fame, fortune, and rank ; what wouldst thou think of him were he to seize that moment in which she reposed by his side, and flying with that vessel which she had prepared for his safety, should abandon her to that desart and despair ?'—' The perfidious ! I should cry, the unfortunate !'—' Alas !' replied she, ' that perfidious is Theseus ; that unfortunate is Ariadne. You see before you the daughter of the wise king Minos, who dictates laws to Crete. Androgeus, my brother, having won the prize of wrestling against the people of Athens and Migara, the wretches assassinated him, to satisfy their revenge. At this news, Minos in despair rushes at the head of an army over the country that contains his son's assassins, and hastens to lay siege to Megara. You well know that in building the walls of that city, Apollo had frequently rested his lyre upon them, and from this circumstance the stones had contracted such a spirit of harmony, that whenever they were touched they rendered a melodious sound. Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, took pleasure to hear these divine accords, and even during the siege of the city,

she frequently visited the walls. One day she perceived from the ramparts the king of Minos in the plain encircled by his warriors. My father is known to have a god's wisdom, he had then the shape and features of an immortal. At sight of him Scylla felt a passion take birth to which she afterwards sacrificed every sentiment of duty and of nature. The fate of the attacked city depended upon a single lock of hair of a purple color which grew on the crown of Nisus's head; Scylla cut it off during his sleep, and triumphantly carried it to Minos as a testimony of her tenderness. But indignant at this treason, my father abandoned the daughter of Nisus to her shame and her remorse. After the fall of Megara, she was changed into a lark, and Nisus into a sparrow hawk; so that under a different form he pursues still the perfidious creature who betrayed him. Meanwhile, Athens fearing the fate of Megara, demanded peace: but it was on so cruel a condition, that the gods seem this day to punish Ariadne for her father's severity. He decreed that for the course of nine successive years the Athenians should annually send to him seven youths and as many virgins to be devoured by the Minotaur. The labyrinth, in which this creature dwelt, was a master-piece of the ingenious Dædalus; it was an immense edifice, containing an infinity of perplexing windings. Alas! nothing resembles it but the heart of the deceitful! At the bottom of this fatal retreat lived the Minotaur. That monster, half man and half bull, devoured the miserable persons whom Minos enclosed within his abode. Already had the Athenians for the third time sent us their sad tribute. Seated near the port, I watched in silence their vessel all covered with black, as it slowly approached the land. It cast anchor, and I beheld the crew disembark. Amongst the wretched victims, the young girls walked first, their cheeks pale, their eyes cast down. After them followed the captive youths, their hands loaded with chains, and their heads resting on their breasts. One alone dared to lift his eyes, and his noble and proud look seemed to defy fortune. Does not the spirit of a hero communicate itself to all who surround him? On

beholding this intrepid youth I felt elevated above myself, and I resolved to succor him. I seized a moment in which I could speak to him unperceived; and with surprise, mingled with other sentiments, I recognised in this unfortunate, the young and illustrious Theseus, son of Egeus, king of Athens. With admiration I learned that regardless of his high birth, he had enrolled himself with the victims destined to the Minotaur; resolving either to kill the monster, or to perish with his fellow citizens. His courage, his youth, his already celebrated exploits, the illustrious blood of Pelops, from whom he was descended by his mother's side, all heightened the interest which his figure inspired. I promised to save him even at the risk of my life; and he swore if he should conquer, to unite his destiny with mine. From that moment, regarding Theseus as my husband, I gave him arms to combat the monster; and to guide him through the intricacies of the labyrinth, I gave him the end of a thread which he unwound as he went on, from a clue which I held at the entrance. Thus provided, he entered the building at the head of his companions. These sad men seemed descending to their tomb; Theseus alone appeared marching to glory.—Trembling at the gate of the labyrinth, I watched the distant sounds of his steps, and the movement of the thread which guided him. At length I heard the roaring of the Minotaur: I shuddered! The thread, shaken in my hand, indicated to me all the motions of Theseus. I felt him fight, recoil, turn round, pursue. All at once the noise ceases, and the thread remains motionless. O fearful suspense! was Theseus the conqueror or the conquered? At length I believe that I feel an almost imperceptible movement: I think that I hear shouts at a distance: if it should be an illusion! I hope, I fear, tremble, shudder, palpitate: alternately my blood burns and freezes. I listen again—I hear, yes I hear sounds; but are they the sounds of joy or of despair? Surely it is his voice! Ah! does not my heart deceive my ear? No! the voice approaches; it is the song of victory. The thread is rapidly shaken; I feel the return of my husband: I hear his

footsteps, I catch a glimpse of his figure: the next instant he flies, he extends his arms, he rushes into mine. Theseus with looks of tenderness, and surrounded by the victims whom he had delivered from the fury of the Minotaur, seemed to pay me the mingled homage of gratitude and love. The enormous head of the monster lay extended at our feet, vomiting out floods of sable blood, which the companions of Theseus yet beheld with terror. Dissimulating my intentions, and feigning only the desire of removing their champion from the importunate acknowledgements of these liberated captives, I conducted him by secret ways to the sea-shore. A vessel was there waiting for us: we embarked, and the winds conducted us to this fatal isle. Its solitude, the streams with which it is watered, the verdure and the flowers which adorn it, all presented to us a retreat worthy of lovers. Upon the moss which tapestries this grotto, I slept with Theseus. In abandoning myself to sleep, I hoped that Love, who closed my eye-lids, would come the next morning with the god of day, and smile on my waking. Vain hope! I awoke; my eyes, yet weighed down with poppies, languidly turn to the side of my husband; my arms extend to him; my hand seeks him. Alas, he is not there! I call upon him; he answers not. Alarmed and trembling, I rush from the grotto, I run through the woods, I scale the rocks, I leap precipices, I demand my husband from every thing I see. Echo alone replies to my sorrows. At length overcome with grief and fatigue, I slowly drag myself toward the sea, repeating the name of Theseus; my eyes wildly wander over the watery expanse, when all at once I perceive in the distance that vessel with which I had flown with him from death!—The rest you know.'

"At these words," continued Bacchus, "Ariadne wept afresh;"—"And you dried her tears of course:" observed Venus.—"You have said it, goddess."—"But in order to cure the wound in her heart, did not yours, my lord, propose a remedy?"—"Hymen offered a legitimate one."—"Without doubt, then, the sick lady accepted the prescription."—

"She did: I married Ariadne, and in marrying her presented her with that immortal crown which was the master-piece of Vulcan's art, and shines now amongst the stars. Since that blissful hour, the Fates have deprived me of my spouse. Alas! she wanted only immortality to be perfect! Pardon me, if I sigh even in this company! We were married sixty years. We were lovers all that time. You may suppose that I was faithful to her."—"Nothing so *probable*, so *common* as constancy."—"Nay, then, if you are incredulous, I will speak no more."—"Confess, however, Bacchus, that love has its turn?"—"Yes, but friendship follows it."—"At a terrible distance; and friendships grow old as well as loves."—"I tell you the heart never grows old."

At these words the dispute grew warm. The gods and goddesses each took different sides; the former for Venus, the latter for Bacchus.

Had I been there, my Emilia, you may suppose my voice would have been given in favor of Bacchus! for I believed him in the right, and I offer myself to you to make trial of the truth of his arguments.—Ah! surely, two tender and married lovers, after having gathered the roses of their spring, the harvest of their summer, the vintage of their autumn, taste friendship in the winter of their years, as we do an excellent fruit which has been ripened during the warmer seasons, for the repast of declining life.—Adieu! beautiful and beloved Emilia.

SAGE ADVICE TOO LATE.

Poggio relates, that a man who had climbed up a chesnut tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbor coming to his assistance, remarked to him, drily, "That had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided this accident." "What rule do you mean?" said the other, indignantly. "This," replied the philosopher, "never to come down from a place faster than you go up."

REVIEW—FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

The Bridal of Triermain; or the Vale of St. John. In three Cantos.

An elfe-queen wol I love ywis,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my make in toun;
All other women I forsake,
And to an elfe-quene I me take
By dale and eke by doun. *Rime of Sir Thopas.*

It has been the destiny of most modern poems, to captivate a moment, and then sink into obscurity. Some English and Scottish poems have indeed survived this literary condemnation, but they must possess extraordinary qualifications to please alike the scholar, the critic, and the man of fashion. The object of most of them is to "dazzle the mind's dim sight." Of this description is the work before us. "The Bridal of Triermain," as the author himself declares, is an imitation, and, from the style and arrangement, it is evident that his model is Walter Scott. "In the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809, (says the author,) were inserted three Fragments written in imitation of living poets. As these Exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and offer it for a separate publication." The introduction, which, as usual, concerns love, is long and tedious.

"But, if thou bidd'st, these tones shall tell
Of errant knight and damozelle;
Of the dread knot a wizard tied,
In punishment of maiden's pride;
In notes of marvel and of fear,
That best may charm romantic ear."

This extract may give some insight into the character of the poem, which is almost devoid of interesting allusions and pleasing incident. The following is the plan. Sir Roland de Vaux, baron of Triermain, after a hard fought action with the

Scottish troops, is presently locked in the arms of repose. When he awakes he exclaims—

Hearken, my minstrels ! which of you all
Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint ?
And hearken, my merry men ! what time or where
Did she pass, that maid with the heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle-plume on her dark, brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower e'en now ?

His minstrels declaring that no one had passed since evening, he sends for Henry his page, and orders him to go to Lyulph, an old sage, and desire him to explain the mystery and declare—

——— if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing, &c.

Lyulph, after giving the page a long account

Of the dread knot a wizard tied,
In punishment of maiden pride,

concludes with assuring him that the most adventurous knight in all the North should possess that maiden, who was Gyneth, daughter of king Arthur. Sir Rowland, apprised of this, after considerable labor and perseverance in the valley of St. John, obtains the princess for his bride.

As a specimen of the figurative elegance scattered throughout the poem, take the following :—

But Gyneth heard the clangor high
As hears the hawk the partridge-cry,

wherein the most beautiful princess in the world is compared to a hawk and the " shrill trumpet flourish" to a " partridge-cry." But the subsequent lines are still more inexcusable—

Hurra ! hurra ! Our watch is done !
We hail once more the tropic sun.

Pallid beams of northern day!
Farewell! farewell! hurra, hurra!

A decent specimen of *celsitas infima*, but the author is not yet contented; a few more stanzas and we have

Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide, and Atlas high,
Za-harak and Dahomay!—
Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!

The antiquated phrases and words in every part of the Bridal of Triermain, probably intended to attract the lovers of novelty, appear, when placed beside those of modern fabrication, like the ladies of the last century decorated with the formidable hoop, when contrasted with the delicate and slender forms of modern beauties.

If not intolerable to our readers we will make one more extract, and then with pleasure bid the author farewell.

Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert,
To limit her by pedant art;
Damning whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvas three feet square.
This thicket, for their gumption fit,
May furnish such a happy bit.

The author's probable reason for selecting Walter Scott as his model was because he imagined the style of that poet deservedly popular; we are of a different opinion. However it may be supposed, as by many it doubtless is, that the numerous imitators Scott has had, have but furnished so many proofs of his merit; yet we do hope never hereafter to see a production like "The Bridal of Triermain."

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

The true art of religious conversation is to introduce it without any seeming design,—obliquely, and indirectly.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE "LIFE OF GEN. EATON."

INTRODUCTION TO THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

Consuls O'Brien, Cathcart, and myself, captains Geddes, Smith, Penrose, and Maley, proceeded from the American house to the court yard of the palace, uncovered our heads, entered the are aof the hall, ascended a winding maze of five flights of stairs, to a narrow, dark entry, leading to a contracted apartment of about 12 by 8 feet, the private audience room. Here we took off our shoes; and, entering the cave, (for so it seemed) with small apertures of light with iron grates, we were shown to a huge, shaggy beast, sitting on his rump, upon a low bench, covered with a cushion of embroidered velvet, with his hind legs gathered up like a taylor, or a bear. On our approach to him, he reached out his fore paw as if to receive something to eat. Our guide exclaimed, "Kiss the Dey's hand!" The consul general bowed *very elegantly*, and kissed it; and we followed his example in succession. The animal seemed at that moment to be in a harmless mood: he grinned several times; but made very little noise. Having performed this ceremony, and standing a few moments in silent agony, we had leave to take our shoes and other property, and leave the den, without any other injury than the humility of being obliged, in this involuntary manner, to violate the second commandment of God, and offend common decency.

Can any man believe that this elevated brute has seven kings of Europe, two republics, and a continent, tributary to him, when his whole naval force is not equal to two line of battle ships? It is so!

BEY OF TUNIS.

The government is absolute, hereditary monarchy; but uncommonly mild in its administration. The present Bey holds the regency by usurpation. His father, Alha Bey, on

the death of a brother, Mahomet Bey, took the government in trust during the minority of a nephew, Sidi Mahmoud Bey, the rightful heir. By an eminently mild and good administration he secured the love and adoration of his subjects; and by bribes and intrigues with the divan, principal officers of state and the Grand Signior, he procured the regency established in himself and descendants, to the exclusion of the heir of the right line, who is now held as a kind of hostage in the palace, and maintained by the regency. Hamuda Bashaw Bey, the present regent, by possessing many of the talents of his father, and by adopting his examples in government, has established himself so firmly in the affections and confidence of his subjects, that his rival seems to have abandoned all hopes of dispossessing him, and quietly submits to the usurpation. He enjoys however the title of Bey, a title stripped of all appendages.

It is remarkable that the Alcoran forms the only code of laws in this regency. (As this is formed in *religion*, it will be naturally concluded that here are no *lawyers*, and of course very little *litigation*.)

The Bey, solus, forms the supreme court of judicature, and admits presentments and causes of every name and nature to be originally brought before him. Such as he finds capital or important he hears and determines; petit felonies and small traversies he sends down to a public inferior court of justice, called Sharah, in the city of Tunis, at the head of which is the Cadi or high priest.

In each province and considerable town are inferior courts. The Cait, or farmer of the revenue, a kind of deputy governor, forms a species of court of common pleas for hearing and determining all matters of dispute between private subjects, where the demand does not exceed a certain sum, or where the subject matter of controversy is not of a criminal nature. And the Caia, a governor of the province, who is also commandant of the forces, forms a court in the nature of sessions of the peace for the trial of all criminal offences not capital. In causes of this nature these courts may have

original jurisdiction, but appeal lies in all cases from their decision to the Bey, or supreme court.

The Bey sits in the hall of justice from eight till twelve o'clock in the winter, and from seven till eleven in the summer, every day in the year, Fridays and the days of Biram and Ramadan, public feasts, only excepted. In all the courts the plaintiff enters and argues his own cause, *in propria persona*, and the defendant in like manner pleads and defends. So also in criminal prosecutions. The whole management consists in simple statements, substantiating and refuting allegations, generally by evidence deduced from the testimony of witnesses. Their rules and maxims, in trials of criminal and capital offences, are very similar to those of our common law; especially the crime of murder; and may be and probably are derived from the same source, the law of Moses.

The Bey also transacts all his national concerns in his own person, and superintends the police of his navy and army, even the payment of his troops. These duties render his life extremely laborious. He lives abstemiously, exercises much and sleeps little.

—

MURDER OF PRINCE HASSEN ALZERI.

On the 20th September, Hassen Alzeri was strangled by the Bey! This young prince was the descendant in the third degree in the right line from the predecessor of the father of the present Bey. He had been confined from infancy in Algiers, until about seven years ago, when he made his escape hither by the agency of the Bey, under the appearance of friendship; but more probably to acquire a more immediate ascendency over his life and fortune. The soldiers who were ordered to seize him durst not approach him. He threw away his arms and said, *advance! What alarms you?* They conducted him to the place of execution. The mutes approached him with caution. *Execute your orders, cowards!* said he; and snatching the cord from their hands and placing it about his neck, and putting his hands behind him, ordered them to tie him. Looking upon his friends,

who stood about him, he said; *If I have wronged you, forgive me: I go to the tomb of my fathers;* and was strangled. He was conducted in a cart to that tomb without a single follower. About the same time a slave was bastinadoed to death in the palace. *Hamuda Bashaw* is considered a mild prince!

CHARACTER OF THE TUNISIANS.

The Tunisians have little or no litigation, because they have no *attornies* among them.

They have no domestic scandal and neighborhood bickering, because they shut up their women.

Their young men are muscular, athletic, hale, and enterprising, because they have no access to inebriation and venery.

Their married men are inert and domestic; being permitted a plurality of wives they are always relaxed and forever jealous: and, being in the perpetual habit of smoking tobacco, they have an eternal propensity to sleep.

Considered as a nation, they are deplorably wretched, because they have no property in the soil to inspire an ambition to cultivate it. They are abject slaves to the despotism of their government: and they are humiliated by tyranny the worst of all tyrannies, the despotism of priestcraft. They live in more solemn fear of the frowns of a bigot who has been dead and rotten above a thousand years, than of the living despot whose frown would cost them their lives.

Their manners are simple, their living temperate, and their conversation generally without dissimulation. They have no midnight revels; no assaults and batteries, and very seldom assassinations. The deplorable wretchedness which always attaches itself to seduction, and which so frequently wounds the eye of sensibility in every village in the Christian world, is unknown here; because they imprison their girls.

This *country* is indeed beautiful; but the people are superlatively wretched. They are humbled by the double oppression of civil and religious tyranny; seem to have but lit-

tle enterprize, and are grossly ignorant. The houses of the city are built of stone, cemented with lime, one story high, without chimneys, the roofs flat, and so closely joined together that the whole light is admitted through an aperture in the top of the house. They sit always on the floor, which is generally the earth covered with tiles, or with mats made of reeds; feed principally on vegetable diet made of grain, olives, and fruit; and drink nothing but water. The women are never seen abroad, except the poorer classes, and these not without being wrapped about in blankets and handkerchiefs from the crown of the head to the ancles: they are always barefoot, or in slippers only. The inhabitants have exactly the complexion of the American Indians; excepting those of foreign countries who have become naturalized. The city contains about three hundred thousand souls; ten thousand of them Jews, two thousand Christians, six or seven hundred renegades, beside three thousand Christian slaves. These are parcelled out at different public employments, and in private service of their masters.

—

MAXIMS OF HAMUDA BASHAW, BEY OF TUNIS, (WORTHY A CHRISTIAN PRINCE.)

Never judge the cause of a *friend*: for, however just, suspicion will pronounce it partiality!

Have no intimacy with the great men of the kingdom, lest they gain an ascendancy over the mind, and divert the attention from the duties of kindness and equity towards the common subject.

Suffer no fees to be received for administration of justice; lest avaricious men should devise means to make a commerce of it.

Admit no advocates, because simple statements generally lead to the clearest truths.

—

SARDINIAN SLAVES.

On the eighth of September last, five Tunisian corsaires, carrying nine hundred and ninety men, landed, in the grey of

the morning, upon the island of St. Peters in the dependence of Sardinia, captured and brought prisoners to Tunis seven hundred women and children and two hundred and twenty men. The description given me, by the British Consul, of the barbarous and brutal conduct practised upon these unfortunate, defenceless wretches, would shock a savage. The able bodied men of the island being at their vintages in the country, these people fell a feeble sacrifice to the merciless assailants. Decrepit age, delicate youth, and helpless infancy were tumbled headlong from their beds, precipitated down flights of stairs, shoved out of street windows, driven naked in an undistinguished crowd, without respect to sex or circumstance, through the streets, and crammed promiscuously into the filthy hold of one of their cruisers; in this manner brought across the sea, and in this wretched plight goaded with thongs through the street of the city by their relentless captors, driven to the common auction square, and consigned to slavery. The king of Sardinia, distressed as he has been on the other hand by the crimes of the republic, has not hitherto found the ability to redeem them, at the enormous sum of six hundred and forty thousand dollars, which the Bey demanded. He has lately appointed an aged and respectable Count, Porcheela, who has been four times before an ambassador to this court, and who is now here to negociate the terms of their redemption. He has at length prevailed on the Bey to accept the sum of two hundred and seventy thousand dollars; but the terms of payment are not yet agreed upon: there is however a prospect of their release.

Many of them have died of grief, and the others linger out a life less tolerable than death. Alas, remorse seizes my whole soul when I reflect that this is indeed but a copy of the very barbarity which my eyes have seen in my own native country. And yet we boast of liberty and national justice. How frequently, in the southern states of my own country, have I seen weeping mothers leading the guiltless infant to the sales, with as deep anguish as if they led them to the slaughter; and yet felt my bosom tranquil in the view

of these aggressions upon defenceless humanity. But when I see the same enormities practised upon beings whose complexion and blood claim kindred with my own, I curse the perpetrators and weep over the wretched victims of their rapacity. Indeed truth and justice demand from me the confession that the Christian slaves among the Barbarians of Africa are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among the professing Christians of civilized America; and yet here sensibility bleeds at every pore for the wretches whom fate has doomed to slavery.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE, TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER IX.

By this time your Ladyship must be pretty well wearied with your circuit through the manufactories of our ancestors. In consideration of the patience with which you have endured bale after bale of rich stuffs being opened before you, without one being offered to your acceptance, I presume to lay at your feet, with this letter, a packet of the finest furs Russia can produce, and while I beg that you will permit them to shade the fairest form in nature from the inclemencies of our own climate, I will proceed to shew in what ample request they were with the dames of the thirteenth century.

Their winter robes and mantles were constantly lined or faced with skins of value proportioned to the wealth and rank of the wearer. The poor wore sheep's and lamb's skins of the growth of our own hills and valleys, and the rich sent for their *pelisses* to the northern regions of Norway, Moscovy, and Lapland. The furs of sables, ermines, squirrels, and martens, were in most esteem; but we find that noblemen did not disdain to repel the cold by well lined mantles of beavers, foxes, cats, rabbits, goats, and bears. The furs, or *pelures* (as they are named by our early writers,)

which composed the winter garments, or trimmed the state-robes of our highest nobility, were designated by the names of *grosvair*, *minevair*, *pennevair*, and sometimes merely *vair*. These authors assures us that "the *pelure*, most esteemed amongst them, was the skin of an animal of the squirrel kind, called *vair*, whose back was of a blueish grey, resembling the color of some doves. Its belly was white. It was divided into large and small pieces, and for that reason, accordingly as the *pelisse* is composed of the large or the small, sewed together, it is called *grossvair*, or *minevair*." Some writers assert that this *vair* is not of the squirrel race, but was no other than the Pontic mouse; and derived its name from *varius*, on account of its brown back and white belly.

Your Ladyship will find in the packet of furs which I presume to present to you, a *pelisse* lined and faced with the skin that was called *vair* by our ancestors. It was sent from Moscow to me by the Count K——; and, he informs me, is equal in estimation in that country with the ermine. People in England call it sometimes the grey ermine, and others Russian squirrel skin; but the real name of it is the *jerboa*. The little animal to whom it belongs is a native of the most eastern and southern parts of the Russian dominions, and is in size and shape something like a squirrel, but far more elegant in its form, and has an eye of the most piercing brightness. It is not confined to the empire of Moscovy, but it is also to be found amongst the rocky and sandy regions of other Asiatic countries; and in Holy Writ we read of it under the appellation of *sophionum*, which our translators have transformed into the word *coney*.

With such comfortable decorations did our reasonable ancestors adorn their winter habiliments, whilst their summer apparel sparkled in all the gorgeous magnificence of precious stones and embroidery, which latter appendage they denominated *painting with the needle*. So eminently sumptuous in materials and workmanship were these Anglo Norman habits, that Innocent IV. Pontiff of that name, on seeing some of them on the backs of certain nobles visiting his court, ex-

claimed, "O England, thou garden of delights, thou art truly an inexhaustible fountain of riches! From thy abundance much may be exacted to embellish the wardrobe of the Vatican!"

To set this splendor of array in a clearer light, I need only introduce your Ladyship as a spectatress at the solemnization of the marriage of Alexander III. of Scotland, with princess Margaret, the sister of our Henry III. Mathew Paris shall be the herald of the pageant, and thus he speaks:— "There were great abundance of people of all ranks, multitudes of the nobility of England, France, and Scotland, with crowds of knights and military officers, the whole of them pompously adorned with garments of silk, and so transformed with excess of ornaments that it would be impossible to describe their dresses without being tiresome to the reader, though it would excite his astonishment. Upwards of one thousand knights, on the part of the king of England, attended the nuptials in vestments of silk, curiously wrought in embroidery; and these vestments on the morrow were laid aside, and the same knights appeared in new robes of still more magnificent decoration. The nobles of Scotland and of France did not fall a whit below those of England in their show and parade. The barons and the knights were habited in robes of divers colors; sometimes they appeared in green, sometimes in blue, then again in grey, and afterwards in scarlet, varying the colors according to their fancies, or the wills of the ladies to whom they had dedicated their amorous vows. Their breasts were adorned with *fibulæ*, or broaches of gold; and their shoulders with precious stones of great magnitude, such as emeralds, sapphires, jacinths, pearls, rubies, and other rich ornaments. The ladies who attended had rings of gold, set with topaz stones and diamonds, upon their fingers; their heads were adorned with elegant crests or garlands; and their whimples were composed of the richest stuffs, embroidered with pure gold, and embellished with the rarest jewellery."

Such were the gala dresses of our old-fashioned ancestors.

Will our new costumes vie with them? I think you will agree with me, that, splendid as was the fete we enjoyed together at the palace of our graceful Prince Regent, its magnificence could not be compared to this given by the king of Scots. In short, while our male nobility habit themselves, even on gala days, in the plain unadorned fashion of the present times, no assembly could look but half furnished. The ladies may glitter in all that can decorate and dazzle, but the gentlemen must ever remain but dull parts of the show. I am no advocate for foppery, but I think essential to the maintenance of a due difference between stations, that a nobleman should not be dressed like his butler; and more magnificent clothing would promote industry, and be beneficial to trade.

In my next I shall enter into details from the archives of the tailors, mantua-makers, and milliners of the departed brilliant days of the Norman race; and meanwhile, when seated at your toilette, let its graceful duties remind you of the zeal and obedience of your PARIS.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Use of History.

MAN is a mere riddle to himself, till he enquires into the hearts and actions of others; it is in this mirror only, that he can perceive his own resemblance; here he learns to be shocked at deformity, and to be pleased with what is amiable; and thence he proceeds to dress his mind with every virtue.

We may better trust our ship to a school-taught pilot, than depend on the wisdom or goodness of the head or heart, that has barely conversed with abstracted or philosophical maxims.

Chinese Shop-bill.

The following is a literal translation of a Chinese shop-bill, which enveloped a packet of Indian ink. It will prove that

the art of puffing is as well understood and practised in China, as by any of the most celebrated quacks of any other country.

" Sinhone,*

" Very good ink, very fine ; very old shop ; grandfather, father, and self make this ink ; fine and hard, picked out very fine and black, before and now sell very good ink, prime cost is very dear ; this ink is heavy, so is gold ; no one can make like it: the others that make ink do it for money, and to cheat; I only make it good for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink : my family never cheat, always a good name. I make ink for the Emperor and all the mandarines round. All gentlemen must come to my shop and know my name.

UNGWANCHI LOCEE.

Omniscience ignorant.

A clergyman was catechising a little boy, in a familiar way, when this curious dialogue took place.

Q. Do you know the nature of God ?

A. I do, sir.

Q. What is it ?

A. God is omnipotent and omniscient.

Q. Can God do every thing ?

A. He can, sir.

Q. Does God know every thing ?

A. He does, sir.

Q. Does he know what we are talking about ?

A. He does, sir.

Q. Does he know what you have got in your breeches pocket ?

A. He does NOT, sir.

Q. And why does he not ?

A. Because I have got *no* breeches pocket, sir !

A Missionary baffled.

A zealous and reverend dissenting clergyman was anxious to ascertain the religious principles of the inhabitants of a

* This is the name of the place where the ink is made.

coal-pit in the northern part of England. He accordingly watched the aperture, and upon the ascent of one of the dark personages from below, after a suitable religious introduction, the following conversation ensued.

Priest. My friend! what do you believe?

Coalman. I believe what the church believes!

Priest. And what does the church believe?

Coalman. The church believes what I believe!!

Priest. And what do you both believe?

Coalman. We both believe the same thing!!!

—

A Counsellor of Necessity.

The late Dr. De la Cour, of Cork, having once occasion to reprove a counsellor rather unlearned in the law—told him he was a counsellor of Necessity. "Necessity!" exclaimed the briefless barrister, "how so?" "Because," replied the doctor, "Necessity has no law."

—

Inscription on a Blacksmith.

Here cool the ashes of MULCIBER GRIM,
(Late of this Parish,)
He was born in Seacoal-lane, and bred at Hammersmith:
From his youth upwards he was much addicted to vices,
and was often guilty of forgery.
Having some talents for irony,
he thereby produced many heats in his neighborhood,
which he usually increased
by blowing up the coals.
This rendered him so unpopular, that when he found it
necessary
to adopt cooling measures,
his conduct was generally accompanied by a hiss!
Though he sometimes proved a warm friend,
he made it a constant practice
to strike while the iron was hot,
regardless of the injury that he might thereby
do to others;

and when he had any of matter moment on the anvil,
he seldom failed to turn it to his own advantage.
Among the numberless instances that might be given
of the cruelty of his disposition,
it need only be mentioned, that he was a means of hanging,
many of the innocent family of the Bells,
Upon an idle pretence of keeping
them from jangling;
and that he put many hearts of steel into the hottest flames,
merely (as he declared)
to soften the obduracy of their tempers.
At length, after passing a long life
in the commission of these black actions,
his fire being exhausted,
and his bellows worn out
he filed off
to that place where only the fervid ordeal of his own forge
could be exceeded;
declaring with his last puff,
That man was born to trouble,
as the sparks fly upward.

Improvements in Printing.

The Chinese are said to admire the beauty of writing more than composition; so that an Englishman with a Chinese taste would prefer a poem of Tomkins or Langford, to one of Pope or Dryden. And is not this taste growing on us? Not only must our paper be woven and hot pressed, but our types must be reformed. Not a figure must raise his head above his fellows, or sink his tail below them; so that it is difficult to distinguish a 6 or a 9 from a nought, to say nothing of the cramped form of the rest. This a real grievance; but printers quietly submit to the whims and caprices of type-founders, if they be not their guides; and readers cannot help themselves. The tall *ſ* has lately given way to his dwarfish brother; and I presume it is only on the account of the number of the other letters of greater length than their fellows, for it is

the case with twelve out of the twenty five, that these innovators have been intimidated. Ere long, no doubt, some bolder Procrustean tyrant will arise, and lop them all to his standard. When that has been done, beware, ye Capitals! beware, too, ye Stops and Spaces! no doubt the beautiful uniformity of the infancy of writing will revive in print, and letter will succeed letter, equal in height, and breadth, and distance, more regular than a line of soldiers at a royal review, dressed by the completest Martinent of an adjutant, who rests on such skill his hopes of heading, like some of his predecessors, another South American army. In that second golden age of letters, it will again become a mark of distinction to be able to read,—not ancient or foreign languages,—but our own.

—

The Art of Printing.

Hail, mystic art! which men like angels taught
To speak to eyes, and paint embodied thought!
The deaf and dumb, blest skill, reliev'd by thee,
We make one sense perform the task of three.
We see, we hear, we touch, the head and heart,
And take or give what each but yields in part;
With the hard laws of distance we dispense,
And, without sound, apart, commune in sense;
View, though confin'd, nay, rule this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide extended ALL.
Dead letters thus with living notion fraught,
Prove to the soul the telescope of thought.
To mortal life immortal honour give;
And bid all deeds and titles last and live
In scanty life—Eternity we taste,
View the first ages, and inform the last.
Arts, history, laws, we purchase with a look,
And keep, like fate, all nature in a book.

—

The Tooth-ache.

A man there was, who fortune's blessings quaff'd,
And sure had known no reason to complain,
Had not dame Nature, as she view'd the draught,
Made his poor teeth too sensible of pain.

Sometimes it would the form of grandeur take,
Swelling his cheeks to a majestic size ;
And oft it would assume a meaner make,
And, like a bruiser, close up both his eyes.

In short, in every shape that tooth-ache owns,
He, luckless, felt, and knew it still the same ;
And midst a useless burst of speaking groans,
Had tried all the receipts that art could name—

Had stew'd his chaps in vinegar and ginger,
With mustard blister'd them, the pain to check,
And, when provok'd by too severe a twinger,
Had ate red-hot wild turnips by the peck.

Galen had call'd—and Esculapius too,
Had tried his mental and his manual force ;
But nought avail'd that they could say or do,
They broke the teeth, and left the sufferer worse.
To time and patience then was left the cure,
Whose motions, though but slow, are always sure.

One day this man, entirely free from pain,
Rambling on horseback o'er a neighboring hill,
Fancied he heard, in accents wild and shrill,
The voice of anguish flit across the plain.

He thought he guess'd the cause—with eager haste,
He spurr'd his pacer to a gallop's speed ;
And, as o'er fence and wall the sound he trac'd,
Soon reach'd the place from whence it did proceed.

There, as he stopp'd, a woman he espied,
Whose wailing added to the general clatter ;
So springing from his horse, he loudly cried,
" For heaven's sake, say, good woman, what's the matter ?"

" My son," she screech'd, " by a most cruel fall,
Has broke his legs,—no comfort can the youth take."
" Poh !" said the man, remounting, " *is that all ?*
I really thought the fellow had the tooth-ache."

—

System.

" What is a system ?" says a young lady to a man of letters. " It is," replied the scholar, " a faggot of ideas, well arranged and neatly bound together."

Bon Mot.

Lucian informs us, that to the frequent complaints made against Plutus, the god of riches, that he never came among men of probity, he made this reply: "I am blind; and as among men there is a great majority of rogues, is it a wonder that I should not be able to find the smaller number?"

Protracted Love.

"I love you,"—oft the youth did say;
"I love you,"—oft the maiden sigh'd:
Thus echoed both from day to day,
Till one wax'd old, the other—*died.*

Epigram.

Lothario, ravish'd with a smile
From Chloe, in a public place,
Exclaim'd in stiff theatric style,
"Nature ne'er form'd so fair a face."
By chance the fool for once was right—
'Twas merely *paint* and *candle light.*

Home.

The pain, which is felt when we are transplanted from our native soil—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree—is one of the most poignant, which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs, which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SEASONS.

Swift fly the seasons round ! Scarce had the Spring
Danc'd on the plain, in virgin garb array'd
Of tenderest green, and bound with flowerets pale
Her beauteous brow, or round the welkin flung
Her first faint purple flush—like that sweet hour
When first the virgin's cheek the vermeil blush
Of youth assumes, and hovering graces play
Around the lovely form,—when Summer came,
Mature in finish'd grace ; of darker stain
The flowers that gemm'd her crown ; her ample robe
Luxuriant floated in the spicy gale.
She bade the grove a deeper die assume ;—
The full-blown rose expand ;—the juicy corn
Raise high its dark-green blade ;—with arid hue
Imbrown'd the mead,—and tinged the ripening ear
With golden glow, or shade of silky brown.
Then Autumn mild, with matron-step, advanc'd
Slow o'er the bearded plain ; a purple bough,
With swelling clusters hung, her left hand grac'd ;
Her right, the gather'd sheaf ; low-drooping, waved
The ripe and yellow ears ; September's moon
Shed its soft radiance on her sun-burnt cheek,
And, while at distance rose the reaper's song,
Loose flow'd her auburn locks, her dark eye smiled.
But, while I gazed, a melancholy charm
Over her beauteous features stole ; the golden grain,
The nectar'd branch, she dropp'd ; lo ! now she roves,
A widow'd mourner, through the stubble-fields,
And culls a garland sad, with yellow leaves,
And berries red, her thoughtful brow to bind ;
Weeping her honor lost, her children slain :
And soon shall Winter, with unsparing hand,
The last sad relics of her race destroy,
And reign, the tyrant of the vanquish'd year.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh ! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love !
Now hope may bloom ;
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam.
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer flame may soar
When wild youth's past ;
" Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last,"
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name !

Oh ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste !
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream !
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream !
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

TRANSLATION FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

In Imitation of Walter Scott.

From Ida's peak high Jove beheld
The tumults of the battle field,
The fortune of the fight;
He mark'd, where by the ocean flood,
Stout Hector with his Trojans stood,
And mingled in the strife of blood
Achaia's stalwart might:
He saw, and turn'd his sun-bright eyes
Where Thracia's snow-capped mountains rise,
Above her pastures fair:
Where Mysians, fear'd in battle-fray,
With far-fam'd Hippomolgians stray,
A race remote from care;
Unstained by fraud, unstained by blood,
The milk of mares their simple food,
Thither his sight the god inclines,
Nor turns to view the shifting lines,
Commix'd in fight afar;
He deem'd not, he, that heavenly might
Would swell the band of either fight,
When he forbade the war.

Not so the monarch of the deep:
On Samothracia's topmost steep
The great earth-shaker stood,
Whose cloudy summit view'd afar
The crowded tents, the mingling war,
The navy dancing on the tide,
The leaguer'd town, the hills of Ide,
And all the scene of blood.

There stood he, and with grief survey'd
His Greeks, by adverse force outweigh'd,
He bann'd the thunderer's partial will,
And hasten'd down the craggy hill.

Down the steep mountain-slope he sped,
The mountain rock'd beneath his tread,
And trembling wood, and echoing cave,
Sign of immortal presence gave;
Three strides athwart the plain he took,
Three times the plain beneath him shook,
The fourth reach'd Ægœ's watery strand,
Where far beneath the green sea foam,
Was built the monarch's palace home,
Distinct with golden spire and dome,
And doom'd for aye to stand.

He enters: to the car he reins
His brass-hoof'd steeds, whose golden manes
A stream of glory cast:
His golden lash he forward bends,
Arrayed in gold the car ascends,
And swifter than the blast,
Across th' expanse of ocean wide,
Untouch'd by waves, it passed:
The waters of the glassy tide,
Joyful before its course divide,
Nor round the axle press;
Around its wheels the dolphins play,
Attend the chariot on its way,
And their great lord confess.

LIFE,

A CAPRICIO.

Life's replete with joy and sorrow,
Time is ever on the wing,
Joy to grief may yield to-morrow,
Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing,
Life's replete with joy and sorrow.

Time is ever on the wing,
Manhood comes and checks youth's pleasures,

Age infirmity will bring;
Thus we find, in rapid measures,
Time is ever on the wing,

Joy to grief may yield to-morrow;
Cherish joy then while 'tis thine,
Peaceful moments so you'll borrow,
But remember whilst they shine,
Joy to grief may yield to-morrow.

Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing,
Pleasure decks life's early morning,
Age will cares and sorrow bring;
To each friend a gentle warning,
Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO.

SONG.

TUNE—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

YE sons of Columbia, come let us rejoice
In the bright course of glory our brave tars have run,
And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,
Pour the tribute of verse o'er the laurels they've won.
Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men,
They always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

Oh! long on our mountains the forests have stood,
Through ages of peace, in the shade of neglect;
But the fiat of Heaven calls them down to the flood,
Our shores to defend, and our rights to protect.
Hearts of oak, &c.

And see while the nations of Europe have long,
'Mid the conflicts of war, rear'd their pillars of fame,
We can boast of our heroes, whose claims are as strong,
Whose achievements will give them as deathless a name.
Hearts of oak, &c.

See *Hull*, *Jones*, *Decatur* and *Bainbridge* now burn
Brighter stars in our land than vain Britons can claim,
For while they beat the world, we beat them in our turn,
And thus prostrate at once their proud *pillars of fame.*

Hearts of oak, &c.

Behold too brave *Lawrence*, whose splendid career,
Gives another bright star to the sky of our fame,
Though remov'd from this world, his example shall rear,
Future heroes in war, " by the fame of his name."

Hearts of oak, &c.

And see too, young *Burroughs*, the seaman's delight,
Bears another *fair* sprig pluck'd from Victory's brow,
Tho' 'twas bought by his life-blood that stream'd in the fight,
Life 'gainst *honor* is naught, as our brave tars well know.

Hearts of oak, &c.

But hark ! while we sing, hear the trumpet of fame,
With the glad notes of triumph, again our ears greet,
'Tis for *Perry* it swells, ever glorious name,
To whose matchless arm, *struck a whole British fleet.*

Hearts of oak, &c.

We've yet thousands besides of young sons of the wave,
Who but wait for the call of their country to fly,
And to enter the lists, with the first of the brave,
Who their honour insult, or their prowess defy.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Then ye sons of Columbia, come let us rejoice,
In the bright course of glory our country can boast,
And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,
While we drink to our tars, let this still be our *toast*,
Hearts of oak are our ships, sons of fire are our men,
They always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
For their country to fight, and to conquer again.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN Freedom's star its last bright gleam
O'er Europe's waste had shot in vain,

Columbia caught the expiring beam,
And bore it o'er the western main.
Rule Columbia, Columbia ever free,
Heaven born child of Liberty.

Then rose a world, by Heaven's decree,
Which countless years unblest had lain,
But now the destin'd sphere to be
Of Freedom's pure and sacred reign.
Rule Columbia, &c.

Then ere, Columbia, thou hadst shar'd,
Of empire's car, the trembling rein,
Thy young, but dauntless soul declar'd,
War's storms but threaten thee in vain.
Rule Columbia, &c.

And when, ere long, with stepdame pride,
Britannia mark'd thy opening reign,
Thy heaven shielded breast defied,
The tempest shock of war again.
Rule Columbia, &c.

Thy birth, Columbia, sons so brave,
Thy waters, forests, all proclaim,
Thy destin'd course is o'er the wave,
And *ocean*, is thy "*field of fame.*"
Rule Columbia, &c.

Again, behold war's bolts are hurl'd,
Thy eagle flight to check in vain,
For still thy infant flag unfurl'd,
With *freedom*'s *charter* sweeps the main.
Rule Columbia, &c.

And under Heaven it still shall spread
Its star-gemm'd glories o'er the main,
While Freedom's sacred beam shall shed
Its light to bless Columbia's reign.
Rule Columbia, Columbia ever free,
Heaven born child of Liberty.

MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Boston Theatre.

Jan. 3. Abællino—Forty Thieves.(1)
5. American Captive—Harlequin's Frolic—Botheration.
7. Love in a Village—Plot and Counterplot.
10. Doubtful Son—Forty Thieves.
12. Son's of Erin—Heroes of the Lake.
14. Time's a Tell-Tale—Timour the Tartar.
17. The Peasant Boy(2)—Honest Thieves.

(1) The *Forty Thieves* began their annual depredations on the 27th ult. and pillaged more than *six hundred dollars* from the good natured public on their first excursion. We did once cherish a hope that this season would be permitted to pass without a visit from these nocturnal freebooters; but having received the assistance of Mr. Penniman, who has produced some splendid and elegant decorations, we are likely to receive their frequent visitations. We should really dote on the very absence of this dramatic romance: but so long as the theatre is thronged with those who appear to go there for no other purpose but to applaud, and *gormandise* the gross and stale obscenity with which it is so plentifully sprinkled, or rather plastered, we cannot reproach the managers for its frequent repetition.

(2) The only piece of novelty produced during the month is the *Peasant Boy*, a musical drama by W. Dimond, author of the *Foundling of the Forest*, and several other popular plays. It is a story of considerable interest; and the last act, in which is the trial of the *Peasant Boy* for a supposed attempt to murder his benefactor, is uncommonly well managed to produce strong and pathetic effect.

The style of Mr. Dimond's plays in general is a sort of sing-song prose, characterised by the most nonsensical bombast and a "most plentiful lack of wit;" we were therefore much astonished to find in the *Peasant Boy*, the following dialogue, which is so unlike the rest, that we think he must have been indebted to a friend, or guilty of *petty larceny* in procuring it.

Hyppolito. Olympia! I venture into your presence unbidden; tell me if I intrude?

Olympia. Oh! no, no! a fine gentleman in the country is like a hot house rose at Christmas, less deserving, perhaps, than the natural flower, but always welcome, on account of its rarity, and the expence of its production.—Do you come here to study? of what work are you in quest?

Hyp. The fairest of the Creator's.

Olym. Some eastern tale, I presume; for you speak in allegory.

Hyp. Yet I mean in earnest. I would read—*woman.*

19. How to Die for Love—Forty Thieves—The Romp.
21. Peasant Boy—La Perouse.
24. John Bull.—Valentine and Orson.
26. Who wants a Guinea ?—Cinderella.
28. Peasant Boy—Forty Thieves.

Olym. Ah ! I'm afraid you will find that a work full of errors ; and, without a copious glossary, very difficult to be understood.

Hyp. Yet it presents a title page so prepossessing, that I am encouraged to proceed

Olym. Be warned in time ! woman is a language of itself ; its characters are more obscure than hieroglyphics, and many a master of arts has been puzzled to decypher the text.

Hyp All languages have their grammars, and I can be a persevering scholar.

Olym. Aye ! but this differs from all other grammars in its very first principle. In school taught languages, the parts of speech are confined to eight, but in woman's tongue the number exceeds all limit.

Hyp My spirit has the true touch of knight-errantry, and difficulty only inflames its zeal. Lady, deign but you to become my instructer, and I shall be found a pupil of enterprize. [*Takes her hand.*

Olym. Lud, lud ! would the man learn a language as jugglers interpret fate, by dint of *palmistry ?* in pity's name, spare my hand !

Hyp. When you commence my lesson ; till then I detain it as a lawful prize

Olym. I protest against the capture, and denounce you for a pirate.

Hyp. Nay, thus then I produce my *letters of marque.*— &c. [*Kissing her.*

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, OBITUARY NOTICES, &c. &c.

PROPOSALS have been issued by a Committee of the Senior class of Yale College, for publishing a literary paper, to be called the ATHENÆUM. It is to appear on the Saturday of every second week, and to contain eight pages in an octavo form.

M. Lord, Boston, has just published (first American edition) *A Mother's Advice to her Son and Daughter : by the Marchioness de Lambert.* A collection of elegant and useful apothegms, worthy of the perusal of the old and young.

R. P. and C. Williams, have just published, The Defence and Justification of the late illustrious Gen. Moreau, before the French Tribunal ; by his counsels, Messrs. Bonnet, Belliart, and Perignon, judiciary counsellors. Translated from the French, by Samuel Mackay, A. M. professor of the French Language.

DEATHS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

LOUISIANA.—In New Orleans, William Donaldson, Esq. formerly president of the Louisiana bank.

VIRGINIA.—In Alexandria, George Gilpin, Esq. Postmaster, 72.

MARYLAND.—In Baltimore, William Barclay, merchant; Mr. John Knowlton, 36, formerly of Worcester, Mass.

OHIO.—In Marietta, David Everett, Esq. formerly of Boston. He had been the editor of several political and literary papers in Boston and other parts of New-England.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In Philadelphia, Col. Patten, postmaster —In Carlisle, Gen. William Alexander—In Wrightstown, four children, from 7 to 10 years old; two of them were daughters of Mr. Isaac Worthington, and the other two a daughter and son of Mr. Isaac Burroughs. Whilst sliding on a mill pond, the ice broke, and they were precipitated into the water and drowned.

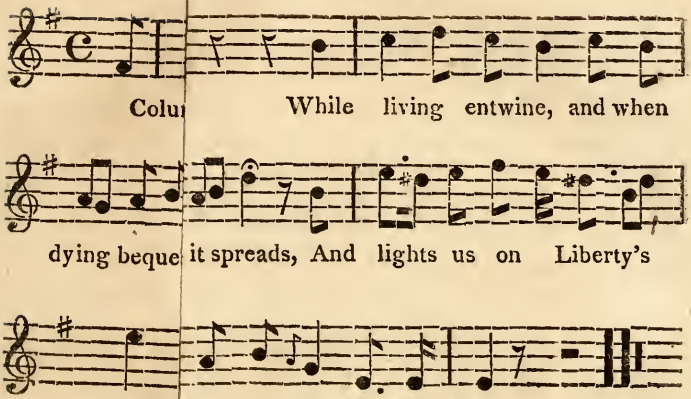
MASSACHUSETTS.—In Springfield, Capt. David Boylston, 77, a revolutionary officer; on the 8th inst. Miss Mary Horton, 92, and, on the 9th, Miss Margaret Horton, 90. These maiden sisters had slept in the same house together, NINETY YEARS, and the death of the oldest preceded that of the youngest but eleven hours. They were buried in one grave—In Gloucester, widow Hannah Tucker, 91; widow Appleton, 75 —In Acton, Mr. Roger Wheeler 76—In Danvers, widow Rachel Howard, 53—In Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Bird, 77—In Bridgewater, Jonathan Crane, Esq. 77—In Barre, Capt. William King, 78—In Brookline, Mrs. Elizabeth Partridge, 86—In Marblehead, Robert Hooper, Esq. 72. In Milton, Mr. Lewis Babcock, 35—In Roxbury, Mr. Samuel Drew, 34; Capt. John Gould, 42; the Hon WILLIAM HEATH, 77 —In Boston, Deacon David Tilden, 72; Capt. Nathaniel Heard, 42; Mrs. Mary Allen, 38; Mrs. Lydia, wife of Abiel Smith, Esq. 69; Mr. John Farris, 32, late gunner of the sloop of war Frolic.

Correspondence.

We are indebted to the last Port-Folio for three original national SONGS, to one of which we have added its appropriate air.

An "Essay on a Fragment of ancient Poetry" *was received too late for insertion this month.*

While we wish success to the proposed literary paper at New-Haven, we lament that it will probably deprive the Polyanthos of a correspondent, whose favors we held in high estimation.


Colu While living entwine, and when
dying beque it spreads, And lights us on Liberty's
way, ints o'er Columbia's day.

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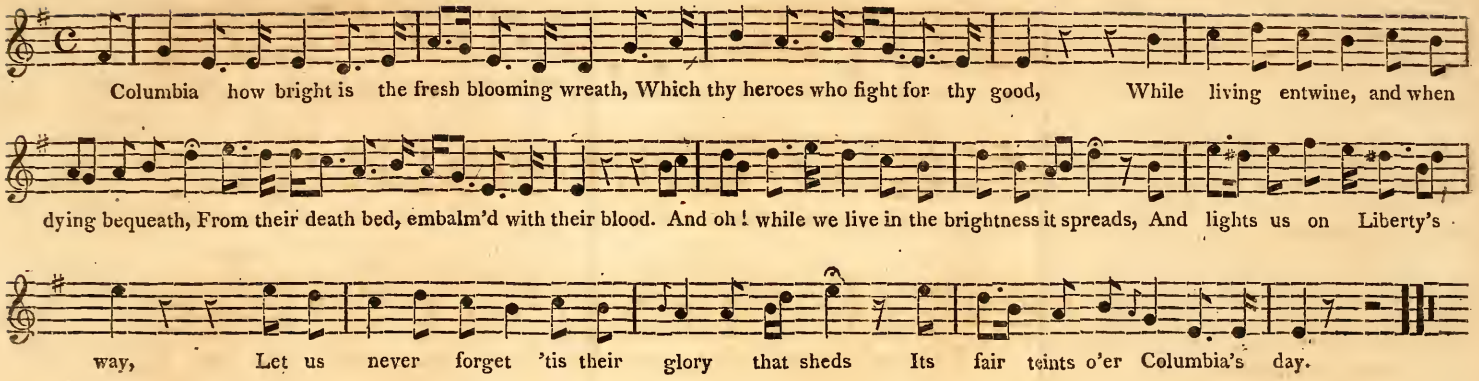
Naval Song.

AIR—*Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave.*



Oh! WASHINGTON, brightest and best of thy race,
By thy beacon light still let us steer,
In thy wisdom, and virtue, and valour, we trace
Whate'er to thy country is dear.
And still in the day of distress, let us turn
To thee as our guide and our star,
Thy glories reflected from heaven will burn,
Bright again round Columbia's car.

Forget not, Columbia, thy seamen so true,
Whose achievements now blazon thy name,
Forget not their lives are devoted to you,
'Tis thy glory that lives in their fame;
The laurels they've won, by their blood on the main,
Columbia, Oh! never forget,
They're the hero's life-gem, and will light him again
To still brighter victories yet.

Can that nation e'er rise to the proud heights of fame,
Who respects not the deeds of her brave?
From oblivion's tomb, can she e'er save her name,
Who protects not her patriot's grave?
Oh! never, Columbia, then ne'er let this stain,
The stream of thy glory pollute;
Let thy hero's bright wreaths ever honour'd remain,
Entwin'd with thy liberty's root.

D. Edwin sc.

David Rittenhouse.

Born April 8th 1732. Died June 26th 1796.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR MARCH, 1814.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

BIOGRAPHY.

HON. DAVID RITTENHOUSE, LL. D. F. R. S.

See the sage *Rittenhouse*, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube, and pierce the starry sky:
Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
And broader splendors gild the central pole.
He marks what laws th' eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids beneath his hand, in semblance, rise,
With mimic orbs the labors of the skies.
There wondering crowds with raptur'd eyes behold
The spangled heavens their mystic maze unfold;
While each glad sage his splendid hall shall grace
With all the spheres that cleave th' etherial space. *Barlow's Columbiad.*

This eminent and justly celebrated philosopher descended from ancestors who emigrated from Holland, and was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, April 8, 1732. The early part of his life was spent in agricultural employments; and his plough, the fences, and even the stones of the field were marked with figures. which denoted a talent for mathematical studies. A delicate constitution rendering him unfit for the labors of husbandry, he devoted himself to the trade of a clock and mathematical instrument maker. In these arts he was his own instructer.

During his residence with his father in the country, he made himself master of Newton's Principia, which he read in the

English translation of Mr. Mott. Here also he became acquainted with fluxions, of which sublime invention he believed himself, for some time, the first author. He did not know for some years afterwards, that a contest had been carried on between Newton and Leibnitz, for the honor of that great discovery.

At the age of twenty-three, without education, and without advantages, he became the rival of the two greatest mathematicians of Europe. In his retired situation, while working at his trade, he planned and executed an orrery, by which he represented the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, more completely than ever before had been done. This master-piece of mechanism was purchased by the college of New-Jersey. A second was made by him, after the same model, for the use of the college of Philadelphia, where it has commanded, for many years, the admiration of the ingenious and learned.

In 1770, he was induced, by the urgent request of some friends, who knew his merit, to exchange his beloved retirement for a residence in Philadelphia. In this city he continued his employment for several years; and his clocks had a high reputation, and his mathematical instruments were thought superior to those imported from Europe. His first communication to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which he was elected a member, was a calculation of the transit of Venus, as it was to happen June 3, 1769. He was one of those appointed to observe it in the township of Norriton. This phenomenon had never been seen but twice before by any inhabitant of our earth, and would never be seen again by any person then living. The day arrived, and there was no cloud in the horizon; the observers, in silent and trembling anxiety, waited for the predicted moment of observation; it came, and in the instant of contact between the planet and sun, an emotion of joy so powerful was excited in the breast of Mr. Rittenhouse, that he fainted. On the 9th of November following, he observed the transit of Mercury. An account of these observations was published in the transactions of the society.

In 1775, he was appointed one of the commissioners for settling a territorial dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia, and to his talents, moderation, and firmness was ascribed in a great degree its satisfactory adjustment, in 1785. He assisted in determining the western limits of Pennsylvania in 1784, and the northern line of the same state in 1786. He was also called upon to assist in fixing the boundary line between Massachusetts and New-York, in 1787. In his excursions through the wilderness, he carried with him his habits of inquiry and observation. Nothing in our mountains, soils, rivers, and springs, escaped his notice. But the only records of what he collected are private letters, and the memories of his friends.

In 1791, he was chosen president of the philosophical society, as successor to Dr. Franklin, and was annually re-elected till his death. His unassuming dignity secured to him respect. Soon after he accepted the president's chair he made to the society a donation of three hundred pounds. He held the office of treasurer of Pennsylvania, by an annual and unanimous vote of the legislature, from 1770 to 1789. In this period he declined purchasing the smallest portion of the public debt of the state, lest his integrity should be impeached.

In 1792, he accepted the office of director of the mint of the United States, but his ill state of health induced him to resign it in 1795. When the solitude of his study was rendered less agreeable by his indisposition, than in former years, he passed his evenings in reading or conversing with his wife and daughters. In his last illness, which was acute and short, he retained the usual patience and benevolence of his temper. He died June 26, 1796, in the 65th year of his age, in the full belief of the Christian religion, and in the anticipation of clearer discoveries of the perfections of God, in the eternal world.

He was a man of extensive knowledge. Being intimately acquainted with the French, German, and Dutch languages, he derived from them the discoveries of foreign nations. His mind was the repository of all ages and countries. He did not enjoy indeed the advantages of a public education, but his mind was not shackled by its forms, nor interrupted in its pur-

suit of greater objects by the claims of subjects minute and trifling.

In his political sentiments he was a republican; he was taught by his father to admire an elective and representative government: he early predicted the immense increase of talents and knowledge which would be infused into the American mind by our republican institutions; and he anticipated the blessed effects of our revolution, in sowing the seeds of a new order of things in other parts of the world. He believed political as well as moral evil to be intruders into the society of man. In the more limited circles of private life, he commanded esteem and affection. His house and manner of living exhibited the taste of a philosopher, the simplicity of a republican, and the temper of a Christian. His researches into natural philosophy gave him such ideas of the Divine perfections, for his mind was not pre-occupied in early life with the fictions of ancient poets, and the vices of the heathen gods. But he did not confine himself to the instructions of nature; he believed the Christian revelation. He observed as an argument in favor of its truth, that the miracles of our Savior differed from all pretended miracles in being entirely of a benevolent nature.

The testimony of a man possessed of so exalted an understanding, outweighs the declarations of thousands. He died believing in a life to come, and his body was interred beneath his observatory near his house. He published an oration, delivered before the Philosophical Society, 1775, the subject of which is, the history of astronomy; and a few memoirs on mathematical and astronomical subjects, in the first four volumes of the transactions of the society. *Biog. Dict.*

FORTUNE.

It is more difficult to make a thing from no beginning than to make great additions to it. How much more glory and power are manifested in making the fortune of a person who rises from nothing, than to set another on the top of the wheel, who we find has already put himself in motion!

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

[*Selected from La Belle Assemblee.*]

LETTER XI.

Your Ladyship expressed so much pleasure in the perusal of the old Knight of Normandy's sentiments on dress, that it is with great alacrity I obey your injunction to apply again to the venerable adviser, and repeat to you the continuation of his hints on the momentous subject. Grave heads may smile at so stately an epithet being applied to so variable a matter; but a very polite nobleman has observed, "Whatever it is worth while to do, it is worth while to do well."—Hence, if it be necessary to array the human body in garments, it is necessary, by the laws of taste and common sense, that we shall not disguise nor deform it by the raiment we put on, but rather display and adorn its native beauties to the best advantage. Setting down this as an axiom, I shall not farther apologize for the deep attention I pay to these ornamental discussions; but, making my bow to my Norman friend, shall listen to his remarks, and report them to your ladyship.

He not only reproves the dames of his time, for the gorgeousness of their apparel, but also for the hours they devoted to their toilet.

"Now-a-days," says he, "before these young damsels have combed their heads, and set their head dress in order, and fully attired themselves in their rich and glittering habits, the church procession is past, the masses sung, and divine service is finished."

Our knight then admonishes his daughters of the danger of seeing more faces than their own, if they bestow too many glances on their mirror.

"My dear children," continues he, "there once dwelt a lady so fast by the church, that she could not fail of hearing the bells ring for prayers; but she took so much time every

day in dressing herself, that she never completed the business until the service was more than half over. However, it happened one Sunday, when she had been even longer than usual attiring herself, the devil was permitted to present himself behind her; and seeing his visage in the looking-glass, it was so horrible that she lost her senses, and remained in that deplorable state for many years, a warning to all the vain women who came to behold the awful judgement."

Indeed, if we are to believe the statement which a certain dramatic poet who wrote in the sixteenth century (Anthony Brewer, by name), gives of a lady's toilet paraphernalia in these ancient times, we shall not wonder that day sinks into night, and night rises to morn again before all the duties of corporeal adornment are performed. Our poet speaks of arraying a youthful companion for a frolic thus :—

"It is five years ago since I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses; pinning, un-pinning, setting, un-setting, formings, and conformings; paintings of blue veins, and rosy cheeks; such a stir with combs, cascanets, purls, falls, squares, busks, bodices, scarfs, necklaces, carkonels, rabatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pustles, fusles, partlets, frislets, bandlets, fillets, corslets, pendulets, amulets, ænnulets, bracelets, and so many *lets*, that the poor lady of the toilet is scarce dressed to the girdle. And now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, and the like, that seven pedlars' shops, nay, all Stourbridge fair, will scarcely furnish.—A ship is sooner rigged by far than a nice gentlewoman made ready."

In this point of wasting time over the business of the toilet, certainly our ancestors in every ascent, from our grandmothers upwards, were much greater delinquents than the ladies of the present day. With the fashion of fardingales, hoops, tight-lacings, and hair powder, have disappeared the most rapacious calls on the precious hours of women. We no longer hear of our wives and daughters standing two hours under the hands of the mantua-maker, and sitting twice as many

more beneath the curling irons of *Monsieur Frizeur*. All this waste of life our fair dames have redeemed from annihilation. We see the buckram suits of past days, with their sugar-loaf *tetes*, consigned to the oblivion they deserve, and our wives and daughters come lightly, with the morning lark, from their rooms, attired with the easy grace of wood-nymphs, and with their beautiful tresses shining in the lustre of nature alone, and playing in artless beauty on their blooming cheeks. Long may my fair countrywomen maintain this sensible and elegant deference for the behests of nature; long may they estimate time as of a value too incalculable to be sacrificed to the caprices of fashion.

But while I congratulate your bewitching sex on the economical arrangement of their hours, I dare not, with the same warmth compliment them on their economy, at all times, in the quantity and quality of their habiliments. The seasons, my fair correspondent, are the best dictators on this affair. Shall I whisper to you a little hint on the subject, which no less a personage than the renowned Lord Burleigh gave to his pretty daughter, when a certain lord, whom he much favored, was coming a wooing to her? I suppose the fair Cecil was, like some of her beauteous descendants, too fond of allowing the outward air to breathe on her polished limbs; for he thus addressed her:—

"In the court of Philip and Mary there were two lovely sisters, the eldest of whom had been promised in marriage by her father, a knight of fame, to a young nobleman who was possessed of a fine figure, and as fine an estate. The day was appointed for the betrothed earl to make a visit to the young ladies, for he had not yet seen either. The ladies were informed of his approach; and the father desired them to appear in habits suitable to their rank, to do him and themselves credit. The eldest, who was the handsomest of the twain, and of a person of the most beautiful proportions, was so eager to shew her delicate shape and slender waist, that she clothed herself in a garment called a *coat-hardy*, without any lining, or fur, which sat so close to her, that you might see the

very heaving of her breast, and almost every throb of her little vain heart. It being the depth of winter, this vest, though suited to display the figure, was ill adapted to the severity of the season; and hence she appeared to great disadvantage, for the cold seized her limbs, benumbing their motions, and so petrifying the otherwise free flow of her blood, that she looked pale; nay, black and blue, and shivered and spoke with chattering teeth, and looked like any thing but a beauty. Meanwhile her sister, regardless of shape, had invested herself with thick garments, well lined with fur, and so appeared warm and healthy, with her complexion fair as the lily, and cheeks glowing as the rose. The consequence was, that the youngest lady attracted the attention of the nobleman, so that he totally neglected the intended bride, and, having obtained the consent of the father, in a few days married the prudent damsel in the pelereen."

This story of Lord Burleigh reminds me of one to which I was an eye-witness, some dozen years ago, in Germany. My scene lies likewise in the most inclement of the winter months. I was then at ——. The young elector of the neighboring state, had been affianced to one of the princessess of the court where I then was He had never seen her. A time was anounced for his visit; and the young bride willing to see whether the heart of her noble suitor could single her out from amongst her ladies, determined to leave him to guess. Accordingly, when the herald announced the elector's arrival, she set off with two of her ladies, and a small escort of gentlemen (one of whom was your humble servant), on a riding party. She left orders that the elector might follow her if he pleased. Whilst we were coursing the country, a tremendous shower of snow and hail fell. The princess and her ladies were dressed in scarlet habits, embroidered with gold. Their comparatively slight texture was soon penetrated by the wet. Sir Walter Raleigh-like, I led the way to lay my coat at the princess's feet; two gentlemen did the same to the female attendants, but they rejected the offer with contempt. The elector with his splendid train was then in sight,

and they refused to put on the coats, and appear frights in the eyes of the approaching court. Not so the lovely princess, she threw my blue coat over her delicate figure, and buttoning it across her breast, certainly looked more like a country market-woman, than a young beauty approaching a princely lover. But in the action the lover descried the noble mind which disdains outward trappings when opposed to propriety; and, springing from his horse, he hailed the lady of the blue coat as his princess, and kissing her fair hand, led her away with soft whispers; whilst a loud laugh was raised against the dripping finery of the lady-attendants, and their perversity.

Urania, the princess of my heart, will have too much good sense not to pardon the motive of this long story from her

PARIS.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XXXIII.

SILENT Night was peaceably finishing her tour, and Aurora sleeping yet on her bed of roses, when Juno and Minerva began to prepare for contest. Combatants slumber not on the morning of a battle; all the profound art of the toilet came now to the assistance not merely of nature, but of divinity. And Venus! how did she occupy these precious moments? I may not tell you, Emilia: all I know is, that the day after the banquet of the gods, she disappeared with Bacchus. Mystery followed them: of the rest I am ignorant. At length the day breaks, and the fatal moment approaches. Guided by Jealousy and Curiosity, the goddesses collect in crowds on Olympus: all eyes are fixed on mount Ida. There the beautiful Paris seats himself under the shade of an ancient oak. He holds the apple; and Juno is the first to present herself before him. She descends majestically from a car drawn by peacocks. Her divine shape, her commanding look, her noble and proud air, her hand holding a golden

sceptre, her forehead reflecting the brightness of her diadem, all announces the queen of immortals; and the judge, motionless with admiration, felt himself awed by a holy respect. Almost trembling with this joy-chilling emotion, the judge turned his head towards Minerva.

I know not what secret charm surrounded the goddess, but she certainly attracted hearts by a magic as sweet as irresistible. The serenity of her forehead tempered the austerity of her eyes: if she had smiled, the victory had been hers; but after a few moments of uncertainty, the unchanging sobriety of her aspect, made the judge draw back the apple he was just going to bestow.

I confess to you, my Emilia, that, in Paris's place, I should have done the same. Do not imagine, however, that I cabal against Minerva. I do not say that wisdom darkens beauty; you have too long taught me that severity does not destroy tenderness; but you must confess that affability, with a word, a glance, a smile, exercises a more powerful sway than the most austere rigor. I do not say that modesty does not embellish beauty, but you will allow that without wounding virtue one heart may be exchanged for another. In fine, I do not say that cautious expressions, disdain, coldness, and intermingled avowals, completely desolate the heart of an enamored swain; I approve all that; yet you will observe that Minerva did not gain the apple.

Meanwhile Venus arrives; she had nearly forgot the hour of appointment. Her fair hair floating in disorder over a forehead blushing with the roses of pleasure, her divine zone half unclasped, her eyes dissolving in sweet languishment, her lips glowing with kisses, all bespoke the exquisite goddess of voluptuousness. The celestial court readily guessed that Venus had not slept; but even the rival goddesses agreed that she could not have waked to make her toilet. They were right. Cypris had just then quitted Bacchus: the goddess was then three times a mother, for the Graces were awaking to life in her bosom. Scarcely had the shepherd beheld her than he sighed, he grew agitated, the apple fell from his hand.

Juno, Minerva, all Olympus vanished from his sight; he saw only Venus; and with an extended hand he would have offered the golden prize, but it dropped from his hand and rolled to the foot of the goddess. Olympus shook with applause.

I will not undertake to paint to you the vexation of the rivals of Venus; all my attempts to imitate it would fall short of the original. Several writers relate, that before the judgement of Paris the three goddesses tempted the integrity of their judge; Juno promised him honors; Minerva wisdom; and Venus the most beautiful woman upon earth. Venus kept her word, since it was under her auspices that he carried off the lovely Helen, wife of Menelaus; but so odious a conquest was avenged by all Greece assembled in arms. During ten years the Greeks besieged the city of Troy, and the hatred of Juno and Minerva consumed the men of that empire. My next detail will be the terrible effects of their resentment. As for me, Emilia, if like Paris I were this day entrusted with the apple to award it either to Juno, Minerva, or Venus, it is to you that I should give it. Thus by crowning in your person loveliness, wisdom, and nobleness, I should equally divide the contested apple among the immortal disputants. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

The triumph of Venus was celebrated throughout her dominions with a joy which Juno and Minerva refused to share in. Her adorers came in crowds from all the corners of the universe, and united together in her temple at Cytherea. The goddess had several altars there, before which she was represented with different attributes; here she appeared upon a car drawn by sparrows, her bosom bare, her tresses mixed with roses, languor in her eyes, and voluptuousness upon her lips; there she was seen seated upon a conch-shell to which doves were harnessed. An aerial drapery, the folds of which were retained by her mysterious girdle, half concealed her charms. Without a veil she was only beautiful, veiled she was divine. In her hand she held a bundle of arrows, from which she fills the quivers of her son. It is said that armed with these arrows she triumphed over Jupiter with his thun-

derbolt, and forced him to do her homage. In another part of the temple she was displayed crowned with myrtle, her feet vested in sandals of gold and silken tissue ; her bosom loaded with chains of gold, and precious stones. These attributes recal the shameful worship which was rendered to Venus by the girls of Cyprus ; they prostrated themselves in her name on the sea-shore, and drew from that infamous commerce considerable sums of money and jewels, with which they portioned themselves in marriage. We are told that after this they became honest wives, and that even now we see examples which give support to such an assertion: the believers in such a creed must forgive me if I cannot subscribe to it. Venus was sometimes portrayed holding in one hand the golden apple, and in the other a bunch of poppies. Under these delicious poppies too happy the lover who continues to dream ! ah, might he never awake ! but sooner or later his eyes must open.

The goddess was occasionally represented under the figure of a virgin, having her eyes cast down, and her feet placed upon the shell of a tortoise. This emblem was intended to shew that a young girl should always enclose (for fear of suspicion) her beauty in her house, and her chastity in its shell.

Last of all, Venus appeared in an ivory chariot, drawn by swans ; her shape was majestic, her brow open and serene, her head raised, and her eyes fixed upon heaven. Love was at her feet, his eyes covered with a fillet, his wings unfurled, bearing a quiver filled with burning darts. Under these attributes Venus presided over that chaste and pure love, that celestial flame, which, without destroying, burns true lovers, and seems to raise their unveiled souls to the abode of divinity. But this peculiar worship, even then less known and observed than all the others, is in our days entirely forgotten ; since they forget the name of modest love, how shall they remember celestial love ? Near the goddess was to be seen that soft Persuasion which generally waits on beauty. Candor was seated on her brow, Timidity moderated the fire of her eyes, the Smiles animated her lips, while from her half-opened

mouth Fancy seemed to hear that enchanting eloquence which orators attempt to teach, and attempt in vain. Venus was accompanied by the three Graces, who stood holding each other's hands, to shew that they never separate. Nothing can describe the friendship which binds them ; each Grace seems necessary to her sisters ; to please they must all be joined ; she who has but one has none.

Meanwhile the priestesses of Venus, their brows bound with myrtle, advance towards the sanctuary; they bear honey and milk, which they go to offer to the goddess. The high priestess prostrated herself at the feet of the celestial Venus, and presenting a couple of turtle doves, addressed to her the following prayer :—" Receive, kind goddess, this offering of faithful birds ; and amongst us, may lovers, may husbands, take them for their models !"

In later times, libations of wine were made in honor of the popular Venus. A white goat was immolated to her name, and the thighs of the victim were burned upon the altar, whose fires were kindled with the wood of the juniper and the acanthus. The sacrificers also presented a wild boar ; but he never entered the sanctuary, lest the sight of him should recal to Venus the death of her beloved Adonis ; he was slain at the gate of the temple ; and Venus willingly accepted that expiatory sacrifice offered to the manes of her lover. After this ceremony several virgins, and some matrons, advanced to the altar of the nuptial Venus, who with one hand held the globe of the world that she regenerated, and with the other held between her breasts the torch of Hymen. The fair worshippers were crowned with roses, of which the alternate white and red painted at the same time the ardor and the purity of their wishes. The golden, or ebon, tresses of their long hair floated over their alabaster necks, and hung even to the ground. The virgins desired spouses ; the married women children. They supplicated Venus to hear their vows, and consecrated to her their severed hair. As soon as the priestess cut off their flowing tresses she suspended them on the altars of the goddess.

This sacrifice, so pleasing to Venus, was perpetuated with her worship. Many ages after, Berenice, wishing to obtain victory for her husband, consecrated her hair to Venus. For you, my Emilia, happily you seek not glory, and you have no want of offering or of vows when you wish to secure a conquest; but if to obtain a victorious lot you go some day, like a new Berenice, to the altars of Cypris to suspend your lovely ringlets, how will the Zephyrs sigh over so sweet a sacrifice! The day after the offering, the hair of Berenice disappeared from the temple. It was transplanted from earth to the regions of air, where it still shines as a constellation.

I have now described the worship of Venus. Severely did she punish those women who failed in their devotion. The ladies of Lemnos having for some time discontinued her feasts, the goddess rendered them odious to their husbands, who being then at war with the Thracians, brought away some female prisoners whom they married instead of their wives. The latter, to avenge such an insult, formed and executed the plot of massacring in one night all their husbands with their concubines. After this slaughter, fearing that one day their children would revenge upon them the death of their fathers, they butchered them in their cradles. Behold, my Emilia, with how little impunity they neglect the service of Venus! Profit then by so sad an example, sacrifice often to the mother of Love, and permit me to give you the hand when you shall go to her temple. However, when the fury of Venus overtook a mortal, there were several ways of escaping from it; besides certain herbs which had the property of appeasing the transports of love, recourse might be had to the waters of the river Silemus; no sooner was the patient bathed in them than he forgot the beloved object. The rock of Leucadia, which was upon the shore of the Ionian sea, had the same blessed quality. The unhappy person sprung from the summit of this rock into the sea, and suddenly he was cured.

Many lovers of both sexes made trial of this perilous leap. Sappho, the illustrious Sappho, was amongst the number. She had the misfortune to love Phaon, a young Lesbian, to whom

Venus had given a vase of divine essence, which breathing over him, made him the most beautiful of men. The lover who loves himself loves nothing else ; such was the lover of Sappho. The tender poetess learned this truth by painful experience ; and to cure herself of the fatal attachment, determined to try the leap of Leucadia. Before she cast herself into the waves she placed her lyre, enwreathed with cypress and with myrtle, upon the strand, and engraved these verses upon the rock. These verses!—woe to the presumptuous hand that attempts to trace the sentiments of Sappho ! Listen to your own heart, my Emilia, and believe that it is only in the feelings of a tender and exalted soul we may hope to catch the echo of that of the Lesbian muse. Adieu.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A DISSERTATION ON NONSENSE.

He understood the speech of birds,
As well as they themselves do words.

THE facetious Hudibras has defined nonsense, as a certain other author does wit, by negatives. " Nonsense, (says he,) is that which is neither true nor false." These great properties of nonsense give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis, like adamant, secured by its natural strength against all conquests and attacks ; there is no one place about it weaker than another, to favor an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength : its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colors in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve or disapprove in nonsense. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it ; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities in

a well written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of theology.

After this short panegyric upon nonsense, I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favor with any person who may have distinguished himself in writing or talking in this way.

Before I proceed farther, I think it will be proper to take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonsense, and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold, phlegmatic temper, that, in a poor, mean, dispirited style, creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this composition gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities. Videri vult pauper, et est pauper. He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise; it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables; it has something in it like manliness and force; in a word, your high nonsense has a very majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like Æsop's ass clothed in a lion's skin.

There are some fellows that have something in them, which looks *like* sense, but is not sense, and will very often confound the sense of others. They are both incapable of being set right at first, and incapable of being set right after having vented their perplexities. I remember reading a description, somewhere, of two opposite factions in politicks, who maintained each their side of the question with equal firmness and obstinacy. There was (says my author) "a person amongst them of the first quality, that was by nature both in mind and body, a puzzle, from his first conception to the utmost extent of his judgement ridiculously absurd." This *animal*, a leader amongst one of the parties, used to put others upon saying, what he thought would interrupt business or break into what he thought improper to begin himself. This person was master of right nonsense, which may be properly called nonsense to the understanding: what he

said every body could observe had nothing in it, yet how to break in upon him, perplexed all the men of sense of the opponent party. Thus he stood impregnable in an illustrious assembly, casting forth blunders and inconsistencies,

> Which made some think, when he did gabble,
> Th' had heard three laborers of Babel.

And the leader used to sit sneering to observe how impregnable his fool was, and exulting himself, that it was not in the compass of all the sciences to aver that he had uttered nothing to the purpose, or to bring him to it.

> Which made some take him for a tool,
> That knaves do work with, call'd a *fool*.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which gives it the last finish and perfection. This is when a man without any meaning seems to have it, and so imposes upon us by the sound and arrangement of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. After having heard such a man, consider what you have learned from him, and you will immediately discover the deceit. N.

ANECDOTES RELATING TO BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In the *Indices* Expurgatorii of Roman Catholic countries we see many books condemned, which contain such treasures of learning, and exhibit such enlightened and liberal views of every subject which they discuss, as command the admiration of all the unbiassed and judicious. Who can hear without emotion that the works of such men as Linnæus and Robertson, men not more remarkable for the vigor of their genius, and the amplitude of their attainments, than for their sacred regard to religion, are prohibited on the continent of Europe, as dangerous in their tendency?

The slightest appearance of contradiction, though unintended, to the absurdities of a prevailing superstition, has of-

ten drawn down the weightiest vengeance on the unfortunate authors. A printer was beheaded in 1542 for the publication of a Dutch Bible.

Papebrock, a learned Jesuit of Antwerp, was condemned by the inquisition of Madrid, for advancing three heterodox assertions; first, that the Carmelite, or barefooted monks, were not descended from the prophet Elijah; secondly, that the image of our Saviour was not impressed on the sacred handkerchiefs; and that doubts might be entertained whether there was actually a Saint Veronica; and, lastly, that the church of Antwerp was not, as it pretended, in possession of that corporeal evidence, which proved the circumcision of Jesus Christ.

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William Prynne, the celebrated author of *Histriomastix*, a work levelled against the licentious amusements and practices which prevailed in the court of Charles I. was committed to the Tower of London in 1633, the year after its publication, and sentenced by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of 5000*l.* to the king; to be expelled from the university of Oxford, and the Temple of Lincoln's Inn; to be degraded, and disabled from practising his profession as a lawyer; to stand on the pillory; there to lose part of his ears; to have his book burnt before his face; and to be imprisoned for life. The execution of this severe sentence did not deter him from again exposing himself to the vengeance of the court by the publication of another work, entitled *News from Ipswich*, which made its appearance in 1637. He was a second time sentenced by the Star Chamber to pay a heavy fine, to lose the remainder of his ears on the pillory, to be branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L. (Schismatical Libeller,) and to be perpetually imprisoned. This sentence was enforced in all its rigor; but when the government was overturned by the revolutionists, he was relieved by an order of the House of Commons in 1640; and twenty years after was himself elected a member of parliament. Neither pros-

perous nor adverse fortune, however, could check his propensity to expose and inveigh against what he conceived to be abuses; and he now published some reflections against the House; for which he was compelled to apologise.

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Coward's *Thoughts on the Human Soul*, published at London, in 1702, were condemned by parliament to be burnt by the common hangman, as containing doctrines hostile to the Christian religion.

John Wilkes was expelled from parliament, in consequence of the publication of his *North Briton* and *Essay on Women*.

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One of the most beautiful specimens of vellum printing is a Roman breviary printed at Venice, in 1478. It is a large folio volume, consisting of 401 leaves. The vellum is of the finest quality, thin and remarkably white, and the typography so smooth and well defined as to vie with the most beautiful impression from copperplate. It is printed in black and red ink, and decorated with splendid illuminations in gold, and different vivid colors; and with paintings of different animals. Whole pages occur in red ink, which has no gloss; but the black ink is extremely deep, and shines as if varnished. A few months ago, the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland purchased a copy of this breviary for 100 guineas.

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Another very elegant work, of a similar description, entitled *Heures a l'usage de Rome*, was printed on vellum in 1507, or 1527. It is a small folio, consisting of 115 leaves, each page encircled by engravings on wood in great profusion, and, for the period of its appearance, extremely well executed.

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The practice of printing on vellum was almost wholly relinquished for many years, probably on account of its great expence; but was recently revived in several of the countries of Europe. Though modern works of this description

are said to be inferior in beauty to those of greater antiquity, still they are very highly valued, and bring an extraordinary price. Goldsmith's and Parnell's Poems, and the Economy of Human Life, were printed on vellum in 1804, and sold for fifteen guineas each.

Three copies of Lewin's British Birds were printed on vellum in 1796; one of which the author tore to pieces in a frenzy of passion, and each of the remaining two was sold for 140 guineas.

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We cannot let slip this opportunity of mentioning a very remarkable book, neither written nor printed, entitled *Liber passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, cum figuris et characteribus nulla materia compositis.* For this very singular bibliographic curiosity, Rodolphus II. of Germany offered 11,000 ducats, in the year 1640. It consists of the finest vellum; the whole letters of the text are cut out of each folio; and, being interleaved with blue paper, it is as easily read as if it had been printed. It lately belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is at present in France; but as it bears the royal arms of England, it appears extremely probable that it is an English production.

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To what an enthusiastic height some bibliographers have carried their fondness for early editions, the following facts will most strikingly illustrate. Ten guineas were paid for four odd leaves of an early edition of some of the works of Cicero. A first edition of Suetonius is valued at 100 guineas, and the Florentine Homer was recently purchased for 95*l.* sterling. The Mazarine Bible was sold in Edinburgh, in 1806, for 150 guineas; and the first edition of Shakspeare, published in 1623, is valued nearly as high.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XVIII.

THE HISTORY OF PETER PILGARLICK CONTINUED.

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They spend their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot, waste;—
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain!
————————How many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery.————————————
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
With deep retir'd distress!"

In a valuable, and once popular little book, written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled the Christian Hero, are the following striking remarks. They are so apposite to the subject of my present lucubration, that I think my readers will not require an apology from me for their introduction. "It is in every body's observation, with what disadvantage a poor man enters upon the most ordinary affairs; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all its possessor says or does, so poverty creates disesteem, scorn, and prejudice to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, or understanding for his own or his friend's use, but is in the same condition with the sick; with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve or assist, or if he does, 'tis seldom with so much pity as contempt, and rather for the ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient: It is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the

ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment: he is slighted in men's conversations, overlooked in their assemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas! has he this treatment? From a creature, that has only a supply of, but not an exemption from, the wants for which he despises him: for, such is the unaccountable insolence of man, he will not see, that he who is supported is in the same class of natural necessity with him that wants a support; and to be helped implies to be indigent."

The proverb says, "The poor man is always in a strange country." Riches will make their possessor a welcome denizen in any land where he may choose to abide. PETER PILGARLICK was not to be defeated by a single blow from iron-hearted Adversity. As he could not sleep after his tragi-comical adventure which was related in my last paper, he reclined his head on the pillow of wakefulness, and, pondering on his disastrous circumstances, held a self-communion; the wisdom of which will be made manifest by its effects on his conduct and fortune. "In seeking virtue, if you find poverty, be not ashamed; the fault is not yours. Your honor or dishonor is purchased by your own actions. If the service of Virtue make you poor, blush not; your poverty may be disadvantageous to you, but cannot dishonor you. To feel the extremity of want, and be always under discipline and mortification, must be very uncomfortable: but then you are to consider that the world will mend or wear off; and that the discharge will come shortly, and the hardship turn to advantage; that the contest is commendable and brave; and that it is dangerous and disgraceful to surrender." Thus, having animated his dejected mind with fresh and encouraging hopes, as I learn from his memoranda, he rose from his couch, like a lark in the morn, all life, and spirit, and exultation. He took his letters and manuscripts from the invaluable little trunk, which was in his view a source of

treasures, inexhaustible as the mines of Potosi, and conveniently transferable as the fabled purse of Fortunatus. Behold, said he, my passports to the best society in Bengal, and my claims to wealth and fame, if there be a printer of discernment, or a man of taste in India. And who shall dare doubt the existence of Mæcenases and Dodsleys in this rich and hospitable empire? Are Poesy and her lovers, Science and her votaries, the liberal Arts and their patrons, confined to Europe, and the inhabitants of Asia prohibited the worship of any other deities than PLUTUS and BELLONA? No, Englishmen are always the same, wherever they may reside. They may change their climates, but their minds are unaltered. This name, pointing to the superscription of a letter, will gain one hundred subscribers at least, and these, as many more. Three hundred gold mohurs, four thousand eight hundred sicca rupees! and a sure calculation! Without more reflection or hesitation, Peter put on his very best suit of clothes; and poor and scanty, indeed, was his wardrobe. Having inquired for direction to the houses of the gentlemen to whom he was "consigned," he set off, on foot, with a ticka kittysol* over his head, to deliver his introductory epistles. His first call was at the mansion of a gentleman, who was, while in India, celebrated as much for the urbanity of his manners, and the goodness of his heart, as for the elegant style of hospitality in which he lived, his splendid fortune, his personal and intellectual accomplishments. He shook his head, and sighed deeply, while perusing the letter. He informed the anxious "adventurer" that the harvest of "adventure" was over in this country, and that the field had been gleaned until not a solitary blade remained, to reward the toil and trouble of traversing a barren heath, which the hands

* Kittysol is a large umbrella carried by a servant to skreen his master from the sun. As it is extremely dangerous to walk with the head exposed to the force of tropical heat, a great number of men and boys earn their support by attending strangers or Europeans, who do not keep regular servants. They are called *ticka*, or occasional servants. We should call them "*packs*."

and feet of thousands had despoiled, trodden down, and made desolate. His advice to him was, "Go home, while you may. I understand that you are poor and are entirely destitute of cash; a few weeks residence here will inevitably involve you in debt. It is easy enough to contract debts in Calcutta. If a sircar knows that you are introduced to me, that circumstance will give you credit with him, and he will absolutely force you into his debt. But I will be candid with you. I have not a spare room in my house to offer you; but my table is at your service. I am prepossessed in your favor, not only by the character which my friend ——— has given you, but by your manners and countenance. Should you reject my advice to return to your native land, the consequences must remain entirely with yourself; you have no one to blame. Five or six hundred rupees are ready whenever you may think proper to prepare for your voyage. Leave the tavern immediately; go on board ship, and believe me, the best wish I can feel for you, is to wish you "well off." You must dine with me to day—my hour is always 7: recollect that, and that a plate will be regularly laid for you." A gentleman entering the room at this part of Mr. ———'s discourse, Peter thought proper to retire. I find by his memorandum, that on his return to his lodgings, he threw himself down on a bed in a state of sullen and stupid despondency. If a curious reader have a wish to know the position in which he lay, let him read the 38th chapter of the 2d volume of Tristram Shandy; in which the attitude of poor Mr. Shandy is described, after he had received the dreadful tidings of the demolition of the infant Tristram's nose. Thus he remained, fortunately undisturbed by either friendly or unfriendly intrusion. Weary nature at length was relieved by a calm and refreshing slumber. He awoke about 6 in the evening; and his complaining stomach recalled to his recollection his engagement to dine with his new and worthy acquaintance. A blue coat, rather too short for him, and evidently originally designed for some other person, was substituted in lieu of his white jacket; this was the only altera-

tion that he made in his dress, for he could but ill afford to shift suits as often as ceremony or even convenience and cleanliness required. This was a day of mortification for poor Peter. Alas! simpleton, for what was an English tongue put into thy head, if thou wert never to use it? Without saying a word, or asking a question, off he trudged to dinner. His kind host had not returned from his evening's ride, when Peter arrived at the door; but Mrs. ——— expecting the stranger, received him courteously. Now Mrs. ——— was something of a wag, and soon began to amuse herself, which, by the way, was not very kind, at Peter's expense. "Bless me," said she, "Mr. Pilgarlick, as you walked up the compound,* I thought you had set out rather extravagantly for a young man on his arrival in Bengal." How madam? "Why, I feared that you had been taken suddenly ill, and had sent your white servant to make your excuse. I really imagined that we were to be deprived of the pleasure of your company. You can't think how much I was surprised to find that I was deceived, and that your supposed servant was no other than yourself. Indeed, Mr. Pilgarlick, you should not expose your health so; pray, get a palankeen; and—bearer!—If you will be so good as to step to the head of the stairs, the bearer will wipe the dust off your boots." "By heavens!" continues Peter, "this was too much—and said in such a d——'d civilly provoking manner!—Two or three other ladies and some gents were present. I hesitated not to obey her commands; and by the tittering which followed me I could clearly perceive that my blue coat afforded an additional subject of merriment. I never should have had the courage to face this company again, had not my good host opportunely ascended the stairs while the bearer was dusting my boots. His presence restored me to some degree of courage and confidence. I resolved to despise the ill-natured remarks of the women, and swore a great oath in my heart, to watch every muscle in the counte-

* Anglicé, *yard.*

nances of the men, and fight them one and all, if I could discover the slightest motion of the eye, nose, or mouth, that could be contorted into an insult."

Peter's memorandum of the events of this eventful day faintly describes a dinner scene, that might have afforded a theme for the pencils of Hogarth or Bunbury, and the pens of Butler or Anstey. But having already drawn this paper to, I fear, a wearisome length, I must wish my kind readers a good night, promising them an accurate detail of Peter's mischances, mishaps, blunders, dilemmas, and twenty-seven mortifications, in a future number.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF

LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE TENTH.

ASTRONOMY—Part Third.

OF all the natural sciences, says the learned LA PLACE, astronomy is that which presents the longest series of discoveries. There is a vast distance from the first view of the heavens, to that general knowledge of them, which is possessed by those who contemplate them in the present day, and by which we comprehend the *past* and *future* state of the system of the world. To arrive at this, it was necessary to observe the heavenly bodies during the lapse of ages on ages ;*—to recognize from their appearances the real mo-

* The same observation may apply to astronomy in general, that was made by Seneca concerning the nature of comets, and their periodical appearances. "The only way" said he, "to come at a certainty on this subject, is by collecting a number of observations; for which purpose one age is not sufficient; but the time *will* come, when the nature of comets, and their magnitudes, will be demonstrated, and the *routes* they take, so different from the planets, explained. Posterity will then wonder that the preceding ages should have been ignorant of matters so plain and easy to be known."

tion of the earth; to develope the laws of the planetary motions; and from these observations to derive the principles of universal gravitation; and to *re-descend* from this principle to the complete investigation of all the celestial phenomena, even in their minutest details. This is what the human understanding has accomplished in astronomy. The exposition of these discoveries, and of the simple manner in which they may arise one from the other, would have the double advantage of presenting a great assemblage of important truths, and the true method which should be followed in investigating the laws of nature. This is the object which every philosopher ought to pursue in his inquiries, and should be undeviatingly prosecuted, not only in astronomical research, but in every department of natural science that can be subjected to the examination of human study, perseverance, and industry. For, throughout the material world, we discover analogies, resemblances, and connections, which, though they may apparently vary in their modifications, are simple and the same in their specific and essential qualities; and when their identity is detected, *then* we feel assured of having ascertained the common principle. Thus, gravity, in its general effect on all substances, is the same. All bodies, if left unsupported, will fall towards the ground, or rather to the centre of the earth. If a ball be dropped from the top of a steeple, it will descend to the earth by its gravity or weight overcoming any intermediate resisting medium, as the *air*. The power of the earth, which causes it to descend rather than to permit it to fly off in a contrary direction, is called attraction. If the same ball be suspended, the power with which it endeavors to fall, or with which it stretches the string that upholds it, is called *weight*; and when it can descend no further, but rests on the earth, or on a table, the power with which it endeavors to overcome that resistance, and sink to the centre of the earth, is called *pressure*. But all these effects are referred to one general cause, and we assign them to the grand principle of gravitation. It is this principle that binds the planets in their courses; and by its

laws the order and harmony of the planetary systems are preserved. Even when we notice the antagonist checks, by which nature works in keeping the planets in their orbits by centripetal and centrifugal motion, we must not lose sight of the principle of gravity for a moment; for though it is easy to believe, that the laws of gravitation draw all bodies within the influence of a primary body towards its centre, yet we cannot so readily comprehend why gravity should assist in the contrary direction, by which the same bodies are driven from their centres; yet common experience is sufficient to prove that the power, with which bodies in motion endeavor to fly from their centre, is in proportion to their density, or weight, or solid contents of matter; or in fact, to their gravity. By this wise provision of the omnipotent Creator, the harmony of the various systems of the universe is perpetuated; and the nicely balanced forces of attraction and repulsion, counteracting each other only to produce regularity and order, preserve, by their salutary difference, the peace and the energy of Nature.

By centripetal force, we mean the tendency which every body, when left to itself, has to descend to the centre of the earth, or of the earth towards the centre of our system. By centrifugal force we mean the effort which every moving body has to fly from the centre of its motion. It is an established law of nature, that all motion is of itself rectilinear, but the joint action of the centrifugal and centripetal powers causes bodies to revolve in a curve, instead of a right line; and where they are equal, they cause the body to describe a circle; but when in revolving the body recedes from the centre, *then* the centrifugal force exceeds the centripetal, and the body moves in an ellipse; and this is the figure of the orbits of the planets around the sun. If there were only a centripetal tendency in substances, the moon would fall to the earth, and every satellite to its primary, and the whole system would rush into the sun. If, on the contrary, there were a suspension of the centripetal power, the particles of matter which compose the sun and planets would fly off from

their several centres in right lines, and be dispersed through immeasurable regions of space, with a velocity, at whose very idea the brain turns giddy :—and well it may ; for with that idea is associated the dispersion and dissolution of the universe.

When we survey the solid substances of which our globe is composed, and consider how difficult it would be for an ignorant spectator, unassisted by instruments of the most delicate construction, to ascertain the relative densities and gravities of objects daily seen, and familiar to his notice, we can easily appreciate the sublimity of the attempt of Newton to compute the weight and densities of the sun and the several planets. That mighty genius discovered the means of effecting the arduous purpose, and established the principle on which an adequate calculus could be predicated. La Place, following the same principle, and possessing more accurate data, has solved the problem with more precision. He concludes that Jupiter is not quite the 1000th part of the sun ; Saturn about one third the mass of Jupiter, and Uranus or Herschel, one half. The earth is less than the 300,000th part of the sun, Venus not much less, Mars about twice as great as the earth, and Mercury about a seventh part. The masses of the planets which have satellites are determined with considerable exactness ; the periodical time of a satellite compared with its distance affording a measure of the intensity with which it gravitates towards its primary. The masses of the planets which have no satellites cannot be known with the same certainty, and are computed from an hypothesis, which, though it agree with the earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, is nevertheless precarious ; viz. that the densities of the planets are inversely as their distances from the sun. When the mutual disturbances of the planets shall be more accurately ascertained by long observation, the masses of them all will probably be determined. If the planets only obeyed the action of the sun, they would revolve around it in eliptical orbits ; but they act mutually on each other, and on the sun ; and from these various attractions, there must re-

sult perturbations in their elliptic progressions, which are to a certain degree perceived by observation, and which it is necessary to determine, in order to construct exact tables of the planetary motions. The rigorous solution of this problem surpasses, at present, the powers of analysis, and we are obliged to have recourse to approximations. Fortunately, the smallness of the masses, compared to the sun, and the minuteness of the eccentricity, and of the inclination of their orbits, afford considerable facility to this object.

When the satellites of Jupiter were discovered, and for long after, it was thought sufficient that they were found to obey the great laws of nature, that the squares of their periodic times were in proportion to the cubes of their mean distances from their primary. The most sanguine theorist never dreamt that the calculus would go so far as to determine the inequalities of their motions produced by their mutual action on one another. To effect this desideratum was a task reserved for the astonishing powers of La Place; and he has shewn the agreement between theory and observation to be as complete here, as in any other part of our planetary system.

When Jupiter comes into a line between any of his satellites and the sun, the satellite disappears, being eclipsed, or involved in his shadow. When either of the satellites goes behind the body of Jupiter, it is said to be *occulted*, being hidden from our sight by the planet: and when either of the satellites arrives at a position between Jupiter and the sun, we see its shadow on the primary, eclipsing it and appearing as a round black spot; and, when either of the satellites passes between Jupiter and us, it is said to *transit* the disc of the planet. With the use of the eclipses of these satellites we shall be better acquainted in another part of the lecture. Jupiter is attended by four satellites, or moons; these are invisible to the naked eye, but through a telescope they make a beautiful appearance. As our moon turns round the earth, enlightening the nights by reflecting the light she receives from the sun, so these also enlighten the nights of Jupiter,

and move round him in different periods of time, proportioned to their several distances; and as the moon keeps company with the earth in its annual revolution round the sun, so these accompany Jupiter in his course round that luminary. The outermost of Jupiter's satellites will appear almost as big as the moon does to us; five times the diameter, and twenty-five times the disc of the sun as seen from that planet. The four satellites must afford a pleasing spectacle to the inhabitants of Jupiter; for sometimes they will rise altogether, sometimes be at the same time on the meridian, ranged one under another, and besides will be frequently eclipsed. Notwithstanding the distance of Jupiter and his satellites from us, their eclipses are of considerable use for ascertaining with accuracy the longitude of places. From the four satellites the inhabitants of Jupiter have as many different kinds of months, and the number of them in their year is no less than 4500.

An astronomer in Jupiter will never see Mercury, Venus, the earth, or Mars; because, from the immense distance at which he is placed, they must appear to accompany the sun, and rise and set with him; but then he will have for the objects of his observation his own four moons, Saturn, his ring and satellites, and the Georgium Sidus with his satellites. The appearance of Jupiter through a telescope opens a vast field for speculative inquiry. The surface is not equally bright, but is distinguished by certain bands or belts of a duskier color than the rest of the surface, running parallel to each other, and to the plane of its orbit. They are not regular or constant in their appearance; sometimes only one is seen, at other times eight have been seen. Their breadth is also variable, one belt growing narrow while another in its neighborhood becomes broader, as if one had flowed into the other; in this case, an oblique belt has been observed to lie between them, as if for the purpose of forming a communication. Sometimes one or more spots are formed between the belts, which increase until the whole are united in one large dusky band. There are also bright spots to be discov-

ered on Jupiter's surface; these are rather more permanent than the belts, and reappear after unequal intervals of time. The remarkable spot, by whose motion the rotation of Jupiter on his axis was ascertained, disappeared in 1694, and was not seen again till 1708, when it reappeared exactly in the same place, and has been occasionally seen ever since. The disappearance and reappearance of the spots are not so wonderful as the changes that have been observed in the belts. The elder Cassini saw one evening five belts upon the planet, but while he was viewing them, they underwent the most surprising change. In an hour from their fullest appearance there remained only three out of five, and one of these scarcely perceptible. For the cause of these appearances, we are referred by eminent philosophers to the changes in the density of Jupiter's atmosphere, as occasioned by variations of temperature, and other incidental agencies, which produce the phenomena, and are sufficient to account for them.

The ring of Saturn is one of the greatest anomalies in our system. It is a thin, broad, opaque, circular body, encompassing that planet like the wooden horizon of an artificial globe, without touching it, and appearing double when seen through a good telescope. La Place, whose name is now of the highest authority in the school of philosophy, says it is formed of two concentric rings of very small thickness. By what mechanism are they supported round the planet? It is not probable that this should take place from the simple adhesion of their particles; since, were this the case, the parts nearest to Saturn, solicited by the constantly renewed action of gravity, would be at length detached from the rings, which would, by an insensible diminution, finally disappear, like all those works of nature which have not sufficient force to resist the action of external causes. These rings support themselves, then, without effort, and only by the lines of equilibrium. But for this it is requisite to suppose them possessed of a rotatory motion round an axis perpendicular to their plane, and passing through the centre of Saturn, so that

their gravitation towards the planet may be balanced by the *centrifugal* force due to the motion.

Various are the conjectures respecting the use of this ring, and we are as ignorant of that, as we are of its nature. The space between it and the globe of Saturn is supposed to be rather more than its breadth, which is about 21,000 miles. The concentric rings, which form the phenomenon, as generally denominated, are entirely detached from each other, and of unequal dimensions. Stars have been seen through the vacancy between them. The sun shines almost 15 of our years together, on one side of Saturn's ring, without setting, and as long on the other in its turn; so that it is visible to the inhabitants of that planet 15 years, nearly, and as long invisible, if its axis have no inclination to its ring. But if the axis of the planet be inclined to the ring about 30 degrees, the ring will appear and disappear once in every natural day to all the inhabitants within 30 degrees of the equator, on both sides, frequently eclipsing the sun in a Saturnian day; and if Saturn's axis be so inclined to its ring, it is perpendicular to its orbit; and, of course, there is but one season incident to that planet.

When we see the ring most open, its shadow upon the planet is broadest; and from that time it grows narrower, as the ring does to us, until, by Saturn's annual motion, the sun comes to the plane of the ring, which then, being directed towards us, becomes invisible on account of its thinness. As seen from Saturn, it appears like a luminous arch in the heavens, as if it did not belong to the planet. Although the phenomenon we have been describing be termed the ring, yet we must always consider it as composed of two separate circular substances, of very unequal dimensions; the diameter of the smaller being, from interior to exterior edge, 146,345 miles; of the larger 204,883 miles, almost 26 times the diameter of our earth! This immense circle has a rotatory motion round its axis, with a velocity which enables it to complete a revolution in 10 hours, 32 minutes, and 16 sec-

onds of time, the computed length of Saturn's day, as calculated by Dr. Usher.

Concerning this ring there are various hypotheses. Kepler, and after him Dr. Halley, in his inquiry into the causes of the variation of the needle, suppose that our earth may be composed of several crusts or shells concentric, and one within another. If this be the case, say they, the ring of Saturn may be the fragment or remaining part of his formerly exterior shell, the rest of which is broken, or fallen down upon the body of the planet. Now, without entering into any discussion, the mind seems to revolt at first sight against an idea of the chaotic state in which so large a portion of the ring must necessarily be, if hypotheses founded on such phenomena may be admitted. Other astronomers have assigned other causes of the existence and appearance of this vast and astonishing planetary appendage. Some have imagined that it is composed of a congeries or series of moons, revolving about the primary orb.

The uses of the ring of Saturn, we before observed, are still a subject of conjecture. The Almighty, doubtless, has formed his creatures with constitutions adapted to the planets in which they reside, and we may fairly advance this proposition with confidence, as true from analogy, and reasoning from what we behold in the world which we inhabit. From the equator to the arctic circle, we see human beings formed and *capacitated* for the climates in which they are born, and in which they seem destined to live; the force of that destination decreasing from the highest inhabited northern latitudes, until we approach the confines of the torrid zone. The hardy, unambitious, contented Greenlander enjoys his peculiar bounties of nature, without accusing her of having dealt them with a stinted hand. He has strength and courage to brave the dangers of an arctic sea, and skill to collect his proper and favorite food and raiment. While he can supply the daily wants of his family with fish and seal, and occasionally with the luxury of a rein deer, he is as happy as the most opulent citizen of polished and enlightened

Britain or America. In the regions where our terrestrial heat is most intense, the sable inhabitants have also their appropriate blessings. There the hand of nature is prodigal of vegetable bounties, and the soil produces fruits in abundance, and almost spontaneous harvests. There is the empire of Indolence and Sensuality, and there dwells a race of mortals, in physical and intellectual endowments, fitted for all the enjoyments, and calculated for all the necessary labors of the part of creation in which Providence has placed them. Let us enlarge then the scope of our observation, and ask, Whether our earth, with its obvious varieties of climate, be the only habitable part of creation? The distance of Saturn from the sun has led some astronomers to conclude that his light and heat are unfit for rational inhabitants. Whoever views it in the night, and considers how far it is really placed in our system from its centre, will pause before he coincides in that opinion, or deem that immense body a desert in the universe. It is ascertained that the sun affords to Saturn 500 times as much light as the full moon does to our earth. His heat, so far as it depends on the sun's rays, is certainly much less than ours; to which the bodies of its inhabitants are as well adapted as ours are to the seasons of our variable year; and, in one grand essential, with respect to temperature, Saturn and Jupiter have a remarkable peculiarity; neither of these planets being subjected to the rigors of winter, even at its poles. But when we consider the ring of Saturn as the probable cause of an infinitude of light and heat, by collecting, refracting, and transmitting the rays of the sun to the planet, and calculate the brilliant effects of the 7 satellites, in illuminating the distant primary with their reflected beams, we cannot for a moment hesitate to believe that the inhabitants of that planet, when surveying the other luminaries of our system, unite with us in the grand and universal apostrophe—GREAT AND MARVELLOUS ARE THY WORKS, O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, IN WISDOM HAST THOU CREATED THEM ALL.

CHARACTER OF A DASHING GIRL.

Fanny Wilding was what the world calls an animated girl:—she would pun, throw in a jest wherever she could, affect opinions different from all the world, talk upon abstruse subjects, quote Homer to an officer of the army, and talk of *perpetual motion* to an *effeminate* man of fashion.

Self-opinionated, with complete *self* possession, a sarcastic sneer, and a bewitching smile, a good person, and many accomplishments, this young woman was known as a *genius*. She was a connoisseur in painting, an amateur in music, a perfect dancer, an exquisite performer on the pianno, and a miracle in singing.—She wrote tales and poems, published on wove paper and broad margins, made designs for furniture, dressed in the most outré costume to set fashions, and, in short, was a *fine*, *dashing*, *animated* girl—and a more horrible thing is there not upon earth. Modesty and diffidence are the attributes of woman: their silence is eloquence, and their timidity conquest.

Miss Wilding did not think so, and rattled away most furiously; called one man a "horrid brute, another a vile monster," hurried over all topics but where she could raise the laugh, which she would do at any body's expense except her own.

But, with all this blaze of notoriety, did any body esteem her particularly?—Was there any one man upon earth, who on his pillow could say—"Heavens! what an angel is Fanny Wilding!" Had she ever refused an offer of marriage? No! for a palpable reason—nobody ever made her one. She was like a fine firework, entertaining to look at, but dangerous to come too near to; her bouncing and cracking in the open air gave a lustre to surrounding objects, but there was not a human being who could be tempted to take the exhibition into his own house, and run the risk of burning his fingers with it.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Count Benyowsky.

This Hungarian adventurer has been more praised than he deserves. The early part of his life was occupied in plots, conspiracies, and escapes; and, in his better days, we find him in the service of France, forming a settlement in Madagascar, and afterwards offering his aid, or rather his treachery, to several of the sovereigns of Europe. We are concerned to find, that the life and history of such a man has been thought worthy of preservation. His abilities may have been brilliant, and his bravery undaunted; but he who was an outlaw from his native country, who could shine only in intrigues and conspiracies, and who could offer the power of his sword to the highest bidder, is a man whom posterity is under no obligations to remember. A soldier who fights for his native country, even in the worst cause, is a character which every person must revere. But the renegado, who wanders about in search of employment for his sword, and is willing to draw it against any foe, is a murderer by profession, who plunders without an object, and slays without a provocation. Such a man was Benyowsky, and such a man it is impossible to admire. *Ed. Ency.*

Memory

Is an inestimable gift. No one (says Plato) without this faculty can attain any eminence in philosophy. I know some persons who boast of having a bad memory, and hope to establish a character of superior judgement on this defect. Others complain of possessing too tenacious a memory, because it retains the recollection of past misfortunes. Some authors relate, that Selim, the son of Bajazet the Second, and father of Soliman, took into his mouth every day a grain that grows in Turkey, and has the quality of expurging the memory from all disagreeable reflections. If the tale be

true, Turkey possesses one of the greatest rarities and treasures in the world.

—

Hyperbole.

Aristotle describes this figure of speech as peculiar to persons under the influence of anger, or young people, who relate every thing with exaggeration. An acquaintance of mine, feeling indignation at the boasts of wealth uttered by a man whose poverty he well knew, exclaimed in anger, "Here this man says he has a large house, encircled with an extensive wood, when I am certain that a tortoise would walk over his house in ten minutes, and that he has not wood enough to make a toothpick."

—

An illiterate Cardinal.

Cardinal Maldachini, a nephew of Pope Innocent the Tenth, was equally remarkable for the inelegance of his form and the poverty of his intellects. In his journey from Rome to Loretto, he met with a large party of Spanish, Italian, and German students, who ran after his carriage, crying out "Eminentissime Cardinalis, fac nobis caritatem:" Most illustrious Cardinal, bestow your charity on us. While they continued running, and were almost out of breath, the Cardinal was busy in searching his pockets; but finding no money there suitable to his purpose, and desirous of shewing them that he understood Latin, he looked at them very graciously, and said, "Non habeo caritatem:" I have no charity.

—

The Power of Beauty.

Olympias suspected that her husband Philip of Macedon withdrew his attachment to her in favor of a Thessalian lady. In conformity to the general opinion concerning the people of Thessaly, the queen suspected that her rival had used magic arts to seduce the affections of Philip. Stimulated by the desire of revenge, and abhorrence of the frail Thessalian's frauds, she rushed into her presence. On the first sight of the beauty of complexion, and symmetry of features and

limbs of her rival, the queen exclaimed, "I see, lady, and forgive your sorcery; it consists in your charms alone. To look upon you is the same thing as to love you." The queen, proud and vindictive as she was, could not accuse the lady of any crime; and exhibited in herself a rare instance of beauty disarming jealousy.

—

The Rabbins.

The rabbins, in a manner peculiar to themselves, and in this instance with great humor, have comprehended in the following short sentence all that the Greek and Latin orators and poets have said on the subject of riches, and their influence in procuring friends and followers: "At the door of a tavern, or a ball-room, we meet many brothers and friends; at the door of a prison, we meet neither the one nor the other." To obviate the objection that might be made to the negligent or immoral conduct of some of their synagogue doctors, the rabbins offer the following candid advice to their auditors:

Mark the instructions of your teachers,
And trust to them, as able preachers.
But, should their lives incur your blame,
Their counsel still remains the same.
Observe, while thus you pick your way,
Not what they *do*, but what they *say*.

—

Anecdote of Pompey.

When this great general was at the point of death, his physicians prescribed to him the eating of a thrush. It was suggested, that the season for catching those birds was past; and that there was no chance of obtaining one but from the menagerie of Lucullus, a man notorious for his gluttony. Pompey objected to any application being made to him on this occasion; and exclaimed with indignation, "Shall the life of Pompey be indebted to the epicurism of Lucullus?"

Song from the Spanish.

What is my fault, say, rebel eyes,
That thus against my peace you rise?
Intended as my guides, you stray,
And my bewilder'd steps betray:
The object that enchants your view,
You know my aching heart must rue.
Pointing where lovely Chloe lies,
Why thus torment me, wicked eyes?
Robb'd of her sight, you flow with tears,
That sight which still augments my cares!
And, whilst you glory in your chains,
My bosom feels a thousand pains:
And you, rebellious eyes, enjoy
Those charms which my poor heart destroy.
Whilst you her praises oft recite,
And swear the sun is not so bright;
To all the stars her charms compare,
Nor think the pale moon half so fair;
A deadly poison you impart,
And cramp the veins of my sad heart;
And through my whole exhausted frame
Kindle a fatal scorching flame.
What fault of mine, say, rebel eyes,
Could cause my heart such miseries?

—

Ocular superior to auricular Evidence.

When Thales the philosopher of Miletus was asked how great the distance was between truth and falsehood, he replied, "The same which subsists between the eye and the ear."

Non laudandus est cui plus credit qui audit, quam qui videt.
Non placet, cum illi plus laudant qui audiunt, quam qui vident.
Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem:
Qui audiunt, audita dicunt; qui vident, planè sciunt.
Plauti Truculentus, Act ii. Sc. 6.

I don't commend the man, who rather trusts
His ears than eyes. It discomposes me
When those are louder in their commendations
Who've only heard reports, than those who saw
The deeds perform'd. And one eye-witness weighs
More than ten hear-says. Seeing is believing
All the world over.

Warner's Plautus.—The Churl.

—

Absurdities of Scepticism.

Sceptical philosophers, who profess to doubt of every thing, and whom Tertullian calls professors of ignorance, lay down nevertheless an affirmative position, when they say that they cannot affirm any thing; and their assertion, that no one can obtain true knowledge, is positive and without reserve.

Denique nil sciri si quis putat, id quoque nescit,
An sciri poterit quo se nil scire fatetur.

The sage, who, full of doubts, maintain'd
No kind of truth could be obtain'd,
In argument can find no clue
To prove his own position true.

—

Penalties for Murders.

A canon of Castille had murdered a shoe-maker, and he was prohibited from serving in the choir. The son of the artist, indignant at the slight punishment of the murderer of his father, slew the canon in revenge. Peter, surnamed the *Just*, king of Portugal, and son of Alfonso, surnamed the *Fierce*, informed of the fact, and of the favor shewn to the canon, decreed, that the young shoe-maker should not practise his art for a year.

—

The opposite Offices of a Judge and Pleader.

On all trials in a court of justice, the judge and advocate assume opposite characters. The judge strives to discover

the truth: the pleader to conceal or disfigure it. The judge keeps the medium, which is the point of equity: the pleader searches out the extremes. The judge must be rigid, austere, and inflexible: the advocate supple and accommodating; complying with the inclinations of his client, and entering into his interests. The judge should be steady, uniform, and unvariable; pursuing ever one direct line: the pleader adopts every mode of proceeding. The judge must divest himself of the influence of his passions: the advocate endeavors to excite those of his audience, and appears to sympathise with the feelings of his client. The judge should hold his scales in the same straight lines, and preserve the equilibrium: the advocate flings a weight into one scale, and destroys the balance. The judge holds a sword in his hand: the pleader endeavors to wrest it from him.

—

A Drunkard's Epitaph.

FROM THE FRENCH.

HERE lie the remains of a jolly good fellow,
Who, while he was living, still lov'd to be mellow;
Whose only employ, till by death's arrow slain,
Was to go to the cellar, and thence, back again.

—

Epigram.

CEASE, fairest Julia, lovely railer, cease,
Of Edith's faults the number to increase;
Into her failings with less rigor pry,
Nor view her beauties with so keen an eye.
'Tis clearly seen, and you'll allow 'tis true,
Her greatest fault is—not resembling you.

—

Shaving.

It is said that men first began to shave their beards in the time of Alexander. At Athens the introduction of the custom occasioned the cognomen of *the Shavers*. Diogenes, seeing one without his beard, said, "Do you complain of nature, because she made you a man instead of a woman?"

SELECT SENTENCES.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature.

THERE are but two periods of life in which truth is visible to us to any purpose: in youth for our instruction—in old age for our consolation. During the reign of the passions truth abandons us.

AN ambassador from Persia asked the wife of Leonidas, why women were so much honored at Lacedemon? "Because women," replied she, "can form the manners of men."

A GRECIAN lady showed the mother of Phocion her jewels, and requested to see hers: "Here are my ornaments and my jewels," said the latter, pointing to her children!

IT is useful to look closely into men, to see them undisguised and arrayed only in their every-day merit. At a distance, the favorites of fortune impose upon you: distance places them in an advantageous point of view—fame exaggerates their merit, and flattery deifies them: approach, and you find them only men.

YOU must only lend yourself to what is pleasant; as soon as you give yourself up to it, you are preparing sorrows. The greater part of mankind make use of the first part of life to make the other miserable.

WHEN you ardently wish for any thing, begin by examining the thing desired; observe the good it promises you, and the evils which attend it. Remember that passage in Horace. "Pleasure marches foremost, and conceals her train."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IMITATION OF PART OF A SATIRE OF HORACE.

"Cur hoc?
Dicam si potero. Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex," &c. HOR. SAT. 2. LIB. 2.

IMITATED.

But why do simple viands yield a zest
Denied to those in Luxury's kitchens drest?
With empty stomachs half an hour remain,
And all the wond'rous secret I'll explain;
The pamper'd glutton loaths his spicy food,
And pays Jove's bounty with ingratitude;
Darkling, he grovels, and can never find
A healthy appetite, or thankful mind;
Like a corrupted judge he shuns the light,
And either knows not, or avoids the right;
So the sick stomach ever prone to ill,
Courts the false joys, that but allure to kill.
Give me the morning's keen and bracing air,
A generous steed to course the nimble hare;
Give me the war-hore, who, with burning breath,
Snorts when the clarion sounds the charge of death.—
But if, too long inur'd to Grecian* games,
You tire, when Roman sport† your vigor claims,

* Grecian games. Not literally to play the games of Greece, but to indulge in the pleasures of the table, to which the Greeks were much addicted.

† Roman sport; particularly military exercises. But if these were too severe, the poet advises the practice of gentler ones—such as the *follis*, which they struck about with their arm, guarded for that purpose with a wooden bracer. The *harpastum*, which was played by two companies, striving to throw it through each other's goals. The *discus*, which was made of iron, stone or copper, 5 or 6 fingers broad, and more than a foot long, inclining to an oval form. A celebrated critic is of opinion, that the discus is an improvement of the pastoral sport of casting sheep hooks. Homer and Virgil both mention this ancient diversion of the

Bid the hard follis from your arm rebound,
Or drive th' harpastum o'er the level ground,
Or in its graceful curve the discus wing,
The jav'lin dart, or twirl the rapid sling ;
A thousand pleasures on such labors smile,
And in amusement you forget the toil.
Then, exercise ! thy blest effects are known,
And oaten cakes unwet with wine go down.—
Then, none refuse the peasant's homely dish,
Nor mourn that stormy seas deny them fish ;
And while on plain and wholesome food you dine,
Who calls for honey to allay his wine ?*

All virtuous minds the base self-pilferer hate,
And scorn his ill got wealth and dingy state.
Prudence her neat and simple charms displays,
Ofellus here distinction's tribute pays ;—
The squalid miser yet pretends to hide
His sordid views beneath a name allied,
Yet in its real sense—of difference wide.—
Thus, the mean wretch whose board the woods supply
With acrid berries, when his friends are dry,
Gives stinking water from his greasy pots ;—
He cheats the gods with wine unfit for sots,
And oil whose stench drives beggars from his doors,
When vile libations from a horn he pours ;—
And this on solemn feasts—when friends obey
The call to celebrate his natal day,
Or that, on which the niggard bridegroom led
His half starv'd, loathing, trembling bride to bed.
He, with strong vinegar right sharp and stale,
Seasons the mess on which his friends regale ;—

rustics. The discus was also sometimes thrown by the help of a leathern thong or sling.

* Allay his wine. Falernian wine, which was strong, and rough to the taste, was commonly softened with honey from Mount Hymettus, in Attica.

His coleworts, late in yester ev'ning sold,
And wrinkled olives more than five years old,
Complete the dainties! Avidienus† known,
Is nicknam'd dog by every child in town.
To those, who life's plain frugal passage tread,
Give independence and a crust of bread;
From nature's founts their sparkling beverage flows,
To them each month its proper gift bestows;
Theirs are the mind content, the reason clear,
And grateful heart throughout the varied year.

† Avidienus was called a dog on account of his avarice and sordid habits of living.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE ROSE.

The beams of the morning the tears had not dried,
Which night had distilled on each flower,
When Venus, with Cupid, that rogue, by her side,
Sought the sweets of her eglantine bower.

But alas! they were gone, for some insolent elf
Had dar'd to profane the retreat;
And a rose tree, the goddess had planted herself,
Lay broken and dead at her feet.

With a frown on her brow, tho' a smile lurk'd beneath,
To Cupid, in anger she said,
"Thou mischievous urchin! 'tis *thou* art the thief,
For blushes thy forehead o'erspread.

The rose from its stem thou hast wantonly torn—
Its leaves are of zephyrs the sport,
And to punish thy frolics, which long I have borne,
Thou banished shalt be from our court!"

But the smile chased the frown, as he made this reply,
"Dear mother, if banished from you,

With the *rose*, the first cause of my crime, let me sigh,
And mingle my tears with its *dew*."

" Tell me where 'tis conceal'd ? since thy guilt is confest,
Say, where do its beauties now fade ?"
" Transplanted, the *rose* blooms on Emily's *breast*,
And the *dew* to her *lip* I convey'd !"

THE LILLY RIVALLED.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

A LILLY of the silent vale,
That flaunted in the summer gale,
All Nature challeng'd, far and nigh,
With her celestial white to vie :
The silver buds and silken flow'rs,
That grace the gardens, groves, and bow'rs,
In competition durst not rise,
But hung their heads and clos'd their eyes,
Till *Laura* cropp'd it, as she stray'd,
And on her snowy bosom laid ;
Then droop'd the proud one in despair,
To find a spotless rival there.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

MARRY, or not to marry ? that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of deceitful love ;
Or in my arms t' embrace a tender wife,
And by uniting, end them ? to live alone
No more : and by marrying, say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand make shifts that
Bach'lors are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To marry, to live ;
In peace ! perchance in war : ay, there's the rub ;
For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,

Must give us pause—there's the respect,
That makes matrimony of so long life;
For who would bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for operas, and balls,
The insolence of children, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take,
When he himself might his *quietus* gain
By living single? Who would wish to bear
The jeering name of bachelor,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
(Ah! that vast expenditure of income,
No tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather choose the single life,
Than go to jail for debts we know not of?
Thus economy makes bach'lors of us still;
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increas'd upon more serious thought;
And single men, who perhaps might soon be married,
With this regard, from wedlock turn awry,
And lose the name of husband.

MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW.

BOSTON THEATRE.

March 2. The Provoked Husband (1)—Rosina.
4. School for Scandal—Poor Soldier.

(1) Mr. and Miss Holman revisited us this evening in the characters of *Lord* and *Lady Townly*. They were cordially greeted by the few who were present at their first appearance. The extreme paucity of numbers, which made up the audience on this and most of the nights of their performance, is a phenomenon, the secret of which we confess we have not philosophy enough to find out. We forbear to speak of the merits of Mr. and Miss Holman, as it will be seen by an inspection of the register of plays that they have been chiefly engaged in repeating their last year's performances. A recurrence to the Polyanthos, vol. I. (new series enlarged) will show that they then stood high in our estimation. With

7. Jane Shore—Forty Thieves
9. Much Ado about Nothing—Cinderella
11. Castle Spectre—Valentine and Orson
14. As you like it—Blue Beard
16. Provoked Husband—Hamlet Travestie
18. Alexander the Great—Forty Thieves
21. Cymbeline—Paul and Virginia
23. Alexis the Czarewitz (2)—Timor the Tartar
25. Alexis—Turnpike Gate

us they "*hold the same estimation as formerly*," but we are sorry to add they are not "*so followed*."

(2) Having unwarily filled out our accustomed number of pages, the *Index* which belongs to this number compels us to omit notices of Mr Eustaphieve's new play of *Alexis*, and of *Cymbeline*, which was revived, after having been laid aside for twenty years, for the benefit of Mr. Holman.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, OBITUARY NOTICES, &c. &c.

LECTURING.

So fashionable is the mode of giving instruction by Lectures in the various departments of Science, that no less than six different courses of Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, have been patronised by the public of Boston during the past winter, and the Professor of Botany at Harvard College is just commencing a Course on that branch of science at the hall in Pond street. There is one art, however, in which no one without the walls of the neighboring university seems to be disposed to come forward as an instructer—an art most necessary to be known, but in which some of the Professors in other arts are most lamentably deficient—an art, without which the knowledge of others can never be pleasantly communicated by a lecturer to his hearers—we mean *Elocution*, or the *art of reading*.

Some years since, Mr. FENNELL, after delivering a course of readings and recitations, which were attended with great satisfaction and profit by a fashionable audience, commenced a course of instruction in elocution, and was honored with the patronage of some of the first families for respectability in the town. He might have enjoyed that patronage to the present time; but abandoned the honorable and profitable employment for the wild project of establishing a *College* at Charlestown. Since then no attempt has been made to teach the art of reading. We say *none*,—supposing that the duties of the professor of rhetoric and oratory at Cambridge are confined more to instructions for *composing rhetorically*, than for *reading* or *speaking* what is already composed.

We have introduced this article partly for the purpose of awakening to this subject the attention of those, who, like ourselves, can read "*words*, *words*, *words*," but sometimes find a difficulty in pronouncing written compositions with such modulation and inflection of voice as to give (not merely the sense of an author so as to be understood, but) all the force, beauty, and variety of which it is susceptible;—and partly for the eye of Mr. HOLMAN, who, being undoubtedly qualified for a teacher of elocution, could he be induced to make the experiment, would no doubt find more honor and profit than seem to await him on the stage.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have seen the first number of a new weekly paper published at Pittsburgh, entitled "THE WEEKLY LEVEE, a Literary Junket, by Richard Rummager, Esq. F. O. S." to which the editor has prefixed the following motto—

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui musas colimus severiores.
Free from licentiousness our style and taste
Shall keep our JUNKET nice, our LEVEE chaste.

A monthly scientific and literary work has also been lately established at the same place, entitled "THE WESTERN GLEANER."

DIED,

In England, the Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, of the Methodist sect. So anxious were many of his admirers to possess some memorial of the deceased, that his effects, books, &c. were sold at the most extravagant prices. A cart, not worth six pounds, sold for 200*l.*; and an old arm chair, not worth five dollars, sold for sixty guineas; and a hymn-book, worth half a crown, brought 26 guineas.

In Sutterton, (Eng.) Mr. Craybourn, whitesmith, aged 75. He began business as a church-bell hanger, and an ingenious change-ringer, with the small sum of 16*s.* gleaned in Christmas boxes, and left to his offspring 20,000 pounds sterling.

In Parma, Nov. 30, JEAN BAPTIST BODONI, the most celebrated printer in Italy. He was a member of the Imperial Order of Reunion, and mayor of the city of Parma; Æt. 73. The city, in honor of the memory of this great artist, decreed him a public funeral and a monument.

In Newbern, N. C. Mrs. Mary B. wife of John P. Daves, Esq. Æt. *fourteen.*

In Boardman, (Ohio) Maj. RICHARD ELLIOT, formerly of Kent, (Con.) The circumstances of his death as related are truly extraordinary. On returning at evening from the town of Poland he observed two lights coming towards him in the shape of a half moon; and when the lights met him they seemed to enclose him in a circle round his breast, when he heard a voice distinctly say "Are you prepared to die?" to which he answered "If it is GOD's will I think I am." The lights then passed him a short distance, but turning back followed him until he arrived against the burying ground, where they made a stand, and he could observe them on looking back for half a mile. On reaching home he stated the above circumstances to his family, and afterwards to several of his particular friends, adding his full belief that he was soon to die, and made preparations accordingly with manifest resignation to the will of Providence. On the 3d day after seeing the lights he was seized with the prevailing epidemic, and died the next day.

In Waterford, (N. Y.) Mrs. ELDRED, killed by her husband, whilst he was (it is supposed) in a fit of insanity.

In New-York, Mrs. BRIDGET RAGLAND, a native of Ireland; she had been thrown into the fire by her husband, and was burnt so as to occasion her death: jury's verdict, murder.

In Middletown, (Con.) Mr. AMOS BARNES, Æt. 82; he lived 29 days without taking any nourishment.

In New-Haven, Capt Major Lines, 66. He was the oldest seaman in that place, and perhaps in the state—had performed one hundred and eleven voyages to foreign parts;

forty years he commanded in different vessels, in which station he was constantly distinguished for marine knowledge, intrepidity in danger, persevering industry and humanity; and as a merchant for good calculation, despatch, correct accounting, and integrity, had the friendship and esteem of every owner and of all the seamen with whom he had ever been connected.

In South Hero, (Vt.) 29th ult. Col. Ephraim Sawyer, formerly of Lancaster, (Ms.) Æt. 94. He was an officer in the provincial armies in the reigns of George II. and George III. and in the American army during the revolution.

In Portsmouth, (N. H.) a child of Capt. Jona. Hooker, Æt. 2 yrs. by drinking boiling coffee from the spout of a coffee-pot.

In Medfield, on the 28th ult. Rev. Thomas Prentiss, D. D. Æt. 66.

In Salem, Mr. John Russell, 35. He was in employment on board the prison ship as a quarter master, and on Wednesday night he got up from his bed and went to a door at the side of the ship, and opened it; the centinel observing him, spoke to him, when he fell over and was soon after taken up dead.

In Millbury, 26th Feb. last, Col. Jona. Holman, Æt. 82; he was an active and distinguished officer in the revolutionary war, and a uniform supporter of the rights and liberties of his country.

In Ashburnham, 8th inst. Mr. Jacob Constantine, Æt. 61. On the 4th he was riding with his wife in a sleigh in Ashby, and going over a bridge his horse startled and went off it through the railing, and precipitated them 20 feet before they struck the ice below. His wife was much hurt, but had no bones broken, and is likely to recover. He had three ribs broken, one hip disjointed, and so much injured internally as to produce, as was supposed, a mortification which terminated the life of a worthy citizen and an honest man, whose death is deplored by his family and lamented by his acquaintance.

In Wiscasset, on the first of March, the hon. Silas Lee, about 53 years of age. Waving all unmeaning eulogy, it is but justice to the memory of the deceased, and a tribute due to his virtues, to observe, that through a life of unusual activity and devotion to business, and amidst the complicated duties of many responsible offices, he was uniformly an honest man in the sterling import of the name. He deserved and engaged universal confidence and esteem; the purity of his motives was never suspected—No man was a more sin-

cere, warm, and steady friend; and those who were best acquainted with him most deeply lament his death. As a husband he was ever affectionate and indulgent, and though he had no children of his own, he was a father to the fatherless and those who have none to help them. His house was the residence of undissembled hospitality, and his heart the home of humane and generous feelings. He was a public professor of that benign religion, whose precepts guided him through life, and whose consolation supported him in the hour of his departure. In his profession he was a faithful and zealous advocate, a safe and judicious counsellor—He had sustained successively the office of member of our legislature—member of congress, chief justice of the court of common pleas and judge of probate for the county of Lincoln, and attorney of the United States for the district of Maine; the two last offices he filled with honor at his decease.

In Boston, Mrs. JOANNA TILDEN, widow of the late deacon David Tilden, aged 72 years. Mrs. Tilden, during a long life, has constantly and invariably fulfilled all the duties incumbent on her sex. She was more than fifty years the affectionate, obedient wife of a grateful and indulgent husband; sensible of her worth, he valued her as he ought, and mutual love and endearments smoothed the rugged path of life before them. Mother of a numerous family, she was to her children the tender friend, the pious guide, the fond and affectionate parent, the exemplary pattern of every christian and social virtue. But her usefulness and "her labors of love" have not been confined to her own family—they have embraced a wide circle; and although beloved and almost adored as a parent, an extensive range of acquaintance and neighbors now almost equally mourn her loss. Her large benevolence sought out and soothed the afflicted, helped the needy, and relieved the distressed. Her bounty fed the hungry, and clothed the naked; her kindness and compassion visited the sick, and her experience, gained in these previous offices of charity, enabled her frequently to give them relief; and when human aid has ceased to be effectual, her gentle hand has smoothed the pillow of death, and her devout mind poured the balm of christian consolation into the bosom of the departing spirit. If virtue ennobles a character, she was a most honorable; if christian piety sanctifies it, we should revere her as a most holy woman.

JOHN P. CLARK, Esq. late cashier of the State Bank.

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Benjamin Franklin

Born Jan.ʸ 17.th 1706 Died April 17.th 1790.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR APRIL, 1814.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

BIOGRAPHY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL. D.

See on yon dark'ning height bold *Franklin* tread,
Heav'n's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;
Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,
And forky flames emblaze the black'ning storm.
See the descending stream around him burn,
Glance on his rod, and with its guidance turn;
He bids conflicting heav'ns their blast expire,
Curbs the fierce blaze, and holds th' imprison'd fire;
No more, when folding storms the vault o'erspread,
The livid glare shall strike thy race with dread;
Nor towers nor temples, shuddering with the sound,
Sink in the flames, and spread destruction round.
His daring toils, the threat'ning blasts that wait,
Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate;
The pointed steel o'er-top the ascending spire,
And lead, o'er trembling walls, the harmless fire;
In his glad fame while distant worlds rejoice,
Far as the lightnings shine, or thunders raise their voice.

Barlow's Columbiad.

If our biography this month have not the charm of novelty to recommend it, it may at least aspire to the praise of having for its subject one of the brightest luminaries in that constellation of sages which guided our nation through the perils of revolution. We glory in the contemplation of one, who, bred to a mechanic art, has imparted a kind of borrowed lustre to all its succeeding professors—one, to use the language of our lamented PAINE,

Whose Promethean line
Drew a spark from the clouds and made printing divine.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17th, 1706. His father Josiah, who was a native of

Nottinghamshire, England, finding himself subjected to various hardships, on account of his attachment to the religious opinions of the Non-conformists, quitted his native country together with his wife and three children, and, about the year 1682, found an asylum from persecution in New-England. The trade, to which he had been brought up, was that of a dyer; but, finding it very unprofitable in this country, he soon after his arrival took up that of a tallow chandler. By his first wife he had seven children; and by the second ten, of whom Benjamin, the subject of this article, was the eighth.

In the account which Dr. Franklin gives of his father, he represents him as a pious, prudent, and ingenious man, endowed with a good mechanical genius, and capable, on occasion, of using the tools of other workmen with great dexterity. He also possessed a sound understanding and solid judgement, and was universally esteemed by his neighbors as a man of great probity and discernment. His mother was a virtuous and discreet woman, who united her best endeavors with her husband, to improve and form the minds of their children, and to make them useful and virtuous members of society. Such were the parents, such the instructers, to whom the world was indebted for this benefactor of the human race; for from them, he, in his younger years, imbibed those principles of moral rectitude, and that aversion from arbitrary power, for which, through the whole of a long life, he afterwards became so eminently conspicuous.

Young Franklin, having been early designed for the ministry, was, at the age of eight years, sent to the grammar-school of Boston, from which, notwithstanding his uncommon progress in the Latin language, he was removed at the end of one year to a school for writing and arithmetic; his father considering, that, with his large family, he could ill afford the expenses of a liberal education, and that persons so educated were often but poorly provided for.

At the age of ten, Franklin was taken from school, and, for some time, employed by his father, to assist him in his business. The trade of a tallow chandler was, however, the

object of his aversion; and as his dislike continued to increase, his father, apprehensive lest he should run off to sea, for to that kind of life he had evinced a great predilection, endeavored to fix his inclinations on land, by taking him to the shops of different artificers. Hence he acquired a fondness for seeing good workmen employed at their business, and was enabled to construct machines for his experiments, which it would have been extremely difficult for the best mechanics to finish exactly according to his wishes. The trade of a cutler was at last fixed for Franklin: but some disagreement arising about a fee, determined his father to relinquish his intention.

He had early discovered a great fondness for reading, and regularly expended what little money he could procure, in the purchase of books. His father, observing this propensity, at last resolved to make him a printer, and he accordingly bound him as an apprentice to his brother James, at the age of 12 years. He soon made great proficiency in the business, and found himself extremely happy, as he was enabled to gratify his favorite inclination for reading, by borrowing books from the apprentices of booksellers, with whom he became acquainted. Franklin now wrote several little poetical pieces, and his brother thinking that this talent might be turned to advantage, persuaded him to write two ballads; one of which was called the *Light-House Tragedy*, and was founded on a melancholy accident, which had lately happened, viz. the drowning of captain Worthilake and his two daughters; and the other a sailor song, on the capture of *Teach* or *Blackbeard*, the noted pirate. Although it is probable, that these first productions of our author might afford no presage of his future greatness, yet a perusal of them would be highly satisfactory. They are now, however, no where to be found. Dr. Franklin himself used to say, that they were wretched stuff, in the style of Grub-street ballads. However this may be, they were read with great avidity, and much applauded. This raised the vanity of our young author, and he probably would have gone on in the service of

the muses, had not his father, by criticising his performances, and shewing him the unprofitableness of poetry, turned his thoughts to pursuits, which, though less pleasing, enabled him to render services to mankind of a more essential and permanent nature.

About this time, our author had formed an intimate acquaintance with a lad named John Collins, who was, like himself, remarkably fond of reading. For the sake of mutual improvement, it was usual for these two friends to dispute upon various subjects. At last a topic was started, which produced a longer discussion than usual; and as they parted without determining the point, and business not permitting them to see each other frequently, Franklin committed his arguments to writing and sent them to Collins, who replied in the same way. Several letters had passed between them, when the papers fell into the hands of Franklin's father, who, without entering into the merits of the cause, took occasion to point out to his son, that, though he excelled his antagonist in orthography and punctuation, he was much inferior to him in elegance of expression, arrangement, and perspicuity. Convinced of the justice of his father's remarks, he determined to improve his manner of writing. Fortunately the third volume of the Spectator fell in his way; and as the style appeared to him to be excellent, he resolved to imitate it. His method of doing this was crowned with the desired success: we therefore conceive it may be useful, at least to our young readers, if we communicate it. After reading a paper over, he took short notes of the sentiments. These he laid by for a few days, and then without opening the book endeavored to complete the paper, by expressing the sentiments at length. Finding himself sometimes at a loss for words, he thought he might remedy that deficiency, by again having recourse to making verses, in which the constant want of words of the same import, but of different length and sound to suit the rhyme, obliges a person to seek for a variety of words, and to impress this variety on the mind. He accordingly turned some of the tales

of the Spectators into verse, and after some time into prose again. He sometimes threw his hints into a confused state, and, after a few weeks, endeavored to reduce them to order. He thus acquired a method of expressing his thoughts ; and by comparing his composition with the original, was enabled to correct any inaccuracy in the style or arrangement. Sometimes he conceived, that, in a few instances, he had improved upon the language and method of the original, and this encouraged him to persevere in his attempts to be a fine writer. The world knows how completely he succeeded, and, from this account, we may not only learn how he acquired that beautiful and unadorned simplicity of style, which so remarkably characterizes all his writings, but also, what steps others, (particularly such as have not the means of obtaining a systematic education,) should pursue, to acquire a degree of literary eminence.

Every moment of time, which Franklin could spare from the duties of his profession, was entirely devoted to study. Often did the silent midnight hour bear witness to his labors, and when obliged to return a book early in the morning, his eyes remained strangers to sleep during the night. When he was about sixteen years of age, from the perusal of a performance of Tryon, he was persuaded of the superior advantages of a vegetable diet, and determined to adopt the practice. As this could not easily be done in the family in which he boarded, he agreed with his brother to board himself for half the price ; and such was his frugality and temperance, that he even saved half that sum for the purpose of buying books. As his morsel was quickly despatched, he was enabled to devote a great part of that time to study, which the other workmen spent at their meals ; and his slight repast was, likewise, more favorable to mental pursuits.

Franklin, at an early period, had an opportunity of bringing into use those treasures of knowledge which he had thus accumulated. Before the year 1720, there was only one news-paper, the Boston News-Letter, in North-America, although they are now to be found in every town or village of

any note. About this time, his brother began to publish the New-England Courant, and in this he was assisted by a number of literary characters, who occasionally wrote essays for the papers, which were much approved. Benjamin felt a strong inclination to become an author. He wrote a small piece, and, apprehensive that, if known to be his, it would be rejected, he disguised his hand, and conveyed it under the door of the printing office. Judge, ye who have been authors, what must have been his sensations, when he found his performance honored with the most liberal applause, and attributed to several men of eminent literary abilities. This approbation encouraged him to go on, and he wrote several other pieces, which were equally well received. He, at length, avowed himself to be the author, and thus obtained the notice of his brother's literary friends, who, from that time, conversed with him with more freedom and attention.

About the year 1723, some political essays in the New-England Courant gave offence to the Assembly; and, as the printer would not discover the authors, he was committed to prison for one month. An order, at the same time, passed the house, that James Franklin should no longer print the New-England Courant. Various expedients were proposed to evade the order; but it was at length determined, that it should be conducted under the name of Benjamin Franklin. As he was still an apprentice, and the censure of the Legislature might, therefore, fall upon his brother, his indentures were delivered up: but as the brother was still desirous to retain his services, he obliged him to sign a private agreement, by which he was bound to remain with him the time first stipulated. A few months after, a quarrel arose between the two brothers, which, as all attempts to reconcile them proved abortive determined Benjamin to leave his service; and as he was prevented, by the exertions of his brother, from procuring work in Boston, he was under the necessity of leaving his native town, and accordingly set out for New-York.

Meeting with no encouragement in that city, he proceed-

ed to Philadelphia, travelling partly by water, and fifty miles by land on foot, through rain and dirt, suspected and in danger of being taken up as a runaway servant. He arrived there on a Sunday morning, in a very dirty condition, in the clothes in which he had travelled from New-York, weary and hungry, having, for some time, been without rest and food, a perfect stranger to every body, and his whole stock of cash consisting only of a Dutch dollar. At a baker's shop he purchased some rolls, and as his pockets, being filled with clothes, could not contain them, he put one under each arm, and, eating a third, walked along through several of the streets in quest of a lodging, which he at last found at a tavern in Water-street, still well known by the name of the Crooked Billet. Such was the entry of Benjamin Franklin into the city of Philadelphia. From such beginning did he rise to the highest eminence and respectability, not only in America, but amongst all civilized nations.

There were, at that time, only two printers in Philadelphia, viz. Mr. Andrew Bradford, and a Mr. Keimer; the former of whom received our adventurer with great civility; but having no occasion for his services, recommended him to the latter, by whom he was soon after employed. Franklin, for some time, lodged at Bradford's, but as this was not agreeable to Keimer, he procured him a lodging at the house of a Mr. Read, whose daughter was afterwards Mrs. Franklin.

The steadiness, skill, activity, and communicative manner of our adventurer attracted the notice of many of the most eminent people in the city, particularly of Sir William Keith, who was at that time governor of the province. This gentleman often invited Franklin to his house, where he treated him in the most friendly manner. He, at last, advised him to enter into business for himself; insisted on the favorable prospects which were before him, as the two printers were very ignorant of their profession, and promised to assist him with all his influence. Such observations frequently repeated induced Franklin, after an absence of about seven months,

to return to Boston, in order that he might consult with his father, to whom he likewise carried a letter from the governor, giving the most favorable account of his good conduct and behavior. The old gentleman, thinking it too adventurous to set up a lad of eighteen years as a master printer, by no means relished the project. He accordingly advised his son to return to Philadelphia, and work as a journeyman until he was of age, at which time he would endeavor to assist him. Franklin saw the propriety of his father's counsel, and therefore, after a short stay, returned to Philadelphia, where he immediately went to work, with his usual cheerfulness and diligence.

Franklin's fondness for reading and thirst for improvement did not forsake him when he left Boston. He soon formed an acquaintance with several young men of a studious disposition, whom he formed into a sort of literary association, which met at certain periods for the purpose of communicating to each other their little compositions; and as each member was freely permitted to comment and criticise on the several productions which were laid before them, it afforded them an excellent opportunity both for entertainment and instruction.

In the mean time, Sir William Keith still professed a great regard for Franklin; blamed his father for what he called unnecessary caution; as a proof of his friendship desired to be furnished with an inventory of what was needful in a printing office, and expressed his intention of procuring them from England, and enabling our young printer to enter into business for himself: he at last enquired of Franklin, whether it would not be of consequence, that he himself should visit England to make the purchase. To this Franklin readily assented, and took a passage in the only vessel which then regularly sailed between London and Philadelphia. Keith had likewise professed that he would give him letters of recommendation, which would enable him to purchase every thing necessary.

(Remainder next month.)

SELECTED REVIEW.

FROM THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

The Iliad, Odyssey, and Batrachomyomachia of Homer. Translated into English Blank Verse, by the late William Cowper, Esq. Second Edition, with copious Alterations and Notes. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is now, according to the most probable calculation, about eight and twenty centuries since the existence of Homer. Through this vast period of time, so marked with revolution, destruction, and every other evil incident to the lot of human affairs, the noblest productions of the Grecian bard have not only lived, but gathered, in their triumphant course, fresh and unfading laurels from each succeeding age. Writers without number, as well ancient and modern, as sacred and profane, have, in their contention how best to express their veneration for the poet, racked the most fertile invention, accumulated every epithet, and exhausted all praise. But one Zoilus has, in this great circle of years, dared to mingle his envious and vituperative breath with the joint incense of an admiring world :

Infame monstrum, Lerna calumniæ,
Halans mephitin gutture lurido,
Ter-sycophanta, scurra cæli,
Mome Deûm, jaculator audax ! James Duport.

For us, therefore, at this hour, to attempt to add to his fame by the most laboured panegyric, would be as vain a strife as were we to endeavour to increase the light of the sun, or augment the waters of the ocean.

Come then, expressive Silence ! muse his praise ! Thomson.

If it be too late to speak of the merits of Melesigenes, so is the moment past when his translator might, amidst the sadness of his mind and the assaults of the melancholy fiend that vexed him, have been cheered by the approbation his labours deserve, and will, we are firmly persuaded, in the end universally receive. Now he is no more ! Κειται Πατροκλος. At once he lies insensible of all blame, and deaf to the sweetest voice of commendation ! Dead, but not to be forgotten, whilst "The Task" and this his elaborate work, these monuments of his fame, survive; and survive they will, as long as genius and learning maintain aught of respect or reverence amongst mankind.

The object of our present review is not the first edition of Mr. Cowper's translation, which appeared in quarto, and has long been out of

print, but the second, published in octavo, since the author's death, by "his kinsman, J. Johnson, LL. B. chaplain to the bishop of Peterborough," who too diffidently observes, at the commencement of his preface:

"I have no other pretension to the honorable name of editor, on this occasion, than as a faithful transcriber of the MS. and a diligent corrector of the press, which are, doubtless, two of the very humblest employments in that most extensive province. I have wanted the ability to attempt any thing higher, and, fortunately for the reader, I have also wanted the presumption. What, however, I can do, I will. Instead of critical remark, I will furnish him with anecdote."

He then proceeds to trace the progress of the edition before us, from the beginning to the end, which is in a considerable degree interesting, and leaves us with the wish for a longer and more general narrative; a wish that will, we are told, be shortly gratified by a life of the poet, from the pen of his intimate friend Mr. Hayley.

A preface to each edition follows; the first of which very forcibly, and, we think, most justly, argues in defence of blank verse, as in all respects preferable to rhyme, in the execution of a translation of Homer.

"I have," says he, with great candor, at p. xxii. "no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties, in his version of Homer, that it was possible to surmount in rhyme; but he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice."

"That he has sometimes," continues he, in the next page, "altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me; but we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other.—I have omitted nothing—I have invented nothing."

"And now," concludes this good and great, but unhappy man, "I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad—in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labors succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed as a translator of Homer."

The preface to this, the second edition, is short, and terminates with these words:

"I know not that I can add any thing material on the subject of this last revisal, unless it be proper to give the reason why the Iliad, though greatly altered, has undergone much fewer alterations than the Odyssey. The true reason, I believe, is this: the Iliad demanded my utmost possible exertions; it seemed to meet me like an ascent almost perpendicular, which could not be surmounted at less cost than all the labor that I could bestow on it. The Odyssey, on the contrary, seemed to resemble an open and level country, through which I might travel at my ease.

The latter, therefore, betrayed me into some negligence, which, though little conscious of it at the time, on an accurate search, I found had left many disagreeable effects behind it. I now leave the work to its fate. Another may labor hereafter, in an attempt of the same kind, with more success, but more industriously, I believe, none ever will."

Homer's poems were first collected together at Athens, by the order of Pisistratus, and digested into books, called Rhapsodies.—They were previously sung, in a detached manner, by itinerant bards,* with other pieces of their own composition. Of these Ραψωδοι, or Rhapsodists, who in a great measure partook of the nature of the Scandinavian Scalds, Druids, and Saxon Minstrels, the author of the Iliad was originally one, and obtained, it is probable, a more pitiful subsistence, in his travels from town to town, than those who came after him. Thus treated while alive, the celebrated poet no sooner breathes his last, than

Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.

On which circumstance this neat epigram is founded:

Sev'n famous towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

"In the year 1488," says Mr. Roscoe, "Demetrius Chalcondyles, and Demetrius Cretensis, published at Florence *the first* edition of the works of Homer, which is inscribed to Piero de Medici, the son of Lorenzo." They have since been printed, in numerous modes of utility and elegance, in Germany, France, and England. Versions of the Greek are abundant: Italy, France, and England have long possessed them, and Germany, though it could before only boast of imperfect attempts, can now exhibit a complete translation of both the Iliad and the Odyssey, in German hexameter verse, by Johann Heinrich Voss, which, for spirit, is reported to be equal to any, and for correctness superior to all.

Coming at length to our own translators, we find that the battle is principally between Pope and Cowper,† who form the two great bodies of the troops that have entered the field, and though we may occasionally notice the indirect skirmishes of others in the common attack, yet our chief attention must be directed to their more important evolutions and

* Cuper, says Chambers, informs us that the rhapsodists were clothed in *red* when they sung the Iliad, and in *blue* when they sung the Odyssey.

† The English Homers of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby, we purposely avoid noticing, because we could not justly advert to them without extending our review to a very irksome and inordinate length. How much Pope was indebted to these, as well as to the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, and the French versions of La Valterie and Dacier, is well known to the republic. Cowper, also, owes some obligation to Chapman.

achievements. We shall now proceed to review the translation of our poet, on which we shall not dwell as it may please ourselves, but as long as we think it likely not to prove tedious to our readers.

The Iliad, whose subject is the anger of Achilles, and its direful consequence to the Grecian army, first claims our regard; and here we behold ὁ των ποιητων αριστος* in his meridian splendor. In our selections, we shall not be guided by a wish to expose the liberties Pope has taken with his author, or to produce any remarkable beauties of translation either in him or Cowper, but by the desire of bringing forward several of those divine passages that abound in the Iliad,

Bright and numberless as the stars in heaven.

In the sixth book we are presented with that exquisite and affecting scene in which Hector embraces his infant son Astyanax, and takes leave of Andromache, who uses all her eloquence to prevail on him to shun the fight.

To whom majestic Hector thus replied:
Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread
The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,
Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
No, my Andromache! my fearless heart
Me rather urges into foremost fight,
Studious of Priam's glory and my own.
For my prophetic soul foresees a day
When Ilium; Ilium's people; and, himself,
Her warlike king, shall perish. But no grief
For Ilium; for her people; for the king,
My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;
Nor for the num'rous and the valiant band
My brothers, destined, all, to bite the ground,
So moves me, as my grief for thee alone,
Doom'd, then, to follow some imperious Greek,
A weeping captive, to the distant shores
Of Argos; there to labor at the loom
For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
But heav'd in vain, to bear the pond'rous urn
From Hypereia's or Messeïs' fount.
Fast flow thy tears the while, and as he eyes
That silent shower, some passing Greek shall say—
"This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieg'd."

* Origines contra Celsum. L. 7.

While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,
The guardian of thy freedom while he liv'd
For ever lost; but be my bones inhum'd
A senseless store, or e'er thy parting cries
Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragg'd away.

COWPER.

If the Greek were not so long we should transcribe it, and the reader would then readily perceive that Cowper has translated the poet with great fidelity. We shall now give the version of Pope, which happens to be, perhaps, the most favorable of any portion that could be quoted from him. Such glaring interpolations as have crept in, we shall distinguish by Italics; the minor embellishments will appear from a comparison with the preceding.

The chief replied: That post shall be my care;
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs, defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers, gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee, trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms *our battles to design,*
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from *Hyperia's* spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife.
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame

A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep. POPE.

In Homer we have no such thing as

My early youth was bred to martial pains;

but we find something like it in Dryden's translation of this passage:

Early in rugged arms I took delight.

So this idea,

In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!

which is pretty enough, may be traced to Dryden's

A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;

adding Virgil's—*quorum pars magna fui*, but can never be found in Homer, who has simply these words: προς αλλης ισον υφαινοις, faithfully translated by Cowper, but very negligently by Doctor Johnson:

When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose.

In turning the whole of the passage already cited, Johnson, avoiding, probably, Dryden's error of giving too much, has fallen into the other extreme of giving too little. Neither of them has done the poet justice. —The

Χιτεϊ τοισδ' ανδρων, αμυνειν δυλιον ημαρ. V. 463.

is not discoverable in Pope; and the συ δ'ελκηθμοιο is alone preserved by Cowper.

After this speech (for we cannot yet leave this delightful scene) Hector puts forth his hands

To reach his boy; but with a scream the child
Still closer to his nurse's bosom clung,
Shunning his touch; for dreadful in his eyes
The brazen armour shone, and dreadful more
The shaggy crest that swept his father's brow. COWPER.

Placing his "beaming helmet" on the ground, and fondling the boy in his arms, he offers up a prayer to Jove and all the gods, beseeching that he may "far excel his sire," and by his glorious deeds rejoice his mother's heart—

Ως ειπων, αλοχοιο φιλης εν χερσιν εθηκε
Παιδ' εον· ἡ δ'αρα μιν κηωδεϊ δεξατο κολπῳ,
Δακρυσεν γελασασα.

He spake, and to his lovely spouse consign'd
The darling boy; with mingled smiles and tears

She wrapt him in her bosom's fragrant folds. COWPER.

Now Pope:

He spoke, and, *fondly gazing on her charms,*
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.

If the reader will read this passage without the Italics, omitting three lines out of the six, he will find it come very near the original. Every thing that could be done for the Δακρυσιν γελασασα seems to have been done, but there is a delicacy about the expression, as in the λαλων σιωπη of Anacreon, which is inimitable in our language.

We must here take notice of the arts to which Pope is often obliged to have recourse, in consequence of composing in rhyme. In the first line of what has just appeared, the words

——————*fondly gazing on her charms,*

have nothing to do with the original, and are merely introduced for the sake of the following verse. To what absurdities this constraint occasionally subjects him, will be clearly proved by this instance. Il. τ. v. 386.

Τῳ δ'ευτε πλεῤα γινετ', αειρε δε ποιμενα λαων,

is thus turned:

Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to *swim,*
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

What a jumble of figures have we here, for the sake of a rhyme! for this, and this alone, Achilles is made at once to *seem as if he were swimming,* and *feel as if he were flying.* But Pope probably thought that

——*rhyme with reason may dispense,*
And sound has right to govern sense. PRIOR'S ALMA.

We now turn from a scene full of deep and tender pathos, to one replete with horror and dismay, of which Tollius, in his notes on Longinus, speaks in the following manner:—There is no person, unless he be altogether illiterate and deaf to sacred song, who does not tremble while he reads this passage in Homer, and partake with Pluto in his fears lest he should see hell laid open. The gods descend, and mingle in the battle.

Δεινον δ' εβροντησε πατηρ. Il. υ. v. 56.

Sudden from on high
The sire of gods and men thunder'd; mean-time,
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;
Down from her summit to her lowest base

Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstarted from his throne, appall'd, the king
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune o'er his head
Shatt'ring the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Of horror, thirst, and woe, detested sight
E'en to the gods themselves; with such a sound
The pow'rs eternal into battle rush'd. COWPER.

Pope has not managed this badly, but the jingle of his rhyme takes away from the solemn dignity of the matter. In turning that fine verse Δεισας δ' εκ θρονυ αλτο, και ιαχε, his "leap'd from his throne" is good, but not sufficient. M. Despreaux, with his

Pluton *sort* de son throne, *il pâlit*, il s'écrie,

is exceedingly flat, and Cowper does not give us entire satisfaction. Perhaps

Pluto
Appall'd, leap'd from his throne, and shriek'd aloud,

would express the text more nearly, and with more spirit, though no translation can hope to produce the effect of the original. "Comment," says a French critic, "rendre dans une autre langue cette cadence suspendue, Δεισας δ' εκ θρονυ αλτο, qui seule marque le mouvement brusque et precipité de ce dieu?" Virgil's imitation of part of this description, at Æn. 8, 242, falls, both in outline and coloring, very far short of the wonderful execution of the Mæonian pencil.

Neptune, making but four strides from the height of Samothracia to his abode at Ægæ, prepares his chariot, and hastens to the assistance of the Greeks. His course over the waters is thus described by Homer, in verse that is said to be more swift than even the motion of the god himself:

Βη δ' ελαων επι κυμαΐ'· αταλλε δε κητε' ὑπ' αυτῳ
Παντοθεν εκ κευθμων, υδ' ηγνοιησεν ανακτα·
Γηθοσυνη δε θαλασσα διϊ'σατο· τοι δ' επετοντο
Ῥιμφα μαλ', υδ' ὑπενερθε διαινετο χαλκεος αξων. Il. v. v. 27.

He
——o'er the billows drove; the whales
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their king;
The sea clave wide for joy; he lightly flew,
And with unmoisten'd axle skimm'd the flood. COWPER.

Although otherwise well translated, we confess that we do not perceive the same merit in Mr. Cowper's verse as that produced by the dactyls in Homer's. Pope has not been more careful in preserving his beauty. Cowper sometimes attempts to retain these niceties in the original, as in turning that famous line, where Apollo despatches his pestilential arrow through the Grecian camp,

Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ' αργυρεοιο βιοιο, Il. α. v. 49.

by

——————clang'd the cord
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.

On the subject of the sound of a verse imitating the sense, it is worthy our observation to notice what has been said on Homer's πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης, which occurs some half a dozen times in the Iliad, and is generally understood admirably to signify, as far as words are capable in pronunciation, the roaring of the sea. Let us first see how three of our translators give us this line, Il. α. v. 34.

Βη δ' ακεων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης,

Dryden: Chryses
——sped his steps along *the hoarse resounding shore:*
Silent he fled.

Pope, after three expletive verses:
Silent he wander'd by *the sounding shore.*

Cowper:
Silent he roam'd *the loud remurmuring shore.*

Which of these has best caught the idea hitherto entertained with respect to the Greek words, we leave to the judgement of the reader, and pass on to a singular remark on this head by Mr. Brown, who observes, from his conversation with the modern Greeks, that we are much mistaken in our idea of the supposed *lofty sound* of πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης; as the borderers on the coast of the Archipelago take their ideas from *the gentle laving of the shore by a summer wave*, and not from *the roaring of a winter ocean;* and they accordingly pronounced it *polyphlisveo thalasses.*

Cowper's notes are not numerous; but such as he has afforded, are judicious and necessary. His reading was confined, and strictly obeying the precept of Horace, *nocturna versate*, &c. he seldom strayed beyond the pages of Homer and his scholia.

The occasional homeliness of expression in the Greek poet is well defended against the raillery of affected delicacy in the 279th number of the Spectator; and the coarseness of invective of Achilles, in the first book, is honestly accounted for and excused, in the following note, by Cowper.

"In an age of simplicity, and among a people as yet but imperfectly polished, the violent emotions of the mind seek only to gratify themselves, and angry persons, finding violent and rude expressions most suited to that purpose, prefer them accordingly. It is not till a country has attained to a *very high degree of refinement, that men learn to be angry with good manners, and to resent an affront with delicacy.*"

It may grieve us to quit the Iliad with such imperfect notice; but were we to fill twenty numbers of the Mirror with its beauties and our comments, we should yet feel unsatisfied, for we must still leave a store behind that would make us look back with regret.—We may, however, observe, before we make our concluding remarks on this poem, that a Dutch critic has attempted to demonstrate that in the Iliad are shadowed out the siege and destruction of Jericho, and the other cities of Canaan, by Joshua; and another author* has had the confidence to affirm that Homer wrote by divine inspiration, and that the Iliad is a prophetical description of the destruction of Jerusalem, of our Saviour's life and sufferings, and of the state of the Christian church, from its foundation to the times of the reformation.

We may also recommend to the admirers of the "Tale of Troy divine" the perusal of the Ιλιου αλωσις of Tryphiodorus. This poem, which is too much neglected, "is a sequel of the Iliad," as it treats of those events which follow the death of Hector; and on this account he may be said to relate *quicquid restabat Homero*, though not exactly in the same sense in which the words are applied by Ovid.

We have already signified our approbation of blank verse, and we do not fear to repeat that we hold it much more estimable and efficient, in the performance of such a labour as the present, than rhyme, even in the hands of one thrice endowed with Pope's potent command of versification. If Cowper's numbers abound in pauses, and do not always flow so smoothly as Pope's, they are the more like Homer's; and the English poet confesses the fact, adding—

"But my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful intention."

And he thinks, properly, that a good effect is produced by "a line, now and then, less harmonious than its fellows." Is Homer himself without these irregularities? Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic, and warm admirer of Homer, had never affirmed that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle: some begin with a word that is neither dactyl nor spondee, some conclude with a dactyl, and, in the intermediate part, he sometimes deviates equally from the established custom. It may even be questioned, says Cowper, if a single passage of

* Jac. Hugonis Vera Hist. Romana, cap. 14, and Merrick's Dissertation.

ten lines, flowing with uninterrupted smoothness, could be singled out from all the thousands he has left us.

Some there are, we know, who have the judgement (if judgement it may be called) to esteem the meretricious ornaments of Pope more than the chaste and simple grandeur of Homer: so, in this *refined and illuminated age*, the clear and classical style of Addison is decried as base and mean, and Gibbon's Gallic phrases and affected triads preferred: so is artificial tinsel exalted over pure and solid gold!

Finally, with regard to Cowper, as he stands related to Pope, we cannot distinguish in a way more conformable to our opinion, than by using the words of Mr. Dubois on this subject, and with these we shall close our review of the Iliad.

"To estimate," says he,* "the individual merit of Pope and this gentleman (Cowper,) in their respective performances of the identical work, I should say, that the former, with extraordinary facility of versification, seems, before he began, to have read over one or more books of Homer, then, dismissing him, to have executed his task, whilst the latter, with equal powers of poetry, appears to have followed in the track of his original so nicely, as to have had an eye (if I may use the figure) even to the stone and cement with which the noble architect has formed his immortal fabric. Mr. Cowper's translation, notwithstanding its pre-eminence, has not been deservedly appreciated; however, I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that time will raise it to a level with the most admired productions of a similar nature."

* Preface to the Wreath.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

A TURKISH TALE. BY LORD BYRON.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. BURNS.

THE noble author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and the "Giaour," which have already obtained merited celebrity, has presented the literary world with a new poem, entitled

the "Bride of Abydos." In it he has blended novelty with harmony, and as he is well acquainted with Oriental manners and customs, has displayed them in such a fascinating manner, as to render them familiar and delightful to the natives of the western hemisphere. By the uniformly beautiful poetry which distinguishes Lord Byron's productions, we are enraptured; by his figurative elegance, enchanted. His Miscellaneous Pieces were first offered to the public, which, although in some respects of an inferior kind, were nevertheless ominous of future glory. We next behold him in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," lashing the petty ballad-mongers of the age, and aiming the shafts of satire against those poets, who had long been honored with public applause; and however we may be irritated at the condemnation of those, whose works often appeared to us charming, we are irresistibly compelled to risibility, by the ludicrous manner in which their defects are exposed. His "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" was next committed to the ocean of public censure; and it was prosperously borne over its billows. At the publication of the "Giaour," his popularity increased. Unoccupied by the pressure of business, with nothing to divert his attention from poetry, he is fast ascending the pinnacle of fame. But to return more particularly to the poem which it is our intention to examine. Its commencement would do honor to any poet. It is as follows:

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
Now melt into love—and now madden to crime?—
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hue of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie;
And the purple of ocean is deepest in die;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—
'Tis the clime of the east—'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

He refers in a very interesting manner to the death of Leander in swimming from Sestos to Abydos; in the beginning of the second canto:

" The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love—who sent—forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lovely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft, and tides below,
With signs and sounds forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear,
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
'Ye waves, divide not lovers long.'
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove it true."

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of selecting the following beautiful lines:

" Oh! yet—for there my steps have been,
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn—
To trace again those fields of yore—
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes—
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own " broad Hellespont" still dashes—
Be long my lot—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

There is a strain of uniform beauty pervading the whole poem, which, though for the most part destitute of sublimity, is yet powerfully attractive. Lord Byron's fame is now fixed on a permanent basis—and we sincerely hope, that he will yet favor the public with many poems similar to the Bride of Abydos.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

(Continued from Vol. 3, page 311.)

LETTER XXXV.

I HAVE slightly sketched for you the feasts of Venus, permit me, fair Emilia, to present you with its partner, in the feasts of Bacchus.

Bacchus was represented upon a car drawn either by tigers or panthers, emblematical of the madness inspired by intoxication; sometimes he was seen borne by a lynx, and I confess that for that I am unfurnished with a reason; for the lynx is remarkable for nothing more than a piercing sight; to be sure a drunken man may see double, but not very far. The god was crowned with ivy, and that diadem was surmounted by a pair of horns. This symbol was given to Bacchus because he was the first that yoked oxen together for tillage. The trunk of an oak was placed near him in memory of his having been the first to exchange the sustenance of man from acorns to fruit and corn; and a branch of the vine, or of the fig-tree, was also part of his regalia; in his right hand he held a thyrsis, a species of lance wreathed with vine-leaves. His companions were generally the Muses, to shew that he inspires their songs as often as Apollo.

As the god of drinkers, Bacchus was represented seated upon a tun, his brows bound with ivy, of which the dropping leaves were said to keep down the fumes of the wine; his broad face was spread with a vermillion color, and his nose

disgustingly red. In one hand he held a cup, in the other a thyrsis twisted with ivy. A magpie was placed near him, to hint that drunkenness is always a babbler. The first priests of Bacchus were Satyrs; his first priestesses Naiads. In process of time, however, the Naiads were displaced by the Bacchantes, the Thyades, and the Menades; these different names draw their origin from several words expressive of rage, folly, and madness. The priestesses ran through the fields and the cities armed with the thyrsis, crowned with vine-branches, and dressed in the skins of tigers; their hair was dishevelled, their mouths foaming, their eyes red and sparkling. Some authors have vaunted their charms; perhaps with reason; but I confess they would never have me for a rival. Without virtue I see nothing attractive; in my eyes even ugliness is embellished by decency: surely there is no true beauty but in that face where modesty visibly reigns.

No sooner did the season arrive in which the feasts of Bacchus were celebrated, than they decorated his temples with vine and ivy. The priests led his statue in triumph under moving groves of vines, while the air resounded with hymns to his honor. The Bacchantes followed, mingling dances and shouts together, both of which were more closely allied to the frantic merriment of madness than the transports of innocent delight. It was usual for this procession to rest under the shade of an oak or a fig-tree. There they placed the god upon an altar, and immolated a he-goat at his feet. This sacrifice was peculiarly acceptable to Bacchus, as in browsing upon the young shoots and earliest buds of the vine, this animal destroys the hopes of the vintage. The priests then bore the victim and the god in triumph: as they went along the inhabitants of the country through which they passed sacrificed a hog before the gates of their houses. In returning from the temple the sacrificers burned the entrails of the victim, and with the remainder of the flesh prepared a feast for the assembly.

Amongst the Athenians it was customary for virgins, covered with long veils but otherwise naked, to present Bacchus

with baskets full of the first fruits of the season. After the offering the priests collected at the sound of the fife and the tamborine, and jumped in regular time over and upon swelled bladders, well covered with fat or oil. You may suppose, my Emilia, that the dancers were often out in their measure, and that false steps were not unfrequent. The fall of each figurant was hailed by the spectators with hisses and clapping of hands; while a prize was decreed to the person who, in vaulting over the slippery obstacles, had best preserved his equilibrium.

These fantastic games passed from Athens to Rome, where the principal feasts of Bacchus were celebrated during three different periods of the year. The first feast took place in August; small figures of the god were then suspended to the branches of such trees as shaded the vineyard, in order to give protection to the grape. The second feast was held in the month of January, when the wines of Italy were carried into Rome. The third, and the most solemn, happened in February; it was called the Bacchanalia, and was exactly held at the same time, and observed with the same extravagance, as we do our carnival. Many learned men have asserted that Bacchus was the Nimrod of the scriptures, he who was termed in holy writ the mighty hunter. They found this hypothesis upon the resemblance which is discoverable in the Greek and Hebrew between the names and sirnames of Bacchus and of Nimrod. I think one should not too readily credit this scientific opinion, nor infer the identity of persons from the similarity of their names. I know many Emilias, like you young and lovely; it is your name they have, almost your features, but where are your virtues? is it you in truth? Ah, no! Other curious scholars have established a comparison between Bacchus and Moses, which is sufficiently plausible to give the idea some authority. Bacchus and Moses were each educated in Orobire; both the one and the other were conquerors, legislators, and benefactors of the people they conquered. Bacchus is represented with two horns; Moses with two rays issuing from his head. With his thyr-

sis Bacchus caused fountains of wine to flow ; the rod of Moses called forth a spring of the purest water—the comparison halts in this instance solely in the quality of the liquids. In short, Bacchus having struck with his thyrsis the waters of the Orontes and the Hydaspus, traversed these rivers with unwetted feet ; Moses did the same by the Red Sea. These resembling features prove this, at least, that if Moses and Bacchus are not the same man, they were two men of the same character. Orpheus called Bacchus Moses, Mosem, Moïse, and gave him for attributes ten tables of laws. The names of great men may often belong to the unworthy, but their characters and their actions belong solely to themselves ; and it is by these marks alone that virtue is recognized.—Adieu. To-morrow I will fulfil my former promise, and speak to you of the birth of the Graces.

LETTER XXXVI.

Though some disagree in their accounts of the genealogy of the Graces, the most generally received opinion is, that they are the daughters of Venus and Bacchus. Some painters represent them naked, because they say the Graces should never be disguised ; others cover them with a thin veil. This costume is certainly preferable to the other, since there cannot be any grace without decency, nor any decency without a veil. Mythology, in general, gives us very few details of what relates to these interesting personages ; to supply this deficiency I now send you, my Emilia, the narrative of a pilgrimage I made under your auspices to the temple of these three immortals.

THE TEMPLE OF THE GRACES.

The temple of the Graces is not situated in any place particularly consecrated to their worship. That temple is a fairy palace ; let Beauty appear and immediately the edifice is seen towering to the clouds, presenting a sanctuary adorned with flowers and with trophies. Remove the enchantress and the charm flies, the temple vanishes.

Long had I sought this fugitive temple, which is so diffi-

cult to reach, when I learned that since eight days it was fixed at ———. I began my pilgrimage on the instant. At every step of the roads I encountered a multitude of pilgrims who turned their backs on the very temple they professed themselves desirous of finding. All around I beheld a crowd of originals of every species; some were coxcombs, learned women, musicians, coquets, painters, methodists, orators, poets, dancers, and philosophers; the greatest number of these last gaily made the journey on foot, since for them it was but a morning's walk. Women and foreigners came to the temple with all the paraphernalia of the toilet, and were regularly obliged to leave it at the gate. There was the greatest press; the wits and the beauties announced themselves with tones of authority from the centre of their gilded equipages; nevertheless, the foot passengers were first admitted. I walked behind them, and at the name of Emilia the door was opened to me. Arrived under the grand porch, I saw around me several separate altars, where those demi-gods were consulted who were known to be the favorite ministers of the Graces; each of them had his statue placed on his altar. My eyes wandered with delight over the sacred figures of Racine, La Fontaine, Sévigne, Deshoulieres, &c. A profound counsellor burned amber upon the altar of Montesquieu; the sublime author of *The Spirit of Laws* turned from his offering with disdain. At the same moment a woman, buried under folds of gauze, arrived at the foot of a groupe representing Sévigne, Deshoulieres, and Ninon, exclaiming with a faultering voice: —" Since thirty years and more, in spite of Time and Ill-nature, I have always stood at fifteen; each morning I grow young again, having discovered the road which leads back to youth."

" Take care," said the Oracle, " it will infallibly lead thee to thy second childhood."

The timid girl of thirty smiled scornfully, and gave place to a languishing and pale beauty, who sighed out these words: —" Twenty times a day all my powers forsake me; I dare assert that no one faints more gracefully than I do. In swoon-

ing I bring the universe under my laws. In my hysterical convulsions I have a breast of alabaster, I display a complexion more transparent than lilies, dying eyes swimming in brilliant tears, a foot worthy the gaze of sculptors, an arm of ivory; in fine, I represent before my lovers the death of Cleopatra."

The Oracle interrupted her thus :—" Though spasms, vapors, and fits may produce wonderful effects in Paris, we give them no harbor here; the temple of the three sisters is not an hospital."

The blue-eyed virgin, at this rough reply, rushed out to faint upon the steps of the portico, while a young and modest woman approached to take her station.

" Upon this face, changed by a contagious disorder, Sadness has engraven her characters; since I have lost all that can charm the eye, dare I present myself in the temple of the Graces ?"

The Oracle replied :—" If thou no longer hast thy natural brightness, it is yet preserved by thy mind and thy heart: when thou shalt please without being beautiful, thy empire shall be more certain and more flattering. The god of Love smiles frequently upon amiable homeliness to revenge himself upon Nature. Thy figure makes thy mind forgotten for the first few moments, but thy mind soon makes thy figure forgotten for ever."—At these words the disgraced fair one knocked at the inner door of the temple, and was instantly admitted.

Before the door stood the celebrated Marcel,* comptroller of dress and manner; and upon the threshold appeared the illustrious La Bruyere, whose piercing eye discovered the minutest faults of character and talent. Marcel, in his familiar way, kept calling out : " Monsieur l'Abbe, you don't en-

* Marcel was a Professor of the Graces, in high repute forty years ago. No one could be presented at court, or in the world, before they had taken lessons of Marcel. It was he who, in the midst of a ball, after an hour of complete abstraction from all things but what he contemplated, suddenly exclaimed—" How much there is in a minuet !"

ter here ; you look like a doll. You, colonel, are as solemn as if you were the great Pompey ; and you, Mendor, as if you were king Midas. Count, I don't advise you to dance a waltz with that harlequin air. Duchess ! for heaven's sake before you think of entering, take off at least three layers of your rouge ; and in order to breathe a moment, let your maid slacken the lace of your stays. And you, Clara, who seem scarcely able to stand in that vice which you call a shoe, and which seems purposely constructed to put your feet to torture, learn from me that Nature gave us two feet to walk upon." *(To be continued.)*

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

(Selected from La Belle Assemblee.)

LETTER XII.

After having so long entertained your Ladyship with the graces and excesses of fashion exhibited by our ancestors of the fourteenth century, I shall not, in this letter, detain you long on the coffures and mantles of the succeeding era. This epistle is only meant as a kind of vestibule to the palace which is to present you to the wardrobes of the bright Elizabeth Woodville, and the bewitching Jane Shore, when they arrayed their forms for royal conquest.

In those days of gallantry, in love and arms, the dress of the men bespoke them the servitors of both sovereigns. Their habits were a mixture of martial with peaceful : they wore the warlike habergeon, but it was rendered gay by golden rings, and curious cyphers of ladies' names ; and the embroidered scarf clasping the glittering sword, the splendor, more than the use of the weapon, was apparent. The steeled helmet gave place to the ermined bonnet ; and where the frowning crest heretofore overhung the soldier's brows, a

plume of ostrich or of heron, nodded over the hero's amorous eyes.

Perhaps I should give you a tolerably just idea of the garb in which the royal Edward went a wooing, by saying that it was not much unlike the costume in which our stage generally dresses its Pages of quality. The stage, as it is now ordered, under the fashion-learned eye of Mr. Kemble, is a kind of visible history of the fashions, not only of this country, but of the sister kingdoms. Before his time, our dramatic Henries and Edwards appeared in bag-wigs, swords, and full-bottomed coats. Macbeth addressed his warlike Scots, in the dress of a macaroni. Cato, in the costume of St. James's, harangued the Senate of Rome : and Coriolanus, in a suit of velvet and blue satin, marched at the head of an army of barbarians to attack his native and ungrateful city ! Admirable must have been the acting which could have put to silence ridiculous ideas of such absurd association ; and admirable it was, Nature spoke in the voice and action of Garrick. We lost the habit of the actor himself, in the personification of the character ; and nought was present to us but *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, or *Lear*. Great as Mr. Kemble is, it is not the sublime mountain we look upon, but a fabric reared by art ; a structure like the pyramids of Egypt.

In the reigns of Edward the Fourth and his immediate successor, a heavier embroidery and brocade was assumed than that adopted by the ladies in the preceding century. The under garment swelled out gradually from the bottom of the waist to the lowest hem of the petticoat, in the form of a bell. It was usually stiffened with buckram or whalebone ; and over it was spread the velvet, silk, or satin coat of many colors. This coat displayed the chief grandeur of the dress. It was often composed of cloth of gold, curiously wrought in silks and jewellery, and from it behind devolved the floating length of train, fringed and bordered with netting work and splendid tassels. The front of the superb petticoat was often clasped with precious stones, even from the girdle to the toe. There the little foot, surmounted on a huge high heel, presented it-

self, cased in embroidery, and sparkling like a pretty star beneath its cloud of garments. The lovely wearer's head was adorned with coiffure of pearls, covering the whole *tete*, so as to entirely exclude the least appearance of hair; and the pearls of the cap coming quite forward, and round the pretty face, even to the tip of the chin, the body's vissage had the effect of a picture set in pearls. Over all that, matrons generally wore a prodigious ample and long veil, usually of cyprus-gauze, sometimes plain, and of one color, and at other times wrought with gold. It stood over the head, stiffened a little with wire, and then being clasped under the chin with a costly broach, devolved down the shoulders, and over the figure, like a light mist playing round the whole form, shading, but not obscuring it.

In my next I will give you the detail of Anne Bullen's wedding robes, and meanwhile shall subscribe myself my Urania's faithful PARIS.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR....No. XIX.

SKETCHES OF EAST INDIAN LIFE, CONTINUED.

MR. CENSOR,

Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus. HOR. EPIST. 1. 18
"I thank you as much as if I did"——.

In other words,

——"NOT having need of your services, I can dispense with the obligation you are willing to impose." He is happy who can refuse a favor with a good grace, and wisely discover the treacherous evil that most commonly lurks under the veil of a proffered advantage. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," said the wise Laocoon. Had the infatuated Trojans shut their gates against the Grecian present, the melancholy epitaph of "Troja fuit" would not have been inscribed on the ruins of their city, by their perfidious conquerors.

I recollect that a few months ago, an unguarded modern Trojan was introduced to your readers, by the name of Peter Pilgarlick. He, it seems, soon fell a victim to sanguine hopes and an unsuspecting temper. Your correspondent Dan Spondee, still labors, I understand, under a fatal propensity to accept every offer that is made to him, with undiscriminating avidity; and though, in the main, he lack neither sense nor honesty, he is but ill calculated to deport himself with propriety, to earn his subsistence with reputation, or to procure the esteem and confidence of his acquaintance or the public. The candid mind will willingly make allowances for peculiarity of situations and circumstances. But, I believe, every thinking man will join me in opinion, that no person will ever become rich and respectable, unless he learn to appreciate with critical acumen, the nature and tendency of tendered services and gifts, and acquire fortitude to "*thank you as much as if he did*,"—when he cannot account for a disposition to oblige, on the ground of *an expectation in the benefactor to receive something directly or indirectly, in fair reciprocity, as the consideration of the proffered kindness.* I have often been censured for the apparent over-caution and illiberality of this opinion. But why? If my future services may be made valuable to my neighbor, I can have no objection to his availing himself of them in an honorable manner, as a proper and equitable return for some present advantage which I receive from his hands. On such terms, although I discover them by my own sagacity or judicious observation, I do not hesitate to accept his present, and to "*thank him into the bargain.*" But how frequently are the weak and unguarded laid under obligations, in their strictest sense, by the selfish and artful! Demands which enslave for life, in the most odious thraldom, have been contracted without consideration, and enforced without mercy. The disguise of humanity has allured thousands to destruction; hypocrisy and cunning, under the mask of friendship, have often consigned their victims to the pistol, the halter, and the mad-house.

When I first went to India, about thirty years since, I

possessed a plentiful stock of prudence and experience. The acquisition of them was at the cost of my home. Folly and thoughtlessness, by early plunging me in ruin, made me a grey-beard at five and twenty. I awoke from a long and turbulent delirium, and found myself stripped of all but my better principles, which had survived the general wreck of fortune and reputation; and which, strong as they were, I scarcely knew I possessed during the noisy tempest of riot and debauchery which raged in the soul-distracting morning of my days. A small landed property yet remained. This I disposed of, and after paying a number of debts to those who could least afford to lose the amount of them, with the remaining sum, one hundred pounds, I embarked for India. While on my passage, I had leisure to reflect on my past life, to read good and useful books, to think and reason with precision and correctness; to see and applaud the propriety of the measure I had taken, and to confirm my sentiments and resolutions by the sanction and approbation of a calm and matured judgement.

When a stranger first sets his foot on a Calcutta ghaut, he finds a most courteous reception. He is an object of consequence, and of curious enquiry to every native, from the little chatta-wala,* to the big-bellied banyan.† But his first serious salutation is from one of a middle order of beings, with a long lean figure, and an aspect expressive of continual solicitude; no one, I believe, will be unable to guess the character to which I now direct his attention. His name is often terrible to those who accept his services, "*and thank him too.*" As for me, the purser of the ship in which I sailed having often cautioned me against placing confidence in sircars, I return-

* Chata-wala—a boy who carries the large parasol or umbrella. Note in our last number, p. 319.

† Big-bellied Banyan. It is a fact, that in India, a man's wealth may be fairly estimated by the quantity of his flesh. The *poor* native of that country looks *poor*; for his food, his lodging, and all about him, are *poor*. But the wealthy man eats his *rice* and *pilau* highly seasoned. He banquets on savory dishes, and, pardon the expression, *blows himself out* into most portly dimensions.

ed his salam with a bow, and passing on, observed, "*I thank you as much as if I did.*"

I had some letters of recommendation with me, directed to people of consequence in Calcutta. I delivered one of them. The gentleman treated me with civility; but was sorry he could do nothing for me. Just so poor Peter Pilgarlick was welcomed. I was, however, invited to dinner; but as I wanted employment, and not luxurious viands, I declined the invitation with "*I thank you as much as if I did.*" As I was allowed to remain on board the ship until I could procure a situation to my mind, my expenses, of course, were very small. My captain, a most worthy man, exerted himself in my behalf, and on the tenth day after my arrival I was engaged as a copying clerk in a merchant's office, with a salary of 80 rupees per month. Having destroyed all my fine recommendatory epistles, I resolved to sink my pride down to my circumstances. Among other axioms I had adopted, as beyond controversy true and invaluable, was this, *that any one, who has fallen from an eminence in society, may rise again, provided he go low enough, and change his scene of action.* Agreeably to my opinion on this head, I hired a very small house in an obscure gully,* and made it neat and comfortable at a very trifling expense. I had health, spirits, and an approving conscience. I wanted but two servants—a d'hobee and a khidmutgar.† Clean clothes are, indeed, in a country like that, a luxury as much in the power of a poor as a rich man; and I never knew a man in India, worth hanging, who lounged about in the same shirt two days successively. My other domestic was a factotum. He bought my victuals for me, and cooked for me, took care of my house, and with the assistance of a shrivelled old Sybil of a matrannee,‡ kept my tenement

* Gully, is a narrow lane. Our American captains, &c. all know its meaning. *Rannamoody gully*, for instance.

† D'hobee is a washerwoman. Khidmutgar is a servant who attends at table, &c.

‡ Matrannee is a woman who sweeps the house, yard, &c. and is employed in a variety of dirty work.

and its appurtenances clean and in good order. When the first month was expired, my landlord offered to let the rent run on to another month, as "*the sum was so small;*"—so much the easier to command, said I;—your offer is kind, but as to accepting it, "*I thank you as much as if I did.*"

A brother clerk in the merchant's office where I was employed, used to treat me in a very friendly manner. He often lamented that I was obliged to trudge about on foot, and as he observed that our master was much pleased with my assiduity, he advised me to get a palankeen; for there could be no doubt of my speedy promotion. I candidly related my real circumstances to him. My original stock of one hundred pounds was considerably lessened by unavoidable expenses; as to purchasing a palankeen, it was out of the question, if ready siccas were to be the terms; and as to getting into debt with a stranger, that was equally out of my will or power He offered to lend me money—to make payment easy to myself, to take it by instalments—any way—"*I thank you,*" said I, "*as much as if I did.*"

But, Mr. Censor, I have extended this communication to an unintended length, and will therefore bid you and your readers adieu for the present. I hope you will not deem this well meant correspondence impertinent. If I see this letter inserted in the next number, I shall immediately send you an account of some other events in my life, which I hope may be useful to the young adventurer If you do not approve what I have already written, give yourself no further trouble about it. You certainly have a right to reject my proffered assistance in your literary department, and to say to me, as I have frequently said to others, "*I thank you as much as if I did.*"

Yours sincerely,

SIMON STEADY.

WASHINGTON AND EPAMINONDAS COMPARED.

WASHINGTON has often been compared by his eulogists to Epaminondas; who is, in my opinion, the only character of antiquity that can justly be placed in competition with the American hero. Between these two great men, separated by the lapse of more than two thousand years, there are many points of resemblance, and some things in which they differ. To determine to which the preference should be given, is not my object, and would, perhaps, be a task of no easy execution. For it has been well observed, that the comparing of great men is like the comparing of great rivers: in one, we admire its width, the smoothness of its surface, and the majestic flow of its current; while in another we are struck with the rapidity and depth of its stream, and the meandering course it describes. All that I propose is, to exhibit some of the more striking characteristics, which have gained them the love and veneration of mankind, and which render them worthy of our imitation.

Of these two great men, it may first be observed, that both arose from inconsiderable beginnings to the first stations of trust and honor in their country. And for this elevation, they were indebted to no family connections, nor to no popular intrigue; but to the unbiassed suffrages of their fellow-citizens. They rose by their own inherent worth; by their acknowledged virtue and wisdom.

Epaminondas was of humble, though reputable birth. At an early age he discovered great fondness for letters, and received instruction in the Pythagorean philosophy, in which he made great proficiency. Indeed, he was no less distinguished among his countrymen for learning and knowledge, than for virtue and military skill.

Washington, born of respectable parents, spent his youth rather in the business of the farm, and the athletic exercises of the country, than in acquiring knowledge; and in this respect he must be confessed inferior to Epaminondas. For

knowledge is power; and whoever possesses it, other things being equal, may be justly reckoned superior to one who has it not. Whether Washington was not, upon the whole, as great as any education would have made him, I shall not pretend to determine.

Both, at an early age, gave evidence of great personal courage, of inflexible integrity and firmness, and of a prudence and wisdom far beyond their years. These great qualities, which appeared more conspicuous the oftener they were required, soon recommended them to the notice, and insured them the confidence of the public. Having distinguished themselves in the lower stations of military service, and a crisis having arrived in the affairs of their countries, demanding uncommon caution and ability, they were respectively chosen to the offices of highest trust and authority. Thus, by the voice of their countrymen were they called to the most responsible situations, and declared to be men most fit to rescue them from their hazardous situation.

A similar success attended the exertions of both.

Thebes, hitherto a small and inconsiderable state, under the command of Epaminondas, triumphed over the arms of Lacedemon, then the most formidable power of Greece. First at Leuctra, and afterwards at Mantinea, where Epaminondas fell, the Lacedemonians sustained two signal defeats. In these two battles their affairs were so much weakened, that they never recovered from the shock. Thebes, before neglected and despised, assumed, during the life of her general, a high rank among the powers of Greece. She was not only rescued from slavery and oppression, but became respectable in the eyes of their neighbors.

The steps by which Washington gained the independence which we now possess, are too well known to need a rehearsal. In this, however, his success much resembled that of the Theban hero; that he conducted a small, and, hitherto, inconsiderable state to greatness and respectability, though opposed by a great and powerful nation.

In estimating their military characters, it is to say who de-

serves the greater praise. If it be said on one hand that Epaminondas gained more signal victories ; on the other it must be owned that Washington had a more formidable enemy to oppose, with means less suited to the purpose of conquest. If we applaud Epaminondas for having vanquished the forces of Lacedemon, Washington deserves no less praise for having preserved the forces under his command from entire destruction.

Of the political conduct of Epaminondas, little is known. The probability is, that he was employed principally in the camp. Washington, however, was equally great in peace and in war—in the cabinet and the field. Having conducted his country through a perilous contest, he was placed at the head of affairs ; where, in the most trying times, he conducted himself with singular prudence and wisdom. The benefits he conferred on his country as a statesman, were no less, either in number or degree, than those which he had before bestowed as a warrior.

As to their deaths, Washington must be considered the more fortunate.

> " The first of chiefs is he who laurels gains,
> But buys them not with death : the next is he
> Who dies, but dies in virtue's arms." EURIPIDES.

Epaminondas fell at Mantinea, while bravely fighting at the head of his army. Being pierced with a javelin, which he perceived had given him a deadly wound, and knowing he must die as soon as it was withdrawn, he suffered it to remain till he was told the Thebans had conquered. " Hearing this, he exclaimed, " I have enough of life, since I die in the arms of victory ;" then ordering the javelin to be withdrawn, he immediately expired. And with him perished the fortunes of his country. Thebes, before the birth of Epaminondas, had been in subjection to other states ; during his life time, she was at the head of the Grecian powers ; after his death, she fell back into her former insignificance and servitude. " Thus shewing," says Nepos, " that one man may be of more consequence than a whole state."

Different from this was the death of Washington. Having survived the contests in which he was engaged, during a perilous war, he had the happiness of participating in the blessings of freedom and peace, which his valour had procured. From being the leader of her armies in war, he was called by his country to preside in her councils in peace; where he had the satisfaction of seeing his country made happy by his means. Having filled the highest stations, and received the thanks of his countrymen, and the praises of mankind, he was permitted to die in peace, with the cheering prospect of the future greatness and prosperity of his country.

Seldom have *greatness* and *goodness* been united in the same individual; but these illustrious characters were no less eminent for their virtues than for their prowess and military skill. "It is uncertain," says Justin, "whether Epaminondas were a better man or a greater general;" and of Washington it may be said, it is doubtful whether he more deserves our praises as a warrior, a statesman, or a man.

Both were chaste, compassionate, and patient. Epaminondas, we are told, was modest and grave; and so religiously attached to truth, that he would not tell a falsehood even in jest. The modesty of Washington is well known. His superiority above others, was seen and acknowledged by all but himself. His veracity was such, that none ever called it in question.

Epaminondas was left poor by his parents, and so continued to the day of his death. For all his services he would receive nothing; and of all the spoils which he took from the vanquished, he kept nothing for himself. His contempt for money was very great. Diomedon, at the request of Artaxerxes, attempted to corrupt him by the offer of a large sum of gold. "I need not your money," said Epaminondas; "if the king wishes what is useful to Thebes, I am ready to do it without a compensation; but if he desires what is not for her interest, he has not gold and silver enough to bribe me to the action."

Washington possessed an ample estate, which he employed

for the most benevolent purposes. For his long and laborious services in the field, he would receive nothing. And while, at all times, he showed himself superior to the love of money, he left his countrymen an example of wise economy and frugality. To desire wealth as an end, is the part of a miser; but to use it as the means of more extensive usefulness, and to increase human happiness, is what becomes the character of a wise and good man.

Of the magnanimity of Epaminondas, this is an instance. On account of the envy of his countrymen, he was removed from the chief command. The army, under another general, was reduced to great straits, and was on the point of being destroyed by their enemies. In this condition they besought Epaminondas, who was voluntarily serving as a private soldier, to undertake their deliverance. Forgetting the insult and injustice of his countrymen, he assumed the command, and rescued them from the impending destruction.

To the honor of his countrymen be it said, Washington was never placed in similar circumstances; although, to those acquainted with his character, there can be be no doubt that he would, in a parallel case, have acted with the same magnanimity.

In truth, it was the praise of these great men, that they so conducted themselves in every office, that instead of receiving from it any new dignity, they gave it additional honor.

Upon reviewing what has been said, the palm must be yielded to Epaminondas in learning and eloquence, for both of which he was greatly distinguished;—in war they were nearly equal, both manifesting great skill and address; as a statesman, Washington must be confessed superior.

To conclude; when we consider the lives and actions of these illustrious men—their labors, their benevolence, and their ardent love of country, I think we may with justice say of each, NON SIBI, SED PATRIÆ, VIXIT.

[*Athenæum.*]

IDYLS OF JAUFFRET.

Translated from the French for the Polyanthos.

I.

TO AN INFANT.

Fly me not, pretty child! Do not quit this field; where with a light foot thou treadest the springing grass! Let not my presence remove the smile from thy lovely lips! Displeased with men, I avoid them; I come to this flowery turf to study thy heart and to sport with thee.

See my face. It is calm and open as thine. Stormy passions have not yet troubled its serenity.

Sweet child! thou compliest with my wishes; thou comest to me smiling. Wilt thou repose thyself under these young poplars? In the shade of their foliage we will twine a garland of daisies and scabiouses. Wilt thou play along this streamlet? Over the stalks of the rushes which adorn its sides, we shall see those pretty and light formed insects, with wings of gauze, of gold, and azure. Wilt thou pursue this little butterfly, fluttering capriciously from flower to flower? Wilt thou break the stalk of this dried flower, and blow away the gossamer which crowns it?....Ah! how pure is the happiness which I feel at thy side! How sweet is it to breathe the same air with innocence! Led astray by ambition, men despise candor; if they sometimes embrace each other, it is but to deceive the more.

Amiable infant! it is only near thee that I find again the golden age: when thou smilest on me, 'tis not a smile of deception. When, to prove to me thy joy, thou askest a kiss, I know that thy artless mouth will not beguile me. Let us be friends: to please thee I will amuse myself with thy sports, and thy love will embellish nature for me.

II.

CHILDHOOD.

When a rose yet offers but its timid bud, when its velvet leaves burst with difficulty from the bands which confine it,

my eye reposes on it with delight. I love to see it blowing out insensibly, and turning by degrees to a dazzling carnation.

I love to see the source of a stream spouting from the sides of a steep rock. Lying on its borders covered with moss, with cresses and woodbine, under a bower of hazle, I breathe with pleasure the freshness of the springing stream. A little lamb, who sportive bounds on the meadow where he was born, delights my sight and touches my heart. I take part in his gambols, and every thing in him pleases me, even to his caprices.

Aurora, chasing before her the obscurity of night, and announcing the brilliant planet of light, enchants and charms me. To the prospect of this whiteness which adorns the east, and to the tint of the color of the rose, which succeeds it, I fancy myself transported to the birth of nature.—But nothing pleases me so much as a fine infant. In him I see the bud of the rose, the stream which springs bubbling from the rock, the lamb which bounds on the grass, and the brilliant dawn drawing the fiery curtains of day.

III.

THE MEADOWS.

Blooming meadows! vast and waving theatre, where nature with profusion has scattered the treasures of a vegetable reign, I salute you! How beautiful is your aspect, when the cool wind of evening caresses your enamelled surface, and the orb of day, ready to disappear from the horizon, throws on you through brilliant clouds, its last rays of gold and purple!

How often, delightful meadows, have I strayed over you, in the sweet days of my infancy, under the attentive eye of a mother! Oh! what was her joy when she saw me bounding like a young lamb before her, jumping gaily along the windings of a stream, or caressing the bleating sheep who feared me not! Sometimes, removing a little from her sight, I culled at pleasure the sweet violet and daisy, to form a nosegay, which I tied with a rush, and ran to offer it to her. Some-

times I trusted to the course of the stream this small gift of filial love. The fresh bouquet floated on the running wave through the meadows, and by cries I announced from afar to that good mother, who, sitting under the shade of an old willow, stopped my flowers in their passage, to ornament her bosom.—Sometimes I contrived to surprise her love—in vain she looked around her—her eyes no more perceived her son—she called him—uneasy, she called him again—suddenly, I appeared laughing from the hollow trunk of the old willow; I darted into her arms and paid with a thousand kisses her tender alarms. Oh! beautiful meadows, what touching remembrances do you awaken in my bosom.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Eloquence of Burke and Fox compared.

It is not difficult to apprehend the distinction between the species of eloquence in which Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox respectively excelled, however arduous it may be to express it in words. When two persons have risen so near the summit of an art, they must possess many things in common. In all essential qualities each must necessarily abound. The manner and the proportions in which these qualities are mixed, afford, by their results, the practical ground of distinction. To be full of their subject, to see it in all its bearings, to feel all its strength and all its weakness, to illumine what was dark, to raise what was low, to amplify, to condense, to inflame, to mitigate, to control the sources of persuasion, and to command the avenues to conviction, was the prerogative of each of those distinguished persons. A certain vehemence, almost irresistible, belonged to both; though the one seemed to have become irresistible by his bulk, the other by his velocity. The eloquence of either might be compared to a river; but the one was overpowering by the weight of its waters, the other by the impetus of its stream. On the one majestically rode

the merchandise of the world, "*optimo flumine Ganges;*" the other from its crystal sources rushed precipitately down the mountain's sides, carrying fertility to the plains, giving strength and freshness to the colours of nature, and enriching our domestic soil. All that was great was collected in Mr. Burke; all that was strong was generated in Mr. Fox. To the minds of both every thing was present that the occasion demanded: but that compass of thought and knowledge which surrounds and invests a subject; which comprehends its most distant results, and, raising it above party views, exhibits all its grand relations to human nature and society, was, in an eminent degree, the advantage and felicity of Burke. In this, perhaps, he has excelled all other orators, whether ancient or modern. *British Review.*

Love.

The following very singular and excellent description of this passion is taken from a comedy of Plautus:

I'm toss'd, tormented, agitated,
Prick'd, rack'd upon the wheel of love; distracted,
Torn, fainting am I hurried round; and thus
My inmost mind is in a cloud; that where
I am, I am not, where I am not, there
My mind is. Such are all my faculties:
I like and like not, as the moment passes.
Fatigu'd in mind, thus Love does draw me on,
Pursues, drives, drags me, seizes, and retains,
Drains me to nothing, and then gives me all:
All that he gives retracts, and so deludes me.
From what he once persuaded, now dissuades;
What he dissuaded, holds out to my choice.
He treats me like the raging sea, and wrecks
My mind to madness. Nor is there an evil
I do not feel, but that I cannot down,
And sink outright.

Warner's Plautus.—The Casket.

On conferring Benefits.

Kind smiles in secret to dispense,
Is thy fond wish, Munificence!
Stranger to interest and pride,
Alone to selfish minds allied.
No cold nor lingering delay
Shall c'er thy ready favours stay;
But thy prompt hand shall soon impart
The warm intentions of thine heart.
Unknown to thee the sickening mien,
That marks of dying hope the scene;
When the pale wretch, with languid sigh,
With feeble hand, and thankless eye,
The long protracted gift surveys,
The favorite wish of earlier days.

—

The way of the World.

Most people follow the conduct of Sylla; he was in the habit always of paying respect to all whom he thought he could make serviceable to him, and to demand equal homage from those to whom he apprehended that he might be himself serviceable.

—

Anger.

Talking on this subject with an able physician, a great adherent to the philosophy of Descartes, I asked him his opinion of the advice which Athenagoras gave to Augustus, "Repeat the letters of the alphabet one after another, when you find your choler about to rise." My friend replied, that it was morally impossible for the wisest man, under the influence of any passion, to prevent the traces, which an object impresses on the brain, from putting the spirits in motion, and operating on the intestines: or that these traces should not redouble their force on the same spirits returning. I therefore consider the rules laid down by Athenagoras as ridiculous as the following ludicrous direction: "Whilst you re-

peat tol-de-rol, you cannot die." I was not satisfied with the answer of the physician; as experience informs us, that the will is capable in many cases of restraining the motions of anger.

—

Homer.

This ancient bard was the favorite subject of praise and admiration to Boileau, whenever the merit of the poet became the topic of discourse. Homer is a poet (he used to say) whose steps the Graces never desert. All his writings are close imitations of nature; and by a single trait he makes us acquainted with any of his characters, Ulysses arrives at the cave of Polypheme, who makes only one mouthful of two of the hero's companions. Ulysses presents him with a goblet of wine. "The draught is delicious!" exclaims the giant: "Begone, I will eat you, the last of my prisoners."

What Boileau most admired in Homer, was the poet's talent of exalting little matters by the nobleness of his expressions. In this circumstance (added he) lies the genius and art of the poet. For great things support themselves by their own grandeur and solidity. He used to quote the following song of an unknown writer, as an instance of beautiful simplicity of style.

The shepherdess, so young and fair,
To Strephon's story lent her ear;
Whilst with a taper hand she plied
The thrifty spindle at her side.
Soon by the fond repeated vow
The lass was mov'd, she knew not how;
By pity's sympathetic spell
Thrice from her hand the spindle fell.

—

Spartan Maledictions.

We find in the lexicon of Suidas, that a Lacedæmonian execrated those whom he hated, by these three wishes: that they might build houses, buy fine clothes, and marry coquets.

Dr. Doddridge.

The name of Doddridge is well known both in the learned and the religious world. It is said that he had always in his study a scull, into whose mouth he put these lines which he composed for the purpose, and imagined the scull to be speaking to him. As they are but little known, they may be acceptable to some of our readers.

Supposed to be spoken by a scull.

Why choose you in a maze of books to stray?
I dictate wisdom in a shorter way;
Nor need I words my purpose to dispense,
For looks like mine are powerful eloquence;
Behold these ruins of a human frame,
And tell me from what sepulchre they came;
My rank, my genius, or my form declare,
Say, was I great or mean, deform'd or fair,
The public scandal, or the public care?
Alas! thou know'st not! and thy pride must own,
That though thyself, shall be as much unknown,
Thus shall thy beauties moulder in the dust,
The sparkling eye and smiling cheek be lost;
Thy learned brains shall be to worms a prey,
And every curious trace be worn away;
Learned in vain, 'till thou this secret have,
Or to avoid, or triumph o'er the grave.

The Glutton.

The following verses were made on an egregious glutton, who complained that the conversation of the company spoiled his dinner.

Gomor etant à table avec certains pedants,
Qui crioient et prêchoient trop haut sur la vendange;
Lui qui ne songe alors qu' à ce que font ses dens,
Paix là paix là dit-il on na sait ce qu'on mange.

Imitated.

Gomor, a hog of Epicurus' stye,
At dinner view'd each dish with curious eye ;
The pedant guests around him clamor'd loud,
Of endless talk, and ceaseless bawling proud :
" Cease, cease," cried Gomor ; " your confounding prate,
I scarce can taste the viands on my plate."

The Christian Æra.

The most ancient author, whom we find using the modern mode of date, Anno Domini, is the venerable Bede, the English historian. It was adopted in France under King Pepin, and fully established in the reign of Charlemagne. The custom of beginning the year on the first of January commenced in France in 1564.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Why, in the infinite number of luxuries invented by pleasure and effeminacy, has no idea started for the relief of the miserable : Does not humanity make you feel the necessity of succouring your fellow-creatures ? Virtuous hearts are more sensible of the obligations they are under of doing good, than of all the other desires of life. Marcus Aurelius thanked the gods that he had always served his friends without making them wait. The bliss of greatness exists only when others find their good fortune in ours. " I cannot feel a happiness," said that prince, " which is to be enjoyed only by myself."

Virtues link themselves together, and form a sort of alliance between each other ; and it is the union of all these virtues which form an extraordinary man. After having prescribed the duties necessary to the common safety, men have sought to render their intercourse agreeable : they have established the rules of politeness and knowledge of the world.

SELECTED POETRY.

AN ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

Be thou, Indifference! my song,
And as life's days glide careless on,
I'll shed no sorrowing tear;
If thou wilt in my bosom dwell,
To every hope I'll bid farewell,
In this terestrial sphere.

Should all my life one tempest be,
Thy smiles, mild nymph! should solace me,
And heal each piercing dart:
Expand then thy protective wing,
Whilst thus to thee I lowly sing,
To tranquillize my heart.

Though chequer'd is this busy scene,
Would'st thou but gently pass between,
To stay the tears that flow;
Care would not hold such powerful sway,
Deforming oft the fairest day
Of youth's inspiring glow.

Then place me in that happy bow'r,
Secure from each unpitying show'r
That chills life's opening morn;
For ah! 'tis thine, with mystic skill,
To mould the bosom to thy will,
Of ev'ry hope forlorn.

Think not that I thy presence seek,
When sorrow's tear bedews my cheeck,
And low I sink opprest;
Thou know'st I've little pleasure known;
Her gilded days too early flown,
Have left an aching breast.

'Tis true we seldom woo thy smile,
Life's joyous moments to beguile;
For ere our bliss we know,
Dark clouds will every prospect gloom,
The future crushing in its bloom,
With swift impending woe.

Sure happiness, with transient ray,
Is like the sun in April's day,
O'erclouded in an hour;
For oft when youthful hope runs high,
The dismal shade, the gathering sky,
Portend a threat'ning show'r.

Indifference! at thy calm shrine
I'd bow, though happiness were mine;
For thou canst soothe the soul,
When fate's unkindest frowns appear,
Her mazy wand'rings thou canst cheer,
And every pang control.

Then rest, Indifference! rest with me,
For oft I waft a sigh to thee,
To thee oft breathe a pray'r;
Though ills uunumber'd round me rise,
If thou but hear my pensive sighs,
I'll bid adieu to care.

CAROLINE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

GEM of the crimson-color'd even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So dire thy plighted step returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamor'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

This is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly;
Chas'd by the soul-subduing power
Of love's delightful witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day
Queen of propitious stars appear!
And early rise, and long delay
When Caroline herself is here.

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Where trees the sunward summit crown;
And damask flowers that well may court
An angel's foot to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome;
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms thy soft exhaling dew;
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where winnow'd by her gentle air
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brows so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet to wander far,
O! bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star.

[*At Ednam in the west of Scotland, on the 22d of September, the birth day of the celebrated author of "the Seasons" is kept with all the reverence due to the name of a poet universally admired, and all the enthusiasm of affection for his memory, as a native of that part of the country. The bust of the bard is crowned with laurel, the nymphs and swains foot it on the green to the sound of the tabor, and the day closes with jollity and song. The following Ode was lately written and sung on one of these occasions.*]

—

AN ODE

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF JAMES THOMSON.

AUTHOR OF THE "SEASONS."

All hail, thou bright, propitious day;
Long shalt thou be to Britian dear;
And may thy dawning orient ray
With lustre crown the circling year.

Awake, sweet Morn, and plume thy wing,
With splendour smile o'er freedom's land,
And thou, Apollo, give to sing,
Thy son's sweet natal morn at hand.

And O! dear, consecrated scene,
Still to his memory sacred be;
Rob'd rich in gay perennial green,
May future ages Ednam see.

On thee may Spring her verdure shed,
Fair as the landscape which he drew,
And Summer all the beauties spread
His Heav'n-taught Muse hath sung so true.

In Autumn may thy fertile vales
Be crown'd with sheaves, rich as his song.
And may each son of thy soft dales
Be as their poet's Winter strong.

Hither let every Scotian bard
Come, and a grateful tribute pay;

And, as a mark of true regard,
Their bays before his altar lay.

And thou, O B—, whose magic pen
A flowery garland did prepare,
Come, honour'd bard, to grace the train,
And all its kind effusions share.

O bring with thee thy Doric reed,
And from it pour a plaintive lay,
Let thy sweet Muse tell vale and mead
That Scotia loves her Thomson's clay.

And you, ye modest virgins fair,
With glowing breast this scene attend,
To crown his name a wreath prepare,
For he was yours and virtue's friend.

He well could warn your sliding hearts,
To guard against the infectious wound,
Which adulation smooth imparts,
When Ev'ning draws her curtain round.

And when on Ednam's verdant top
In modest beauty you appear,
With conscious hearts blush not to drop
For his sweet shade a tender tear.

For tho' in Richmond's hallow'd fane
In peaceful urn his ashes sleep,
Long, long shall every Scotian swain
His name in dear remembrance keep.

And oft as Time returns the day,
The day his birth hath sacred made,
Ednam shall wake the fervid lay,
To sooth her native poet's shade.

Fair-flowing Tweed, with limpid stream,
O bear its echo o'er the vale,
Bland zephyrs catch the tender theme,
And breathe it soft each balmy gale.

While Seasons roll their annual round,
While freedom flames beneath the sky,
Some generous breast shall still be found,
For him to heave a heart-felt sigh.

Dear shade, farewell!—forgive the Muse
Does thus thy loss with grief deplore,
Her scanty wreath do not refuse,
Wet with a tear—she has no more!

SPECTACLES:

OR HELPS TO READ.

WHERE gently swinging o'er the gate,
The royal lion hugs his chain,
Deck'd in a tawny hide, and wig
(Instead of mane)
As frizzled and as big
As that which clothes the wisest judge's pate,—
The village club inspir'd by beer,
Had met, the chronicle to hear,
Which, weekly, to the list'ning crowd,
Aaron, their clerk, proclaim'd aloud.

While talking over state affairs,
Each fault in politics discerning,
And praising Aaron's wond'rous learning,
A hawker came to vend his wares;
The well-pack'd box his aged shoulders prest,
And his rough beard descended to his breast.

"Vell, Shentlemen, vat you vant to buy?
Goot razors, knives, vate'er you choose,
Vatch keys, or buckles for de shoes;
Or do you stand in need
Of spectacles, vich help to read?"
"Do you sell helps to read?" Hodge cries,
And yawns, and rubs his drowsy eyes;
"Hand me a pair,—at least I'll try;

Who knows, but, when the old man's dead,
I may be clerk, in Aaron's stead."

So said, he fix'd them on his snout,
And star'd, and wink'd, and look'd about,
But all in vain :
" Perhaps de soight's too old," the pedlar cries,
" Sher, try anoder pair ;
Dese, Sher, vill shute you to a hair,"
Again the bumpkin try'd :
His eyes ran o'er the page again,
But all was dark and puzzling as before.

" Vell, Sher," cry'd Moses, " can you now see better ?"
" Not I," quoth Hodge, with angry roar ;
" I cannot tell a letter."
Then madly stampt and rav'd,
Swearing he'd have the cheating Hebrew shav'd ;
He'd dock his chin, he'd mow his grisly beard.
" Vy, Sher," cry'd Moses, striving to be heard,
" *Perhaps you cannot read*, and, if 'tis so,
Nothing vill help you out, you know ;
De spectacles are very goot indeed,
But den, perhaps, you never vent to school."
" What," growl'd the clown, with fiery eye,
And redden'd face, whose anger you might see,
" D'ye take me for a fool ?
If I could say my A, B, C,
What need have I
For any *helps to read ?*"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new paper, under the title of "The Lady's and Gentleman's Gazette" is about to be published by J. Belcher, Boston.

The members of the class in Harvard College to commence seniors with the next college year, have united for the purpose of publishing the "Harvard Lyceum," new series, to be issued like the former at the end of every second week.

DIED.

In Washington, on Friday, the 22d instant, aged 74, the honorable SAMUEL ALLYNE OTIS, secretary of the senate of the United States.

This much lamented fellow-citizen was son of the late hon. James Otis, of Barnstable, whose life was devoted to the service of his country, and brother of the celebrated Scholar, Statesman, and Patriot of the same name, who *led the way to the American revolution.*

Imbued with a strong attachment to the principles of his father and elder brother, and liberally educated under their influence, Mr. Otis was himself an early and decided friend to the liberties of his country. In 1776 he was chosen a representative for Boston, and afterwards to the convention which framed the constitution of Massachusetts; he was also appointed a member of the board of war; a commissioner, with Gen. Lincoln and President Phillips, to receive the submission and promise indemnity to the insurgents: and a delegate to the old Congress, in which capacity he served until the adoption of the Federal Constitution.—He then became the first elected secretary of the senate of the United States, and continued to discharge the duties of that office, from the first day of the organization of that body, to the close of the last session, *without the absense or intermission of a single day.*—No higher eulogium can be expressed upon his fidelity, industry, and accuracy in this responsible station, than his continuance in it, amid the struggles and

collisions of parties, without a sacrifice or concealment of his political opinions, which differed from those of the majority of that body; whose good will and respect he conciliated by his exemplary attention to his duty, and by the amenity of his manners.

His private character was adorned by all the moral and domestic virtues and accomplishments; and modelled upon the principles of our holy religion, which, from his youth, were openly professed and conscientiously adopted as the rule of his conduct in all his public and private relations.

His life was sacrified, at last, to a too rigid perseverance in official duty, and a reluctance to yield to indisposition, resulting from excessive fatigue in the arrangements of his office on the last days of the late session of Congress.

Although he had passed the ultimate limit which is commonly allotted to human life; yet when a vigorous and verdant old age, the effect of virtuous and temperate habits, is sustained with cheerfulness and comfort, when the intellect is unclouded, and all the passions, except the friendly and benevolent affections, have lost their ardour, and these are made subservient to the happiness of tender connections, and affections; the aged man is not less interesting to his family, and his acquaintance, nor less useful to society, than he was at an earlier period of life.—We regard, with melancholy regret and tenderness, the parting ray of the autumnal sun; we think only of the mildness and serenity of the evening, and forget to reflect upon the length of the day.

In St. John's, New-Brunswick, on the 12th of March, the reverend Mather Byles, D. D. rector of that city and chaplain of the district, aged 80. He was the son of the reverend Dr. Byles, who was for many years pastor of the church in Hollis-street, Boston.

In Halifax, Capt. Joseph Nye, jun. of Boston.

In Boston, Daniel Sargent, jun. aged 18, a youth of amiable and engaging deportment, and of promising talents.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FOR MAY, 1814.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth. *Dr. Johnson.*

THE CHAIN BRIDGE AT DEER ISLAND,

NEAR NEWBURYPORT.

The drawing is taking from a southerly view, which embraces only one of the uprights with but half the bridge. It was erected in the year 1810. The arch is 228 feet long and 40 feet high, and is supported by 10 massy chains, the ends of which are strongly bedded and secured several feet under ground. It is a noble structure, and will no doubt prove very durable. The height of the rocks surrounding the base of the abutment is from 25 to 30 feet high: their huge and craggy appearance afford the beholder a romantic and picturesque scene. The building represents the hotel; and in the summer season parties of pleasure frequently resort here and regale themselves with various amusements. The view from the water, when sailing up the river, is interesting and delightful.

SELECTED REVIEW.

FROM THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

The Iliad, Odyssey, and Batrachomyomachia of Homer. Translated into English Blank Verse, by the late William Cowper. Esq. Second Edition, with copious Alterations and Notes. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Odyssey of the illustrious bard now claims our attention. The action of this poem, which, like the Iliad, is composed of twenty-four books, is comprised in fifty-five days, in which are related the adventures of Ulysses, on his return to Ithaca, from the siege of Troy.

Bossu has said, "that the design of the Iliad is to instruct the states of Greece, considered as united in one body, or as parts of the whole; and that of the Odyssey to instruct those same states, considered in their private capacities." A brief sketch of the fable is also given, as follows:

"A prince had been obliged to quit his country, and lead an army of his subjects upon a foreign expedition; after having gloriously executed this, he was upon his return home; but, in spite of all his endeavors, was detained for several years by tempests, which threw him on several countries very different from one another, as to manners, customs, polity, &c. In the dangers he had to struggle withal, his companions, neglecting his advice, all perish through their own default. In the mean time, the great men of his country, abusing his absence, commit strange disorders in his palace, squander his treasure, lay snares for his son, and will needs force his wife to choose a husband among them: all this from an opinion that he was entirely lost. But at length he returns; and, having discovered himself to his son, and some others of his friends, who had persisted in their allegiance, he becomes an eye-witness of the insolence of his courtiers; punishes them as they deserved; and restores that peace and tranquillity to his island, which had been banished during his absence."

Very different from Bossu's opinion of the design of the Odyssey, is that of Gerard Croes,* the Dutchman alluded to in our review of the Iliad, who would have made it appear that Homer's principal end, in his Odyssey, was to give a recital of all that is recorded in Scripture, from the time of Lot's departure out of Sodom, to the death of Moses. Another penetrating writer, whose critical observations are of a similar nature, has been able even to apply the several characters in Homer to particular persons among the moderns, and has discovered that Evenis and Antinous are the typical representatives of Calvin and Luther.

These, the absurd presumptions of a distempered imagination, are neither worthy of refutation, nor necessary to be refuted in any other way, than a simple statement of them will tend to effect. To support

* The first part of this work was published at Dort in 1704, under the title of Ομηρος Εξεμιος. See Merrick's Dissertation, p. xlv.

his hypothesis, Croes, with every evidence of the fact against his supposition, is of opinion that the Odyssey was prior to the Iliad. Let Longinus, however, be heard on this head, as well as on the production, in various respects, of the poem itself which is now the object of our enquiry.

He observes, Sect. ix. *περι νοησεως*: that the Odyssey was composed after the Iliad is apparent from many reasons, and, amongst others, from this, that the heroes in the former dwell on the calamities previously suffered in the Trojan war. He therefore considers the Odyssey in the light of an epilogue to the Iliad. In proof of the first assertion, he quotes these verses, from a speech of Nestor's, Od. 3, v. 109.

> There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son,
> There, too, Patroclus, like the gods themselves
> In council, and my son beloved there! COWPER.

The Iliad, says he, is written in the *acme of spirit*, if we may so literally translate *εν ακμη πνευματος*, and is a body entirely dramatic, and full of action; but the Odyssey, on the contrary, is for the most part narrative, which is a style peculiar to old age: so that you may compare the latter to the setting sun, whose intense ardor is no more, but whose magnitude still remains.

After speaking of his decline in this work, and of the incredible fables it contains, he adds, "But when I notice these, I am not forgetful of the tempests there described, and of other things.—And *if* I talk of old age, *it is, however, the old age of Homer!! γηρας δ'ὁμως Ὁμερυ.*"

Having prefaced thus much with regard to the nature of the Odyssey, and of its merits, we shall, before we proceed to give any specimens of the translation, take the liberty of recounting the pleasantries of some learned men, with respect to the works of Homer, and in particular with relation to that before us.

Timolaus interpolated the Iliad, by adding to each verse of Homer one of his own; but Tryphiodorus is said to have pursued a quite contrary method, and to have composed a lipogrammatic Odyssey, from which he entirely excluded the letter sigma, or s. If this be true, says Fabricius, the author must have omitted the very name of Ulysses (*Οδυσσευς*) from a poem of which he was the subject. One might be apt to think that this were impossible, and that Eustathius, therefore, must be mistaken, were not the lipogrammatic work of Fulgentius still extant, the first book of which wants an A, and the second a B, though this gives us the history of *Adam*, and that of *Abel*.

Suidas affords a different account of this extraordinary performance. *Εστι γαρ εν τῳ* A, &c. "For in the first book," says he, "there is not an

Alpha, or A, to be found, and in each rhapsody, the letter which marks the number of it is wanting."*

Addison has, in the Spectator, touched on this *jeu d'esprit* with great felicity of wit and good humor. The passages are too long to transcribe, we must, consequently, on the present occasion, be content to refer the reader to Nos. 59 and 63 of that incomparable work.

We now come to the translation, from which we shall, in the first place, select a portion, which, though simple, is in the original considered as one of the finest in Homer, and it has, perhaps, neither been, nor will ever be, more happily turned than in the subsequent lines:

At early dawn, Ulysses and his host,
Kindling the cottage fire, their food prepar'd,
And sent the peasants with their herds abroad.
The watch-dogs, while Telemachus approach'd,
Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him At that sight,
And at the sound of feet, now drawing nigh,
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd:
"Eumæus! some familiar friend of thine,
Or other whom thou know'st, is on his way
Toward us; for thy dogs bark not, bnt fawn
Around him; and his steps now strike mine ear."
Scarce had he ceas'd, when his own son himself
Stood in the vestibule. Upsprang at once
Eumæus wonder-struck, and letting fall
The cups in which he then sat mingling wine,
Flew to his youthful lord, and, weeping, kiss'd
His hands, his forehead, and his radiant eyes.
As when a father folds in his embrace,
Arriv'd from foreign lands in the tenth year,
His darling son, the offspring of his age,
His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,
So kiss'd the noble peasant o'er and o'er
Godlike Telemachus! as one escap'd
From instant death, and, plaintive, thus he spake.

COWPER, B. 16.

If the observations of the Greek critic be just, with respect to the graceful simplicity of this passage, much favorable expectation could not

* Merrick in dissert. p. xvi. gives the whole article, and says it "is literally transcribed from Suidas by the empress Eudocia, in her Ionia, (a MS. in the king of France's library) from which some extracts have been sent me."

be formed from Pope's version of it, if any existed;* but indeed, after the decided opinion we have given, with reference to the two translators, we deem it unnecessary any more to make them enter the lists together. Having, then, dismissed this "*flat and unprofitable*" employment, we shall, in our future remarks, indulge a little in imitation of the innocent garrulity for which the venerable poet is often, in his present work, distinguished. Od. I. v. 32. Jove addresses the immortals:

How rash are human kind! who charge on us
Their suff'rings, far more truly the result
Of their own folly, than of our decrees.† COWPER.

Setting aside the evident hit at astrologers in Shakspeare, is there not a great similarity between this speech of Jupiter's, and Edmund's in king Lear?

EDMUND. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; *and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.* ACT. I.

Ως ὁ μεν ενθ' απολωλεν, επει πιεν αλμυρον ὑδωρ. Od. 4. v. 511.

On this verse Cowper has the following pleasant note:

"Homer, literally interpreted, says, *So there he died, when he had drank salt water.* A line which, according to Eustathius, had place in none of the ancient editions, being rejected as too simple and even trivial, C. It was once, however, well chosen for his motto by a physician who wrote a treatise against the internal use of sea water. Vol. 1. p. 109.

And now Demodocus his tuneful chords
Adapted to a sprightlier strain, the loves
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet crown'd;
How first, clandestine, they embrac'd beneath
The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift
Seduc'd, Mars won, and with adult'rous lust
The bed dishonor'd of the king of fire. Od. 8.

He sings how the sun—

——— a witness of their amorous sport
Bore swift the tale to Vulcan———

who formed a net, and, catching them, assembled the gods, when

* This, the 16th B. is by Broome, who with Fenton, translated together 12 books of the Odyssey, published in Pope's Homer.

† These three verses are so precisely the three in the original, that we thought it needless to give the latter. Indeed we may any where take a passage from Cowper, and safely quote it with an "*as Homer says;*" but he who ventures as much with Pope, will often be liable to ridicule and contempt.

——————— infinite arose
The laugh of Heav'n———

until Neptune urged the release of Mars—

To whom the glorious artist of the skies.
Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refus'd.
So saying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the snare,
And they detain'd by those coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upstarting, flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves
Her incense-breathing altar stands embower'd.
Her there, the Graces lav'd, and oils diffus'd
O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add
Fresh beauty to the gods for ever young,
And cloth'd her in the loveliest robes of Heav'n.

We have cited these passages, as well for the sake of the beauty of the translation, as for the purpose of observing, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, thinks it probable this ludicrous episode furnished *the first hint of comedy*.

On Ulysses' advice, in the ninth book, to put out the Cyclops' eye, Spondanus asks, "Is he satisfied with such slight revenge for the loss of his six companions?" Clarke answers this by merely quoting the text, v. 303, which proves that if he had killed him, they must have all perished in the cave, as they could not displace the rock at the entrance. And Cowper observes that "to blind him was a severer punishment than to slay him. By deprivation of sight, his life is made more bitter to him than a thousand deaths. And I am not afraid to affirm, that this was the very consideration which determined Ulysses to act as he did, though the poet has not mentioned it." Now we would remark, that we think the poet's own feelings should be considered in this case. Of Homer, as of Demodocus, it may be said:

Τον περι Μισ' εριλυσε, διδυ δ'αγαθον τε κακον τε,
Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε, διδυ δ'ηδειαν αοιδην. Od. 8.

——————— him partially the muse
And dearly lov'd,* yet gave him good and ill;
She quench'd his sight, but gave him strains divine!
COWPER.

Being blind himself, therefore, might he not, knowing its evil, imagine that no greater torment could be inflicted on Polyphemus?

* The scholiast asks, if the muse deprived him of sight, how then can she be said to have loved him? A question which he answers by observing, that the blind, being disqualified for other employments, *have the more leisure for poetry*. *Barnes and Clarke.*

By the way, αμερδω signifies closely *privo visu;* but it is curious to see how well and singularly the Greek οφθαλμων μεν AMEPΣE will bear our translating it *she* AMERCED *him of his eyes.* This form of speech is warranted by Cowper's use, who turns v. 300, Od. 21, "Amerced of nose and ears;" but the verb did not then give him the hint, as it does not there occur.

The hospitality of the ancients cannot be contemplated without the warmest glow of admiration and esteem. On this point, the passage beginning at v. 328, Od. 19, is truly excellent. Cowper translates it thus. Penelope speaks:

——————————— Man's life is short.
Whoe'er is cruel, and to cruel arts
Addicted, all on him, while yet he lives,
Call plagues and curses down, and after death
Scorn and proverbial mock'ries hunt his name,
But the benevolent and just, who treats
The stranger kindly, from his lips obtains
A good report, which others, where he dwells,
With pleasure hear, and further still diffuse.

Any man of note, benighted or distressed, having left this quotation on departing from the mansion of some one who had treated him hospitably, would be much applauded. The citation from Homer of Xenocrates, when he went to Antipater to solicit the release of the Athenian prisoners, and was invited to his table, is scarcely better than this *might happen to be.* But all these things depend on opportunity, and a ready wit to time them well. The lines of Xenocrates were those of Ulysses to Circe, on being asked to eat, when his friends were transformed and confined in styes:

How can I eat? What virtuous man and just,
O Circe! could endure the taste of wine
Or food, till he should see his prison'd friends
Once more at liberty? If then thy wish
That I should eat and drink be true, restore
My lov'd companions to these eyes again.

COWPER, Od. 10.

Proceeding in this desultory manner, we shall now call the reader's attention to the 18th book of the Odyssey. Homer may here seem, *prima facie,* to lack invention, since we find him putting the same language of abuse in the mouth of two distinct persons, Penelope's female attendant, Melantho, and one of her suitors, Eurymachus. And again, making Antinous and Eurymachus, in their anger, use a similar instrument of

offence against Ulysses. However, he who *nil molitur inepté* may deserve vindication, and it may perhaps be effected on the score of nature, by which standard the bard and all his friends would wish him to be tried. In the first place, Melantho, desired by Ulysses to retire, begins to abuse him, and says, Od. 18, v. 330.

——————— is wine the cause
That thus thou speak'st, or wast thou born a fool?

Eurymachus, shortly after, being incensed against Ulysses, rails at him in precisely the same terms, v. 400. Now we would account for the repetition by this information, which precedes. Melantho:

——————— of Eurymachus enamored, oft
His lewd embraces met ———————

And nothing is so natural and common, as for the lover and his mistress to employ identical forms of speech on various occasions. It is further probable, that he was one of those light trifling fellows, who are generally servile imitators of what they hear and see, and that the want of novelty in his words and actions is more to be ascribed to the poet's just delineation of such a character, than to his dearth of invention. That he affected the deeds of others, as well as their language, is proved in B. 17, v. 467, where Antinous, enraged with Ulysses, throws a stool at him, and in B. 18, v. 403, we find Eurymachus, in a like predicament, having recourse to the same expedient. After all, it must be acknowledged, that these verbatim repetitions, in different persons, do not rarely appear in Homer, where this sort of defence would avail him nothing.

Φθηγξαμενη δ'αρα τυ γε καρη κονιησιν εμιχθη. Od. 22, 328.

Ulysses struck Leidos on the neck with the faulchion of Agelaus,

So suddenly, that, ere his tongue had ceas'd
To plead for life, his head was in the dust. COWPER.

Surely this is something like Orpheus calling on Eurydice, as his head swam on the Hebrus, or the two Italian poets, one of which makes a man continue fighting, because he did not know that he had been killed; or the other, who represents a decapitated gentleman running away with his head under his arm. The simple interpretation of the verse is, we believe,—His head, then speaking, (at the moment his neck received the blow) was mingled with the dust. But, according to Cowper, his head was in the dust *before* his tongue had ceased to plead for life. If so he certainly spoke after his head was cut off.

It appears in a measure extraordinary, that Ulysses, who does and says so many things likely to create suspicion, should not, until his bathing, be recognised by any body, Penelope, Eumæus, &c. or even the suitors, one of whom, Antinous, observes that he had, when a boy, seen and yet recollected him. So Cowper turns v. 95, B. 21.

——————— Whom having seen
While yet a child, I well remember still.

But this *nodus* there is no need of Alexander's sword to cut, since Pallas is at hand to undo it. Her interference in this instance, as in the very unequal fight where the whole of the suitors are slain, sets all right, and entirely annuls the force of the well known proverb: *Not Hercules himself against two.*

Of these unconnected remarks we shall make but one more, and then, adding a word on *The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice*, terminate our review of Mr. Cowper's translation.

We have no patience with Ulysses' affectation of morality, and his intolerable rigor in hanging up twelve of Penelope's maids, all in a row, poor souls! for a little simple fornication with the suitors, when he himself had been guilty of adultery with Circe and Calypso, unblushingly and without remorse! In the *curtain lecture* he receives after he and his virtuous dame are

——————— with conjugal endearment both
Satiate——————— B. 23.

and is made to tell what he has been about for the last twenty years, it is true that he mentions Circe and Calypso, and says that the latter wished to marry him: but he

Whom none surpass'd in artifice well fram'd,
And imposture various—— B. 14.

never utters a syllable to gentle Pen. of the two children he had by Calypso, and the one, or, as Hesiod affirms, the two borne to him by Circe. Well, perhaps the *ever-wise* and *prudent* son of Laertes never shewed more wisdom and prudence than on this occasion. Let husbands judge!

The Batrachomyomachia is an excellent burlesque poem, commonly attributed to Homer. Some of the moderns, however, dispute its legitimacy, but "several of the ancients," says Chalmers, "seem of another opinion, and Statius, who wrote under Domitian, makes no doubt of it."*

* On this question we shall take the liberty of transcribing a MS. note in our possession of that accomplished scholar, Mr Capel Lofft, whose numerous comments have so adorned and illustrated the booksellers' late edition of Pope's Homer.

After pointing out many words in this piece that are not Homeric, being neither in the Iliad nor in the Odyssey, Mr. L. thus acutely observes:

"I think it will be impossible for any one to doubt whether the Batrachomyomachia must not be ascribed to a different age than that of Homer. It was anciently attributed to Pigres, the brother of Artemisia, the queen of Caria, celebrated in arts and arms. Considering how much is said of sweet-meats and of female works in it, there might possibly be fair reason to ascribe it to Artemisia herself. This would make about

The subject of the war is the death of Psycharpax, a mouse, son of Toxartes, who, mounted on the back of Physignathus, a frog, undertook a voyage to his palace, to which he had invited him. On the way, the frog Physignathus suddenly beheld an hydra making toward them,

——————— At this sight
Down went Physignathus———

and the hapless mouse, after many vain endeavors, was drowned. Physignathus being suspected of having done this designedly, the mice demanded satisfaction, and unanimously declared war against the frogs.

The frogs at length find themselves in imminent danger, and Jupiter interfering, sends them auxiliaries, which are curiously described in the mock-heroic style. Jove's "smouldering bolt" dismissed in vain—

—— sudden they came. Broad back'd
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,
Shell-clad, crook kneed, protruding far before
Long hands and horns, with eye-balls in the breast,
Legs quaternion rang'd on either side,
And crabs their name. They, seizing by his leg,
His arm, his tail a mouse, cropp'd it, and snapp'd
His polish'd spear. Appall'd at such a foe,
The miserable mice stood not, but fled
Heartless, discomfited.—And now, the sun
Descending, clos'd this warfare of a day.

The whole version of this poem is admirably executed. Here ends all that Mr. Cowper has translated of Homer, allowed or supposed. The hymns were, perhaps, not unworthy of his notice, especially the one to Venus, which has been well turned by Congreve, and better by Mr. Ritson. But let us not waste that time in ungrateful regret about these trifling omissions, which should be wholly employed in admiring and extolling the great and masterly performances which he has, in the plenitude of genius, and with unwearied labor, bequeathed to posterity for their instruction and delight.

four centuries and a half later than Homer. I cannot think its antiquity at most greater. And I should rather suspect it to be yet nearer to the age of Aristophanes, and consequently between two and three centuries nearly later than on the former supposition.

"It is somewhat remarkable that the parodies on verses of Homer are few in this ingenious little poem. But the several color of diction and of numbers is well imitated, particularly the cæsuras in the first foot, and the occasional dispondæus in the close."

O for a muse like thine, while I rehearse
The immortal beauties of thy various verse!
Now wars and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand;
His vigor, genuine heat, and manly force,
*In thee rise worthy of their sacred source!**

Cowper allows Pope all his merit, and we shall deny him none. His Iliad and his Odyssey are great and noble works, but they are *his*, and not Homer's. Sometimes we may see that he translates, but for the most part it is a paraphrase, or rather an imitation. As in Pope we may often seek for Homer without effect, so in Homer we may not seldom look in vain for what we find in Pope. It will be observed, perhaps, that we occasionally behold the latter so inspired by the former as to elicit new beauties from his suggestions; and we admit the truth of the observation. But it may be doubted whether even this be commendable or not. A translator of a poem is the copier of a picture, and he who is engaged on Homer's drawings appears to us almost equally culpable, whether he be found to have increased their deformity, or added to their beauty. In either case the copy is unlike the original, and therefore bad.

Until the existence of this version, the mere English reader has heard of the deathless bard of Greece, but could never know him.—At present he is all our own:

"*Thy country, Homer! we dispute no more;*
COWPER *has fix'd it to his native shore!*"

It would be unjust to conclude without expressing our approbation of the accuracy of the present edition, which is due to the careful attention bestowed on it by its learned and worthy editor, the Reverend Mr. Johnson.

* Miss J. Cowper to Mr. Pope, among the recommendatory poems prefixed to his works. How much more applicable to her namesake!

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

(Selected from La Belle Assemblee.)

LETTER XIII.

I PROMISED your Ladyship in my last, that this epistle should contain a description of the bridal array of the lovely

Ann Bullen; but before I commence these particulars, you must permit me to notice a little anecdote which I have learned of an ancient lady, a kinswoman of my own, who is also a descendant from the family of the fair and unfortunate Queen. It relates to a subject as much agitated amongst the ladies of this day as it could have been in those of Ann Bullen.

It seems that beautiful creature was of a make peculiarly fine. Her limbs were of the most delicate proportions, and her shape so perfect, both in waist, bosom, and neck, that while she was a mere girl she was regarded by the matrons who resided in the county where she was born, as a miracle of symmetry. By constantly hearing their remarks on her youthful graces, and the pity it would be when, at her being introduced to court, she must obscure them all by the enormous hoop and whalebone stays then in vogue, she silently took the resolution to conform to so frightful a fashion as little as possible. Accordingly the day arrived when she was to be taken up to London, and presented to Queen Catherine, who had signified her royal wish to Sir Thomas Bullen, that she would receive his daughter as her maid of honor.

Previous to the setting out for the metropolis, Lady Bullen had provided a magnificent court-suit to grace her fair Ann's elevation. The fardingale of the young maid of honor was of a size proportioned to the idea of her mother's hopes of her enlarged prospects; her bodice was made by the Queen's own staymaker, and of a fabric against which no tender breast could elevate itself. The Lady Ann saw these garments with horror; and turning from them when they were presented at her toilet, told her maid to fasten the chamber while she should dress herself for presentation according to her own taste. With this resolution, she used no other support to a shape which might have rivalled that of Venus, but the slight bodice of white silk, without bone or buckram, to which in her country life she had been accustomed. A small hoop, whose swell was scarcely to be perceived, she fastened round her slender waist; and when this simple *contour* was adorned with a robe of white satin, ornamented with pearls and white

roses, a fairer, a more graceful form in woman's mould, never moved between heaven and earth.

In this inartificial guise she was presented to the Queen. Her majesty expressed her admiration of the graceful simplicity of her new attendant; but it was the King that felt all its charms. He hovered about the steps of the beautiful Ann. He compared her with the stiffened figures of the surrounding ladies; he compared her with the lovely Catherine, who walked from her throne like a proudly decorated Queen, but certainly exhibiting no pretensions to the name of a lovely woman. Look where he would, on his wife, or her attendants, and he could see nothing but huge cases of buckram and brocade, from which stuck out human faces tottering under a load of false hair and jewellery! He turned from them in disgust; his eye sought the beauteous maid of honor; it dwelt upon her soft and yielding form, upon the sweet undulations of her graceful shape, upon her polished arms, her snowy bosom, her slender neck, and the light auburn tresses woven with pearls which played upon her brow and wantoned on her shoulders! The King was lost in admiration. Alas! my fair Urania! like many other kings, he felt at that moment too much like a man; and, like a man of pleasure!—You know that the poor Catherine was obliged to resign her throne, as well as her husband to this sudden passion. Ann Bullen was declared the mistress of Harry Tudor's affections; and, the Queen repudiated, the fortunate fair was to be elevated to her bed and royal seat.

Then it was that the exulting Monarch made the object of his choice display to the eyes of the surrounding and crowding nobility, the superlative charms he had elevated to his arms. Every trace of the hoop was laid aside, and a silver tissue, woven like intersected beams of light, alone enveloped the peerless proportion of her form. A zone of jewels clasped her delicate waist, and an answering cestus of the same dazzling gems heaved on her throbbing bosom. A coronet of diamonds bound up her fragrant hair, while a few stealing ringlets, which had escaped the radiant circlet, wav-

over her downcast eyes, as they distilled the more lovely gems of virgin sensibility. Her trembling hand which the enraptured King pressed with the nuptial ring, was "softer than the down of flowers;" and the bracelets which embraced it were less fair than the dazzling polish of her graceful arms. Over the whole of this vision of beauty, was cast an ample veil, composed of the gossamer fabric of Cos; it fell over her figure like a transparent cloud that shades, but does not obscure the angel it envelopes.

Thus, my Urania, was the beautiful Ann Bullen habited for her nuptials. Can we fancy a more splendid, a more bliss-promising scene? Can we suppose that any thing less than a husband's fidelity could be the meed of such unequalled charms? Can we suppose that the lovely possessor of them, the bride of a King, and the admired of a whole nation, could ever know any thing but happiness without alloy?—This is as men would guess; but mark the changes of fortune, the changes in man's heart!

Henry became wearied even of this favorite of Love. His vagrant and polluted heart yearned for novelty. From his bed he threw this very Ann Bullen into a noisome dungeon. Her nuptial robes were changed into sackcloth, her throne to a scaffold; and that lovely neck which was once clasped by him with so much rapture, was consigned to the axe of the executioner!

Oh! my Urania, what vicissitudes are here! they make the brave tremble with horror; and Beauty, how must she shrink from the vows of Love, when one of his most conspicuous votaries has committed such crimes, such rebellion against his laws, in his name!

The tear which the unfortunate Queen's fate called into my eye, has dropped on my paper, and forbids me adding more at present than that I am, in heart and in power, the very antipodes of the royal Henry, and must remain your servant ever.

PARIS.

LETTER XIV.

With the fall of Anne Bullen, vanished the graceful costume she had introduced. Anne of Cleves brought into vogue the square shapes of Germany; and, on the demise of Henry Tudor, the short reign of Edward VI. and the evil commotions which ensued, left no room for the changes of fashion to intrude themselves.

Mary's iron sceptre was hostile, alike to the charities of the mind, and the graces of the person. Her antipathy to the memory of the woman who had supplanted her mother in the heart of her royal father, induced her to adopt a style for the court diametrically opposite to that worn in the days of the lovely Anne.—Again the female shape was begirt with whalebone, steel, and stiff brocade. The boddice no longer stopped at the termination of the natural waist, but was brought down, most inelegantly, and indeed indelicately, with a protuberant swell over the abdomen; and on this coat of mail, called a stomacher, was prefigured all kinds of devices in diamonds and other jewellery. Sometimes a golden shepherdess with sapphire eyes, feeding a flock of silver and pearl-studded sheep, was then seated upon a lady's bosom; or, perhaps, a hawking party, or a royal hunt, galloped their embroidered horses, or coursed their tent-stitch dogs over the fair one's stomach! Pending from this monstrous shape and uncouth ornaments, devolved a huge round hoop like a beer barrrel; and over it was stretched a petticoat stiff with brocade and cloth of gold. Trains they had none; for Anne Bullen was fond of them, and that was enough to render flowing drapery odious in the eyes of the resentful Mary.

The hair was drawn up from the forehead and the back part of the neck, until the eyes were ready to start from their sockets, and the skin of their polls to be flayed from the flesh. Upon the top of this tortured scalp, was generally placed a little coronet, either of pearls or jewels; and over all was fixed an ample black veil, too thick in its texture to be seen through, or to form a fold about the person. It stood stiff

and erect on each side of the face and figure, making the wearer seem like a centinel in a watch-box.

Wooden as those ladies appeared, your ladyship must not suppose that the gentlemen were allowed a more easy costume. In kind sympathy with the fair sex, they cased their limbs in a kind of buckram pantaloon, and laced their waists in stays, so stiff and so long, that their shapes were squeezed almost a span at bottom.—Such, dear Urania, were our male and female ancestors in the severe reign of the sanguinary Queen. Her ascetic temper loathed the sight of human beauty, and therefore she felt a gloomy pleasure in disguising what she could not deform. It was reserved to the days of her royal sister to begin a change in this harsh exterior, which I will unfold in my next. Resplendent are the scenes of fashion and of taste, which will then be opened to you, by your

PARIS.

BIOGRAPHY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL. D.

(Concluded from page 8.)

After various delays the governor's despatches arrived on board the ship at New-Castle, and Franklin, supposing his letters were amongst them, remained satisfied for the present. On their entrance into the British Channel, he picked out several letters, which he supposed, from the directions, to be his letters of recommendation; but how cruelly was he disappointed, to find, upon his arrival in London, that not one had been written in his favor. The truth is, he had been trusting to a man, in whom no one who knew him placed any confidence; a man, who was liberal of promises, but had not wherewith to fulfil them.—Here was our young printer again in a strange place, unacquainted with every body, and left to take care of himself at the age of nineteen years, but, being now well acquainted with his business, he soon found

employment as a journeyman with Mr. Palmer, an eminent printer, with whom he wrought some time at press and afterwards as compositor.

After about twelve months stay, he quitted Mr. Palmer and was engaged by Mr. Watts, another eminent printer, with whom he continued during the remainder of his stay in London.

He was uncommonly industrious, frugal, and regular in his deportment, while he worked as a journeyman; and, at the same time that he acquired a great ascendancy over his fellow workmen, had, in a very high degree, the favor and affection of his two employers.

We ought to have mentioned before now, that, for some time prior to his departure from Philadelphia, he had paid his addresses to Miss Read, whom he afterwards married. Her mother had opposed their union, not conceiving their prospects to be quite so favorable as they appeared to him. Notwithstanding which, when preparing to embark, they had mutually plighted their faith to each other.

During his stay in London, he conceived an idea of travelling with a friend, one Wyngate, over Europe, on foot, and supporting himself by his business.—From this scheme, which, had it been carried into execution, might have deprived society of most of the benefits which have resulted from this great man's labors, he was fortunately dissuaded by an American gentleman of the name of Denham, who was then on the point of returning to Philadelphia, and offered him fifty pounds sterling per annum to keep his books, &c. To this he acceded, and after a stay of eighteen months bid farewell to London. He sailed from Gravesend, the 23d of July, 1726, and landed in Philadelphia, the 11th of October following.

His prospects were now flattering; as his employment under Mr. Denham, who proposed to send him to the West-Indies, as supercargo, and to procure him commissions, bid fair to advance him gradually to an independent situation: but the death of that gentleman, which happened in the

spring of 1727, entirely blasted these expectations. He now endeavored to procure employment as a merchant's clerk, but not succeeding, he once more engaged with Keimer, who had several ignorant journeymen to instruct, and who seized the opportunity of procuring a person, who was capable of perfecting them in their business. From Keimer he got high wages; and lived on good terms with him, till his assistance became less necessary, as the other workmen had grown more skilful. When Keimer found this, he altered his conduct and treated him with great coolness and austerity, which brought on a quarrel between them, in consequence of which they parted: but Keimer soon after wanting his assistance made concessions and the agreement was renewed.

Meredith, one of Keimer's journeymen, whose father was possessed of some property, proposed to procure from him money sufficient to purchase printing materials, and to enter into partnership with Mr. Franklin. The types and press were soon after procured, when they began business with tolerable success. Meredith was an idle, dissolute fellow, whilst Franklin, on the other hand, was one of the most industrious men in the province. Meredith's father, had, likewise, paid but in part for the materials and had entered into engagements to pay the remainder at a future day. But when that day came, he found it impossible to fulfil his engagements: hence the partners were, for some time, in a very precarious situation. Meredith, at length, made Mr. Franklin an offer of resigning the business to him, provided he would repay his father and give himself a small sum to defray his expenses to North-Carolina, with which terms Franklin was enabled to comply, by the kind assistance of two worthy friends, and thus became sole master of the stock in trade, &c.

Keimer had before this set up a paper; but having conducted it in a wretched manner, had met with little encouragement. He offered it to Franklin for a trifle; the terms were agreed to, and the paper was afterwards conducted in

such a superior style, that it soon became an object of great importance.

On the 1st September, 1730, Mr. Franklin was married to Miss Read, who proved a valuable and affectionate wife. Her assistance and attention to business made affairs proceed more prosperously; and they gradually became easy and independent in their circumstances.

Poor Richard's almanack, which had such a salutary effect on the morals and conduct of the Pennsylvanians, by the maxims of frugality, temperance, industry, and integrity, which it inculcated, was begun by Mr. Franklin in 1732, and continued by him for about twenty-five years. So great was its reputation, that he even then sold about ten thousand annually. The whole of the maxims were collected together in the form of an address, and published in the last one. This address has been translated into various languages, and every where received with approbation.

Mr. Franklin's first advancement in public life, was in 1736, when he was chosen clerk of the general assembly of the province, in which office he continued for several years. In 1737, he was appointed postmaster in Philadelphia, which gave him considerable advantages as the printer of a newspaper.

About this time, his patriotic mind, ever intent on the promotion of public good, projected a reform in the regulations of the watchmen of Philadelphia, and a plan of a fire company. This latter was the source of the numerous fire-companies in this country, which have been found of such great benefit in preventing the destructive ravages of that element.

Dr. Franklin planned, and was the principal instrument in the establishment of the academy of Philadelphia, from which has sprung the university of Pennsylvania, and to him, likewise, the Philadelphia library, which is now by far the most respectable in the United States, owes its origin.

In 1747, he was chosen a representative in the assembly for the city of Philadelphia. This honour was repeatedly conferred on him for ten years, without his ever having so-

licited a vote, or having directly or indirectly expressed a wish to be chosen. In this station, he was, perhaps, the most useful legislator that ever sat in that or any other house of assembly. On every business of importance his presence was always considered as indispensable. In the long contests between the proprictaries and their governors, he took the most active part. He drew up nearly all the messages and replies to the governors, which displayed a firm spirit of liberty, and a profound knowledge of the rights of the people. He, likewise, originated many of the most salutary laws passed in the province during that time.

In 1752, Dr. Bond projected the plan of the Pennsylvania hospital and made every exertion to procure subscriptions for it; but the business proceeded very languidly until he applied to Mr. Franklin for assistance. He employed the newspaper in its favor, and moreover made use of his personal influence to increase the fund. The success, in consequence, was considerable; but not sufficient to enable them to carry the plan into execution. Mr. Franklin then applied to the assembly; and prepared a bill which declared, that when the voluntary subscriptions should amount to two thousand pounds, the speaker of the assembly should be empowered to draw an order on the treasurer of the province for two thousand pounds more to enable the trustees to erect the hospital.—Those members, who were opposed to the plan, thinking it impossible to raise the stipulated sum, ceased their opposition and the bill passed. This very clause, which they imagined would prevent the operation of the bill, eventually proved the strongest inducement to an increase of subscribers, as every person interested in the success of the scheme, was stimulated to increase his effort, in order to secure the assembly's donation.

But whilst Franklin was thus active in devising and carrying plans into effect, so highly beneficial to his country, he was very attentive to his business as a printer, and likewise found leisure to devote some part of his time to the investigation of those great discoveries in science, which have since

associated his name with that of the immortal Newton. The Leyden experiment in electricity having rendered that science an object of general curiosity, Mr. Franklin applied himself to it with great assiduity, in consequence of which his fame as an electrician was soon spread over all Europe. The greatest discovery, which he made in that science, and which has been of the greatest practical use to mankind, was that of the perfect similarity between electrical fire and lightning. He begins his account of that similarity by cautioning his readers against being staggered at the great difference of the effects of the electric fluid and lightning, in point of degree, since that is no argument of any disparity in their nature. "It is no wonder," says he, "if the effects of the one should be much greater than those of the other, for if two gun barrels electrified will strike at two inches distance, and make a loud report, at how great a distance will 10,000 acres of electric cloud strike and give its fire, and how loud must be that crack!"

To demonstrate, in the completest manner possible, the sameness of the electric fluid with the matter of lightning, Mr. Franklin, astonishing as it must then have appeared, contrived actually to bring lightning from the heavens by means of an electrical kite, which he raised when a storm of thunder was observed to be coming on. This kite had a pointed wire fixed on it, by which it drew the lightning from the clouds. This lightning descended by the hempen string, and was received by a key tied to the extremity of it, that part of the string which was held in his hand being of silk, that the electric virtue might stop when it came to the key. He found that the string would conduct electricity when nearly dry, but when it was wet, that it would conduct it quite freely, so that it would stream out plentifully from the key and at the approach of a person's finger. At this key he charged phials; and from electric fire thus obtained, kindled spirits and performed all other electrical experiments, which are usually exhibited by an excited globe or tube.

Besides the kite, Mr. Franklin had afterwards an insulated

rod to draw the lightning into his house, in order to make experiments, whenever there should be a considerable quantity of it in the atmosphere, and that he might lose no opportunity of that nature, he connected two bells with this apparatus, which gave him notice by their ringing, whenever the rod was electrified.

The grand practical uses, which he made of this discovery of the sameness of electricity and lightning, was to prevent buildings from being damaged by lightning. This he accomplished by fixing a metalline rod higher than any part of the building and communicating with the ground, or rather the nearest water. The lightning is sure to seize upon the wire preferably to any other part of the building, whereby that dangerous power is safely conducted to the earth, without doing any harm to the edifice.

Mr. Franklin's theory of positive and negative electricity, received also the sanction of public approbation. His theories, however, were at first opposed by the members of the Royal Society in London; but in 1755, they voted him the gold medal, which is annually given to the person who presents a memoir on the most interesting subject. He was likewise admitted a member of the society, and soon after honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws from the universities of St. Andrew's in Scotland, and Oxford in England.

In 1754, he was appointed one of the commissioners from Pennsylvania, to attend at the celebrated Albany congress, in order to devise a plan for defending the country against the French, with whom a war was apprehended. Here he drew up his "Albany plan of union," which, with some slight alterations, was unanimously agreed to by congress, and copies ordered to be transmitted to the board of trade in England and to the assemblies of the different provinces. But what was rather singular, it was rejected on both sides of the Atlantic; by the board of trade as too democratic, and by the assemblies as too favorable to prerogative. This is, perhaps, the strongest proof of the justice of the plan, which, had it been carried into execution, would, in all probability, have

prevented the desolation caused by the late war; as it would have entirely removed the original cause of complaint on both sides.

Higher employment, however, at length called him from his country, which he was destined to serve more effectually as its agent in England, whither he was first sent, in that capacity, in the year 1757; and having completed the business of his appointment, he returned to Philadelphia in 1762, where he received the fullest thanks, not only from his fellow-citizens in general, but also from the legislature.

The disputes between the assembly of Pennsylvania and the proprietaries, which had, for some time, appeared to be calmed, were early in 1764 again revived, and carried on with such obstinacy, that the assembly finally came to a resolution against continuing under a proprietary government, and sent Dr. Franklin to England, with a petition to have a new form established, and to be taken under the royal protection. But after a long negociation, there was a kind of compromise agreed upon, which, for a while, appeased the assembly.

During his residence in England, at this period, he was honored with agencies from the colonies of New-Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts.

In 1766, he travelled into Germany, and in 1767, into France; and wherever he made his appearance, he was received with the highest degree of respect and veneration. He was introduced to the kings of France and Denmark, and to most of the literary characters of the former kingdom. About this time, he reprinted his philosophical papers, with many important additions; nor could any thing exceed the approbation with which they were received.

While the stamp-act was under consideration, he clearly foresaw the consequences which were to be dreaded from it, and took every possible step to prevent its enaction; but in vain. Afterwards, when the opposition to it in this country was such, as to embarrass and confound the ministry, an alteration was determined upon. And in order to enable par-

liament to ascertain how far they might proceed with safety, he was, in the year 1766, called to the bar of the House of Commons, where he underwent that famous interrogatory, which placed the name of Franklin as high in politics, as it was before in natural philosophy.

From that time, he defended the cause of America with a firmness and moderation becoming a great man, pointing out to ministry all the errors they had committed, and the consequences they would induce, till the period when the tax on tea meeting the same opposition as the stamp-act had done, England blindly fancied herself capable of subjecting by force three millions of men determined to be free, at the distance of upwards of 3000 miles.

He then, finding all efforts to restore harmony between Great-Britain and her colonies fruitless, returned to America, in the year 1775, just after the commencement of hostilities, and had the satisfaction to find that his public services met with the most flattering reward that a patriot can possibly desire—the unbounded applause and admiration of his countrymen. He was immediately elected a member of congress, and sent to the camp before Boston, in order to convey to the officers and others, a clear idea of the state of parties in England, and the necessity of decisive measures, to preserve the rights of the united colonies.

In 1776, he was elected a member of a committee of congress, appointed to wait on lord Howe, and enquire into the extent of some powers, which his lordship had told them he was invested with, to treat for the restoration of peace. The other members of this committee were John Adams, the late president of the United States, and Edward Rutledge. On their return to congress, they reported that the powers possessed by lord Howe appeared, on investigation, to be only those of granting pardons, with such exceptions as he and his brother, the general, might think proper to make; and of declaring America, or any part of it, to be in the king's peace, on submission. Lord Howe having expressed his concern, at being obliged to distress those whom he so much

regarded, Dr. Franklin assured him that the Americans, out of a reciprocal regard, would endeavor to lessen, as much as possible, the pain he might feel on their account, by taking the utmost care of themselves.

The momentous question of independence was soon after brought into view, at a time when the fleets and armies, which were sent to enforce obedience, were truly formidable. With an army numerous indeed, but ignorant of discipline and entirely unskilled in the art of war, without money, without a fleet, without allies, and with nothing but the love of liberty to support them, the colonists determined to separate from a country, from which they had experienced a repetition of injury and insult. In this question, Dr. Franklin was decidedly in favor of the measure proposed, and had great influence in bringing over others to his sentiments.

In the convention, which assembled in Philadelphia, in 1776, for the purpose of establishing a new form of government for the state of Pennsylvania, Dr. Franklin was chosen president. The late constitution of that state, which was the result of their deliberations, may be considered as a digest of his principles of government. The single legislature, and the plural executive, seem to have been his favorite tenets.

In the latter end of the same year, congress, sensible how much Dr. Franklin was esteemed in France, sent him thither to put a finishing hand to the private negociations of Mr. Silas Deane; and this important commission was readily accepted by the doctor, though then in the 71st year of his age. The event is well known: a treaty of alliance and commerce was signed between France and America, 6th February, 1778; and M. le Roy asserts, that the doctor had a great share in the transaction, by strongly advising the French minister not to lose a single moment, if he wished to secure the friendship of America, and to detach it from the mother country. Dr. Franklin also completed a treaty of amity and commerce with Sweden, and greatly assisted the negociations of Mr. Adams in Holland.

Having, at last, seen the accomplishment of his wishes, by the conclusion of the peace in 1783, which confirmed the independence of America, he became desirous of revisiting his native country. He, therefore, requested to be recalled, and, after repeated solicitations, Mr. Jefferson, now president of the United States, was appointed to succeed him. On the arrival of his successor, he repaired to Havre de Grace, and crossing the channel, landed on the Isle of Wight; and sailing again almost immediately, arrived after a favourable passage, at Philadelphia, in September, 1785. He was received amidst the acclamation of a vast multitude, who flocked from all parts to see him, and who conducted him in triumph to his own house. He was shortly after chosen a member of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, and soon after was made president of the same.

When a convention was called to meet in Philadelphia, in 1787, for the purpose of giving more energy to the government of the union, by revising and amending the articles of confederation, Dr. Franklin was appointed a delegate from the state of Pennsylvania. In this convention he had differed in some points from the majority; but when the articles were ultimately agreed on, he said to his colleagues, "We ought to have but one opinion; the good of our country requires that the resolution should be unanimous," and he signed.

In the year 1787, two societies were established in Philadelphia, founded on the principles of the most liberal and refined humanity, "the Philadelphia Society for alleviating the miseries of public prisons," and "the Philadelphia Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and the improvement of the condition of the African race." Of each of these Dr. Franklin was president. The labors of these bodies have been crowned with great success; and they continue to prosecute, with unwearied diligence, the laudable designs for which they were established.

His name, as president of the Abolition Society, was signed to the memorial presented to the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 12th February, 1789, praying them to exert the full extent of powers vested in them by the constitution, in discouraging the traffic of the human species. This was his last public act. In the debates to which this memorial gave rise, several attempts were made to justify the trade. In the Federal Gazette of March 25th there appeared an essay, signed Historicus, written by Dr. Franklin, in which he communicated a speech, said to have been delivered in the Divan of Algiers, in 1687, in opposition to the prayer of the petition of a sect called *Erika* or Purists, for the abolition of piracy and slavery. This pretended African speech was an excellent parody of one delivered by Mr. Jackson of Georgia. All the arguments urged in favor of negro slavery are applied with equal force to justify the plundering and enslaving of Europeans. It affords, at the same time, a demonstration of the futility of the arguments in defence of the slave trade, and of the strength of mind and ingenuity of the author, at his advanced period of life. It furnished too, a no less convincing proof of his power of imitating the style of other times and nations, than his celebrated parable against persecution. And as the latter led many persons to search the scriptures with a view to find it, so the former caused many persons to search the book stores and libraries for the work from which it was said to be extracted.

During the greater part of his life, the doctor had been very healthy. In the year 1735, indeed, he was attacked by a pleurisy, which ended in a suppuration of the left lobe of the lungs, so that he was almost suffocated by the quantity of matter thrown up. But from this, as well as another attack of the same kind afterwards, he recovered so completely, that his breathing was not affected in the least. As he advanced in years, however, he became subject to fits of the gout, to which, in the year 1782, a nephritic cholic was superadded. From this time, he became subject to the stone

as well as the gout, and for the last twelve months of his life, these complaints almost entirely confined him to his bed. Notwithstanding his distressed situation, however, neither his mental abilities nor his natural cheerfulness ever forsook him. His memory was tenacious to the very last; and he seemed to be an exception to the general rule, that, at a certain period of life, the organs which are subservient to memory become callous; a remarkable instance of which is, that he learned to speak French after he had attained the age of seventy. About sixteen days before his death, he was seized with a feverish indisposition without any particular symptoms attending it, till the third or fourth day, when he complained of a pain in his left breast, which increased till it became extremely acute, attended with a cough and laborious breathing. During this state, when the severity of his pains sometimes drew forth a groan of complaint, he would observe, that he was afraid he did not bear them as he ought; acknowledged his grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from the Supreme Being, who had raised him from small and low beginnings, to such high rank and consideration amongst men; and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly intended to wean him from a world in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him. In this frame of body and mind he continued till five days before his death, when his pain and difficulty of breathing entirely left him, and his family were flattering themselves with the hopes of his recovery, when an imposthumation, which had formed itself in his lungs, suddenly burst and discharged a great quantity of matter, which he continued to throw up while he had sufficient strength to do it; but as that failed, the organs of respiration became gradually oppressed; a calm lethargic state succeeded, and on the 17th of April, 1790, about eleven o'clock at night, he quietly expired, closing a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months. He made various bequests and donations to cities, public bodies, and individuals, of which we shall only take notice of the following, as it tends to shew that high respect

which he entertained for the character of the late immortal Washington, although some newspaper scribblers have, since the death of Franklin, frequently insinuated that there was a misunderstanding between these two illustrious patriots in consequence of a difference in political opinions. "My fine crab-tree walking stick," says Dr. Franklin, in his will, "with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of the cap of Liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, general Washington. If it were a sceptre he has merited it, and would become it." Dr. Franklin left one son, governor William Franklin of New-Jersey, a zealous royalist, and a daughter, married to Mr. William Bache, merchant, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Franklin was author of many tracts on electricity, and other branches of natural philosophy, as well as on many political and miscellaneous subjects. His first publication, in 1753, was entitled "Experiments and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia, in two parts, 4to." New experiments on the same subject appeared in a third part, the following year; and these three parts, with the addition of some explanatory notes, and of "Letters and Papers on Philosophical subjects," were published in one volume, illustrated with copper-plates, in 1769. In 1759, he published, without his name, "An Historical View of the Constitution and Government of Pennsylvania," occasioned by the disputes which had long subsisted between the governor and assembly of that province. In 1760, he published an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "The Interest of Great-Britain considered with respect to her colonies, and the acquisition of Canada and Guadaloupe." In 1779, an edition appeared both in 4to. and 8vo. of his "Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical pieces," none of which had been collected before. The aim of this great man was, to be generally useful. His advice to servants, to settlers in America, his rules for clubs and conversation, his directions for the cure of smoky chimneys, &c. &c. &c. abundantly evince that he

deemed no subject too humble for his pen, in which it was possible to be of service.

Dr. Franklin, likewise, commenced the history of his own life, which he intended for his son, but it reaches no farther than 1757. He there speaks of himself, as he would have done of another person, delineating his thoughts, his actions, and even his errors and foibles; and he describes the unfolding of his genius and talents, with the simplicity of a great man, who knows how to do justice to himself, and with the testimony of a clear conscience void of reproach. In short, the whole life of Franklin, his meditations, his labours, were all directed to public utility; but the grand object which he had always in view did not shut his heart against private friendship; he loved his family, his friends, and was extremely beneficent. In society he was sententious, but not fluent; a listener rather than a talker; an informing rather than a facetious companion. Impatient of interruption, he often mentioned the custom of the Indians, who always remain silent sometime before they give an answer to a question, which they have heard attentively, unlike some of the most polite societies in civilized life, where a sentence can scarcely be finished without interruption. The whole time of his life was a perpetual lecture against the idle, the extravagant, and the proud. It was his principal aim to inspire mankind with a love of industry, temperance, and frugality; and to inculcate such duties as promote the important interests of humanity. By a judicious division of time, he acquired the art of doing every thing to advantage; in the midst of his greatest occupations for the liberty of his country, he had some physical experiment near him in his closet; and the sciences which he had rather discovered than studied, afforded him a continual source of innocent and rational pleasures.

We shall conclude this memoir by observing, that such was the opinion which the virtuous and intelligent part of mankind entertained for the wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy of this exalted character, that, since the first settle-

ment of America, no death has happened in it, which has excited so universal regret as his, except that of his late illustrious friend and co-patriot, the immortal Washington.

Dr. Franklin wrote the following epitaph on himself, several years previous to his death:

"THE BODY OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, PRINTER,
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING,)
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
BUT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED)
APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR."

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

GENIUS AND COMMON SENSE

Are widely different from each other. The former is volatile and rapid; the latter patient and wary. One invents while the other investigates: hence if genius is useful in making important discoveries, common sense is not less so in reducing them to practice. Common sense, it is true, has suffered much from the fashionable cant of the world, but after all, is the most serviceable, because the most faithful faculty of the mind. A person of refinement and delicacy of taste, and these for the most part accompany genius, is in continual danger of overlooking that happiness which even the dunce and the blockhead rarely miss. But these are not the greatest foes of genius; vanity and sensibility, by the niceness they give birth to, are apt in the highest pleasures of genius to infuse the poison of disgust.

Common sense pursues the plain beaten path of human happiness, while genius, sick at once of the dull realities and the ordinary enjoyments of life, loves to step aside, vainly aiming at that heaven from whence it so immediately sprung. Disdaining the guidance of good principles, which common sense knows how to value, it fails

"With rubbish mix'd and glittering in the dust."

Common sense may be called the compass in the voyage of life, while genius is the instrument only useful in taking observations. But let not those, to whom genius is denied, lament, says an eminent writer. Genius has its evils from which they are exempt. It is envied, it is exposed to a thousand pains and penalties from the injuries of those, who, not knowing or not regarding the irritable niceties of its sensibility, rudely strike the tremulous fibre whenever they approach it. It is of too fine and subtle a nature for the tumults and agitations of a world madly rushing on in the vulgar pursuits of avarice and ambition. Unguarded by discretion, of which it is too often proud to acknowledge the dominion, it often causes a life of misery and premature dissolution. Common sense knows no such evil, and is the very foundation of earthly prosperity. G.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

Though it be true, that, in the multitude, or major part, of dreams, there are divers vanities, Eccles. v. 7; though it be likewise acknowledged, that whoso regardeth (ὁ επεχων, he that leaneth, or layeth great stress, upon) dreams in general, is like him that catcheth at a shadow, and followeth after the wind, Eccles. xxxiv. 2; forasmuch as dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them; yet the same wise writer, from whom the two last passages are quoted, guards his remarks by the following caveat (v. 9.) Set not thy heart upon them (i. e. upon dreams), if they be not sent from the Most High in thy visitation. And we have

it from an incomparably superior authority, that, in a dream, in a vision, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instructions: Job xxxiii. 15, 16.

Examples of supernatural dreams occur so frequently in the sacred volume, that no man can explode all dreams as vain, without exploding the Bible at the same time. God came to Abimelech, in a dream, Genesis xx. 3.—The angel of God spake to Jacob in a dream; Genesis xxxi. 11.—Very remarkable was Jacob's dream at Bethel: Gen. xxviii. Joseph's two dreams were evidently prophetic: Gen. xxxvii.—So were those of king Pharaoh: Gen. xii.—And of the Jewish soldier: Josh. vii. 13.—When God took away the spirit of prophecy from Saul, it is said that the Lord answered him not by dreams: 1 Sam. xxxviii. 6.—At Gibeon, the Lord appeared to Solomon, in a dream, by night: 1 Kings iii. 5.—Nebuchadnezzar's predictive dreams were, undeniably, from God: Dan. ii. and iv.—As was Daniel's, concerning the four universal monarchies: Dan. vii.

Your old men shall dream dreams, is a promise made to Joel; and it began to have its accomplishment in Joseph, the espoused and nominal husband of the Virgin Mary. It was in a dream that the angel of the Lord appeared to this holy man, and forbade him to suspect the purity of his unsullied bride. In the same dream it was revealed to Joseph, that he should give to the Messiah the name of Jesus, because that blessed person was to save his people from their sins, Matt. i.—A short time after, Joseph was warned, by an angel, in a dream, to flee with Jesus and Mary into Egypt: and, in the same manner, he received notice of Herod's death, and was commanded to return to Judea. Matt. ii.—Nor can it be doubted that the dream of Pontius Pilate's wife was from above: Matthew xxvii.

With regard to the cause of dreams, one of the most able and most rational* philosophers whom the present age, or any

* Viz. The late Mr. Baxter. See the second volume of his unequalled Enquiry into the Nature of the human Soul. It is astonishing that so

nation has produced, demonstrates, absolutely demonstrates that dreams, even all dreams whatever, proceed, and can proceed only, from the agency of unembodied spirits on the human mind. Strange as this theory may at first seem, the great author solidly proves his point, and solves (unanswerably, in my opinion) every objection that is, or that perhaps ever can be, alledged to the contrary. To him I refer the speculative reader; and shall conclude the present article, with several very observable, but very authentic, instances of extraordinary and significant dreams.

Alcibiades, a little before his assassination, dreamed,† that an event of that kind had taken place. The ultimate ruin of Pompey was‡ prediscovered to Petitius in a dream.

About three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ, Jaddua, the high priest of the Jews, refused to take the required oath of allegiance to Alexander the Great, who was then besieging Tyre. Alexander had no sooner made himself master of that city, than he bent his course towards Jerusalem: with full determination to destroy both place, priest, and people; and to enrich his forces, by the free plunder of the Jewish capital. Jaddua, on receiving notice of this design, was in great perplexity. He appointed a day of public and solemn humiliation before God; and was, that same night, relieved from his anxiety, by the following dream. He thought,

great a man should have lived and died in such obscurity; and that (so far as I can find) not the least memoir of him has, hitherto, been published. What a disgrace to this generation! a generation, that prides itself on its love of science, and on the respect it pays to elevated merit!—Even Bishop Warburton acknowledges the surprising excellence of this extraordinary person; on whom, the right reverend critic bestows the following just encomium: "He was truly a great genius. And a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable metaphysics, established on the physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonor to the wisdom of this age, as the neglect of Milton's poetry is to the wit of the past." Notes on Pope; vol. iv. p. 320.

† Plut. in Alcibiad.

‡ Idem in Pomp.

" that the Almighty exhorted him to dismiss his fears; to adorn the city, as on festive occasions; to set open the gates; and, when Alexander drew near, to give him the meeting, at the head of an ecclesiastical procession, robed in their sacerdotal habits." The next morning Jaddua publicly declared his dream; regulated his measures, agreeably to the suggestions he had received, and placidly waited the event.

So soon as Alexander came within sight of Jerusalem, the procession from the city began to move. The high priest took the lead, superbly arrayed in scarlet and purple, and wearing the mitre, which bore the name of God engraved on a plate of gold. Next to him followed the inferior priests, habited in fine linen. A multitude of citizens, cloathed in white, closed the rear. When the venerable train came up, Alexander commanded his own soldiers to halt: and, advancing foremost and alone, respectfully accosted Jaddua, and adored the incomprehensible name with which his mitre was adorned. The Jews uttered their salutations in shouts; and the hostile army stood astonished, at the unexpected behavior of their prince. Parmenio, who was Alexander's particular friend and favorite, could not help expressing his surprise; and ventured to ask him, " How is it, that you, who are worshipped by all mankind, are now become a worshipper of the Jewish pontiff."—" I worship not the high priest," returned the king, " but the God whose name he bears. When I was at Dios, in Macedon, concerting the plan I should pursue, in order to subject Asia to my dominion, I saw, in a dream, this very person, habited exactly as he now stands, who exhorted me to undertake the expedition without delay, and promised me infallible success. I now am certain that, under the divine patronage, I shall subdue Darius, and be master of Persia."*

Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, was martyred for the Christian faith, A. D. 167. Three days before he was apprehended by the heathen officers, he† dreamt that " his pillow took

* Josephus Antiq. b. xi. ch. 8.

† Cave's Apostolici, p. 1118.

fire, and was burnt to ashes." The holy man told his friends, that he considered this dream as significative of his being burnt to death for Christ's sake. And the event was answerable to the presage. MONTHLY MIRROR.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR....No. XX.

SKETCHES OF EAST INDIAN LIFE, CONTINUED.

At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti,
Aut pelago Danaum insidias, suspectaque dona
Præcipitare jubent, subjectisque urere flammis;
Aut terebrare cavas uteri et tentare latebras.

Æneid. Lib. 2. *v.* 35, *&c.*

But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the watry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides and hidden frauds explore. *Dryden.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the debilitating effects of June's* fervid heat, I have summoned sufficient resolution to go on with my speculation, commenced in the last number. Poor imagination droops under the fury of a vertical sun, and rhetoric, having nothing to compare with the glowing atmosphere, is obliged to abandon her tropes and figures, and confess that the weather is hot, downright and insufferably hot. But promises must be performed, "that's my maxim" —and write I must, maugre the languid remonstrances of enfeebled reason, and the reluctance with which my fingers guide my "grey goose quill."

After having refused, with as much politeness as I was master of, the kind offers of some of my friends, I was suffered to go on leisurely for a few months, unincumbered with civilities, and free-will overtures. As my fellow clerk had predicted, my employer raised my salary to 150 rupees per

* This paper was composed in Calcutta in June, 1806.

mensem. This act of generosity nearly doubled my income; and I was pleased to find, that my disposition to deserve so great a favor, was doubled with it. I therefore "doubled my diligence," and, having the character of an industrious, thriving man, was regarded as an oracle of wisdom in pecuniary concerns, and as a kind of a candidate for saintship in spiritual affairs. About this time, a rich, fat, elderly Portuguese lady, who had originally been a Moorish slave girl, found the right side of her heart tenderly inclined towards me. At the age of 16 she bore a man-child unto her master, an up-country planter. This little pledge of "*mutual love*" soon wrought wonders; for the beebee* was christened, and became a good Catholic before the boy was a year old; and, what was still more to her advantage, her master married her, and made her an honest woman again. This happy pair jogged on together very comfortably; and though they would not have been successful candidates for the Spectator's flitch of bacon, they never quarrelled more than four or five times in twenty-four hours. He drank his gin-paunee† and smoked his cheroot; planted, reared, manufactured, and sold his indigo,—hunted hogs, and grew thin as he grew rich. The beebee chewed beetle, played pauchess,‡ grew fat as a seal and unwieldy as an elephant. She scolded her husband, and sometimes received a wholesome thrashing for her pains. She went on her conjugal course, doing pretty much as might have been expected of her, until it pleased the destinies to make her a widow. Her good man had not a relation in the world, that he knew of, except his

* A state of concubinage is very common in India. When a native girl has the good fortune to present a son or daughter to her master, it is generally the case, that she goes to a Portuguese priest and gets instructed in the use of a rosary, and thus the child becomes the offspring of "*christian parents.*" This distinction is of no small advantage in Indian society. *Beebee* signifies a "lady," beebee-sahib, a married woman, or the mistress of a family.

† Gin-paunee—Anglicé, gin-sling. Cheroot is the oriental *cigar.*

‡ Pauchess—a favorite game with the Hindoostanee women.

son and his dutiful spouse. He had been in this country from his earliest years, and was so complete an old Indian, that he had not only forgotten the place of his nativity, but the year of his birth. He was, however, supposed to be between 50 and 70 years old; his pious widow thought his age nearer the latter than the former number. He bequeathed 25,000 rupees to his heir, and left the residue of his estate, consisting of 5000 rupees in Company's paper, and two small houses, by way of satisfaction to the disconsolate relict for the great and grievous affliction of being deprived of her faithful, kind, and loving lord and master.

Now it came to pass, that one of the houses, and the one in which the lady resided, was very near to my humble abode. To relate all the particulars of her courtship, would be tiresome and uninteresting. She sent me fine mangoes, sweetmeats, and curries; and I occasionally called and had the pleasure to see how she employed her time at home, and what were her domestic amusements. I was her every thing —her protector, her friend. She had her will drawn and I was appointed executor: all this time I did not dream of her design; and marriage was as far from my thoughts, as a covetous man is from heaven. At length, I received a letter from my inamorata. It was written in Bengallee English by a sircar, or the sirdar* fiddler of some boarding school band, and was so precious a Calcutta billet-doux, that I shall never cease to regret my having lost it. She offered, in the first place, her own dear self, (a beauty of about twenty stone weight) the full and entire disposal of all her property, except an allowance of twenty rupees per mensem for —little indulgencies—and one thousand rupees, to be deposited in the hands of the reverend Padrees of her church, to defray the expenses of her funeral. Her heart was soft as a chicken in a dumpling, and warm as a red pepper; and she complained that I was blind to her tender side towards me,

* Sirdar—chief. The leader of a band of music, or of a drove of pigs is equally dignified with that appellation.

was cold as ice, and insensible as a dead loory.* Alas, was ever poor devil so taken by surprise! A moment's reflection brought to my memory a thousand kind looks and deep sighs that I had either totally disregarded as not concerning me, or attributed to friendship, to the heat of the weather, or to a fat woman's difficulty of respiration. Yet my philosophic dæmon, who is always at my elbow, cried love! and methought he laughed—I laughed also, and as the best way was to quit the field at once, I returned a grand salam by the messenger, and that very evening evacuated my little castle, and took post in a comfortable upper-roomed house, at a considerable distance from the scene of contention between my heart and the little temptations of avarice. For I must acknowledge, that I felt something like sympathetic attraction between my prudence and her strong box. Had she chosen any other advocate than *love*, her cause would have stood a fairer chance of success; but the idea was so ridiculous, that the simplest head and the vainest heart could not have been deluded for a moment. She soon heard of my decampment.

> "Earth has no curse like love to hatred turn'd,
> And hell no fury like a woman scorn'd."

The latter line applied to my *enragè*; she tore her will, she swore to be revenged, she cried, scolded, scolded and cried for as long time as Jonah was in the whale's belly. The fourth day saw her disembogued upon the quiet shore of indifference. She packed up her furniture and clothes, and leaving her love and her regret at beebee Ross's ghaut,† embarked on a paunchway and smoked her hubble bubble in

* Loory is a species of the parrot tribe, very beautiful.

† Beebee Ross's ghaut is a landing place well known to our sailors. *Paunchway* is a boat much used for cheap conveyance on the Hoogly river. *Hubble bubble*, a small *hand-hooka*, or pipe, so called from the noise occasioned by the smoke passing through the water through which it is drawn to cool it, in the act of smoking. Bandell is a Portuguese settlement about 30 miles above Calcutta on the river Hoogly. It is the seat of a convent, in which a prior and a number of priests reside. It was formerly a place of consequence, but is now gone to decay.

peace all the way to Bandell. A few months after this event, a friend of mine called to condole with me on my loss. My loss! What loss? Why, beebee Mary died last night, and has left all her property to the church. What an unlucky dog you are! Only six month's patience would have made all your own. I shrugged my shoulders; but having never repented of my refusal, heard him with the utmost sang froid, replying, that if I had married her, she would have lived on purpose to punish me for my mercenary connection with her. True, said my friend, women are devilish obstinate in such cases.

I am yet a bachelor, and probably shall remain so; for the young ladies, with whom I sometimes associate, call me a horse; the old ones think me a brute for never having taken a wife to my bosom; and all, both men and women, give me the appellation of an odd one. Should my health decay, or any accident eject me from the situation in which I have long been employed, I thank God I have enough of the needful, together with a conscience void of offence, to make the evening of my days serene and cheerful. I have, ever since my arrival in this country, adhered to one maxim, and one mode of conduct; I have endeavoured to receive as few, and to confer as many obligations as possible; and as I do not recollect a single instance, in which my assisting another was unconnected with an expectation of some near or remote advantage in return, so I do not believe that I ever was obliged, without a repayment in kind being calculated upon as the *quid pro quo* of the obligation. SIMON STEADY.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

INNOCENCE, and guilt, how wide are your extremes!—Yet, your appearance, sometimes, how similar!—Perhaps the nicest eye cannot, on some occasions, distinguish your effects on the human countenance. *Frost*, and *fire*, will *equally* redden the face—even to burning the skin!

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

——— μεν κ'λέος ὐρανὸν ἵξει·

My glory shall ascend the sky.

It is indeed extraordinary, that the valiant knight-errants of former ages, those luminaries of chivalry, have never received just estimation and celebrity. Had not the genius and talents of a few been employed in celebrating them, no longer would the hero of La Mancha have continued his triumphant march to futurity, nor the exploits of Belianis have called forth astonishment and applause. The scythe of time would have arrested those heroes, whose undaunted souls could without fear encounter formidable windmills or visionary descendants of Anak: Mambrino's helmet and the knight of the rueful countenance might have slumbered in silence together; Bouillon have overthrown the Saracen, and Armida have fought for glory in vain, were their laurels not renewed by the labors of a Tasso or a Cervantes. A general survey of history will shew that no nation has been without her knight-errants. Spain may boast of a Quixote, Gaul of an Amadis, Arragon of Rodrigo, and Britain of the immortal Hudibras. But where is the hero of Columbia? Have no adventurous spirits dared to rival the glory of the ornaments of chivalry? The answer is, none. No one now dares to draw his sword in defence of the fair; those swords, which in former days their possessors could never keep at rest, have lately been with wonderful prudence discarded, probably on account of modern diffidence in the exercise of them. Our fair Amazonians are compelled to defend their chastity by their own prowess and exertions; and a desultory survey of the progress of romance will show, that their origin can be deduced from no other than the heroine, who fought with such courage before the tribunal of the illustrious Sancho. I am a great admirer of chivalry; I read of the exploits of Hudibras with rapture, of his fortitude with

admiration: but if his valor excites my praise, how much more should his fascinating civility to the object of his affection. These last mentioned qualifications, fortitude, courage, and politeness, are indeed requisite for a knight-errant. The sons of chivalry must sometimes with resignation encounter the cudgel of the enraged Triella. The stocks and whipping-post may sometimes vindicate their rights; but how cheerfully will the courageous submit to such trifles in pursuit of glory. My deeds are not yet generally known; but my ardor in the cause of chivalry, and desire that it may yet obtain many votaries, have incited me to introduce myself and my achievements to the knowledge of the public, as the imitator of Quixote, and the image of Hudibras. My adventures may be censured by some as cold and uninteresting: it is true, they may be faulty in this respect, but so various are the opinions of mankind, and so ready is one to commend what is disapproved by another, that I have learnt by experience to laugh at censure, and to disregard praise.

Modern adventures cannot indeed be so chivalric as those of more romantic ages; nor can the splendid veil of improbability be so easily thrown over the simple garb of truth. I have no kingdoms at command; no Baratarian islands to bestow on my faithful squire; but my sturdy cudgel will always second its more sturdy master in defence of the fair; and those adventures which may appear at some future period shall be my recommendation to their service. O.

MADRID.

Madrid was long an obscure town, appertaining to the archbishop of Toledo; but while so many flourishing and illustrious cities, enjoying every advantage of situation, have sunk into deserted villages, this town, built in a sterile and ungrateful soil, has become one of the finest cities in Europe.

On approaching Madrid, nothing announces to the travel-

ler that he is near the capital of the Spanish monarchy. The inns within two leagues of that city are equally dirty and destitute of all conveniences with those in every other part of the kingdom. The soil appears barren, and without either trees or verdure. But on arriving at the banks of the Manzanares, a superb and extremely necessary bridge, though it has been ridiculed by the question "Where is the river?" notifies the vicinity of the royal residence. This bridge is about a thousand paces in length,* and, at the beginning, about twenty-two in breadth, though it narrows towards the centre, where it is not more than twelve. It is built of cut stones, and has a parapet breast high. The gate of the city which leads to it is called the gate of Segovia, from which the bridge has taken its name. It was built under Philip II. after the designs of the famous John de Herrera. The bridge of Toledo, which is much more modern, cannot compare with it in beauty, as it is ornamented in an extravagant taste with arches, as are the greater part of the bridges of Spain.

Almost all the streets of Madrid are straight, wide, clean, and well paved. The largest and most frequented are the street of Alcala, that of Atocha, that of Toledo, and the *Calle Grande*, or the great street. Madrid has also some squares, which, in general, are not very regular. The principal are those of San Joachim, Sol, Lasganitas, San Domingo, La Cevada, and the Plaza Mayor. The latter especially deserves notice for its spaciousness and regularity, and the elegant and lofty houses it contains. It is fifteen hundred and sixty feet in circuit. The houses, of which there are a hundred and thirty-six, are of five stories, ornamented with balconies, the first of which, supported by pillars, form a piazza round the square, where the inhabitants may walk under cover. In the middle of the square a market is kept.

* Some travellers assert that it is six hundred and ninety-five feet long, and thirty-two broad; it has nine arches. The bridge of Toledo, which, according to those travellers, is the finest, has also nine arches, and is three hundred and eighty feet long, and thirty-six broad.

The streets and squares are ornamented with fountains in a very ill taste. Those most to be distinguished in this particular are the fountain of the small irregular square called Piazza di Antonio Martin, and that of the square named Puerta del Sol. The water of all these fountains is excellent; and the air of Madrid, though the weather be variable and uncertain, extremely pure. The houses are, in general, built of brick; there are several which are large and handsome.

The city of Madrid once contained fifteen gates, eighteen parishes, thirty-five convents of monks, and thirty-one of nuns; thirty-nine colleges, hospitals, or houses of charity; seven thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dwelling houses, and about one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. The Lombard traveller, father Caimo, tells us, that fifty thousand sheep and twelve thousand oxen are annually consumed there; to which his editor has added a ludicrous estimate of the onions and leeks devoured there, which, he says, amount to 97000000000000000000000000000045. But this writer would not at present have any reason to complain of the disagreeable smells of the streets, nor would he find all the perfumes of Arabia necessary to defend him from them. The environs of Madrid present the traveller with nothing agreeable, except the banks of the Manzanares, where he finds shade, coolness, and verdure; for what is called *Las Delicias* (the delights) on the side of the gate of Mecha, is little deserving of the name, as the most offensive smell continually exhales from a stagnant canal, called the canal of Manzanares.

MANNERS OF EUROPEAN NATIONS.

A French publication, in all the affectation of quintescent perspicuity, has announced the following characteristics of several countries of modern Europe:—

"*In religion*, the German is unbelieving; the English-

man devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

In keeping his word, the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.

In giving advice, the German is slow; the Englishman resolute; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.

In love, the German does not understand it; the Englishman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.

In external appearance, the German is tall; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian demure; the Spaniard frightful.

In manners, the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

In keeping a secret, the German forgets what he has heard; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian blabs nothing; the Spaniard is mysterious.

In vanity, the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all; the Frenchman praises every thing; the Italian nothing; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.

In eating and drinking, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman a lover of sweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.

In offending and doing good, the German does neither good nor bad; the Englishman does both without reason; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both respects.

In speaking, the German speaks little and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman speaks and writes well; the Englishman speaks badly, but writes well; the Italian speaks

well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.

In laws, the German laws are indifferent; the Englishman has bad laws, but observes them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but observes them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws, the former observes them negligently, the latter rigidly.

Diseases, the Germans are particularly infested with fleas; the Englishman with whitlows; the French with small-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with wens.

The women, are housewives in Germany, queens in England, ladies in France, captives in Italy, slaves in Spain.

In courage, the German resembles a bear, the Englishman a lion, the Frenchman an eagle, the Italian a fox, and the Spaniard an elephant.

In the sciences, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman has a smattering of every thing; the Italian is a professor; the Spaniard a profound thinker.

Magnificence, in Germany, the princes; in England, the ships; in France, the court; in Italy, the churches; in Spain, the armories are magnificent.

Husbands (make the conclusion,) in Germany they are masters; in England, servants; in France, companions; in Italy, school-boys; and in Spain, servants."

The foregoing is as firmly believed in Paris as the Alcoran is at Constantinople.—So much for the flippancy of French taste and French prejudices.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Swallows.

It is accounted unlucky to destroy *swallows*. This probably is a pagan relique. We read in Ælian, that these birds were sacred to the *Penates*, or household gods of the an-

cients, and were therefore preserved. They were honored anciently as the nuncios of the spring. The Rhodians are said to have had a solemn anniversary song to welcome in the swallow. Anacreon addressed his tenth ode to this bird, and the following is an elegant translation of it by Thomas Moore.

ODE.

Tell me how to punish thee
For the mischief done to me?
Silly Swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that uttered such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

Importance of knowing the Characters of Mankind.

Many of our mortifications arise from our mistaking each others propensities and capabilities. We want to make a silk purse from woolen yarn; and to hunt hares upon elephants; and finding this impracticable, we are vexed and complain. Much of this would be avoided, if we justly considered men but as tools. An instrument, which has not sharpness enough for a razor, may have strength sufficient for a paring shovel; and that which has not hardness enough for a hammer, may have proper weight for a mallet. So that a tolerable judgement upon the different characters of mankind, may help us to work some agreeable or useful end, even out of the worst and coarsest materials.

The Business of Life.

"THE business of life is to go *forward*," says Dr. Johnson: he who sees evil in *prospect*, meets it in his way: but he who catches it by retrospection, *turns back* to find it. That which is feared may sometimes be avoided; but that which is regretted to-day, may be regretted to-morrow." We should, to be *useful*, decidedly condemn the indulgence of brooding over circumstances and events that thought cannot mend; because it unstrings the mind; and that once done, it is surprising with what rapidity all its peace unravels itself!—and how much it looses of the power of judging rightly on the mixed condition of human affairs.

Ingenuousness.

METHINKS there is a certain pure and delicate pride, in an ingenuous nature, which tempts it to *fall short*, even of that praise it thinks is due, and which it languishes to bestow, lest it should be mistaken for adulation.

Strong Metaphor.

WHAT a strange, but what a forcible comparison, is that of good old Bishop Taylor, when speaking of men who have deferred settling their acccount with heaven, and their own consciences, till they are on the point of departure from this world, he says, "it will be as bad as contending with a *bull* in a *closet*."

Party of Pleasure.

IT may be said of a "*party of pleasure*," that poor creatures are to continue, a certain time, *forcing* smiles, and yawning spontaneously, for two or three hours, after all relish is fled. In this dismal condition many remain, night after night, *because* the *fashionable* hour of sleep is not yet arrived!!!—and what else *can* they do? What a listless situation! without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain, in a kind of passive, *oyster* state,—gasping, till the *tide* of company moves you to your carriage; and, when you rceover your reflection in your bed chamber,

you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming, buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

—

Benevolence.

THE recollection of having been of service to a fellow creature, conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expresses thus :—"It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

——"Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. *They* are constructed to do good to others *for their own sakes.*

SELECT SENTENCES.

Insolence raises stronger indignation than even *injustice*, and for no better reason than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason, a continual observance of *little* attentions, makes more friends than *real* services. *Real* services relieve our *wants:* attentions flatter our *pride.* Our *wants* are *removed*—our *pride remains.*

How true it is that a weak, or contemptible man of high rank, or in an eminent situation in life, is like a man on the top of a high steeple—from whence all the world seem *little* to him—and where *he* seems *little* in the eyes of all the world, as the poet says of other powerless, would-be-great things,

"For lo! he takes a giant's stride!
His strength of mind to shew;
So have I seen a beetle wade
Along the grass—then climb a blade,
Exult—and fall below!"

PRIDE, when it humbles pride, appears less hateful.

SOME people throw dirt on the characters of others; which

like fuller's earth, sticks awhile, but being brushed off, leaves the garment more clean and bright than ever.

How can any person of *real* feeling agree with lord Shaftsbury, that "ridicule is the test of truth."—Truth has *courage* —but no *effrontery*, and is very liable to be laughed out of countenance.

ZIMMERMAN relates, "in the exercise of justice and virtue, we ought to be as assiduous as the chamberlain Le Foret would have had the court musicians to be. At a concert performed by the court band at Hanover, the chamberlain observed that some of the performers occasionally stopped, and did not play. He asked the reason? and was told they made *pauses*. 'In the service of our king,' said he, with great warmth, 'there ought to *be no pauses*."

A PERSON, without whom we cannot live, is very dear to us; but a person who cannot live without us is much dearer. For he inspires the *gratitude* of *vanity*, and that is the most sincere of all gratitude.

I HAVE heard people say they can wrap themselves up in the *cloak of innocence*, and set detraction at defiance! This seems to me a very difficult thing. Slander is like an heavy shower; and though you may stand dry beneath the pent-house of your conscience, the *world does not* see it: and what is still more, *will not* see it. Men, in *this* respect, differ from angels. They have more joy over one fallen sinner, than over an hundred just persons.

PERHAPS nothing can exceed, in justice, truth, or amiableness, the following sentiment of lady M. W. Montagu. "The small portion of authority that has fallen to my share, over only a few children and servants, has always been a burthen, rather than a pleasure. I believe every one finds it so who acts from a maxim, which I think an indispensable duty, that whoever is under my *power*, is under my *protection*."

WHEN a person of genius condescends to converse with those of vulgar understandings, it gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO MIRTH.

Oh ! goddess of celestial birth,
Thy magic power from heaven extend
To us, thy votaries of earth,
While suppliant at thy shrine we bend.
Grant us thy amaranthine joy,
Let no intruding grief destroy
The happiness that flows from thee,
But every passion bow, and own thy stern decree.

When first thy vast dominion rose
Triumphant in the human breast,
Nor drear Affliction's chilling snows,
Nor fell Despair the mind opprest;
Till unto earth Pandora came,
Avenger of celestial flame,
Stolen from chariots of heaven,
And by Japetus' son to impious mortals given.

But thy sweet influence remains
To cheer us in the gloomy vale,
Where Care with Melancholy reigns
And mortals transient Joy bewail.
The lingering wretch she bids revive,
In expectation's joy to live;
At her command their smiles return,
No more lost happiness to weep, no more to mourn.

Attend then, Mirth, a suppliant's prayer;
Here let thy genial spirit rest;
For us thy genuine beauties wear,
To calm the ocean of the breast.
To thee our hearts we consecrate,
To thy decree consign our fate;
Our hearts to guide at thy command,
Own thy inspiring power, and bow beneath thy hand.

O.

ODE,

Written for the 20th Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.

Dedicated to the Memory of the deceased Patrons of the Institution.

BY JOHN LATHROP, JUN. ESQ.

If on the haughty warrior's brow,
Is plac'd the crown of deathless fame;
And Earth's applauding lords bestow,
Their proudest titles on his name;
Oh say, shall Glory's partial hand,
Withhold the meed to Pity due,
When plaintive Sorrow's grateful band
For wreaths to deck their patrons sue?

A tear enamell'd chaplet weave,
Round Bowdoin's venerated urn,
Where all the patriot virtues grieve,
And votive lamps of Science burn;
Sweet Charity on Russell's tomb,
A shower of vernal flow'rets throws;—
And bays of fadeless verdure bloom,
O'er classic Minot's calm repose.

New-England's worthies grace the pyre,
Whence Belknap soar'd, for ever blest!
Religion lights her hallow'd fire,
Where pious Stillman's relics rest;—
Why mourns the Muse with tearful eyes
While pondering o'er the roll of death?—
Afresh her keenest sorrows rise,
With Emerson's departed breath!

Ah! heaven again demands its own,
Another fatal shaft is sped,
And Genius, Friendship, Learning, mourn
Their Buckminster among the dead!
To Eliot's tomb ye Muses, bring
Fresh roses from the breathing wild,

Wet with the tears of dewy Spring,
For he was Virtue's gentlest child!

Ye sainted spirits of the just,
Departed friends, we raise our eyes,
From humble scenes of mould'ring dust,
To brighter mansions in the skies.—
Where FAITH and HOPE, their trials past,
Shall smile in endless joy secure,
And CHARITY's blest reign shall last,
While heaven's eternal courts endure.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODES,

Sung at the Public Dinner, given to Com. PERRY, *in Boston, May* 11.

WRITTEN BY MR. CHARLES SPRAGUE.

TUNE—"*Anacreon in Heaven.*"

'TIS the deed of the BRAVE! sound the Pæan of praise,
As here in festivity's glee we assemble;
Quaff the brisk mantling bowl, and the choral strain raise,
To the CHIEF who bade *ocean's invincibles* tremble.
Oh! long by each tongue
Shall *his* prowess be sung,
Whose time-lasting deeds o'er the lake-wave have rung.

Chorus.

Enriched by humanity's balm in his heart,
Round his brow the young laurels sweet odors impart.

Lov'd, natal COLUMBIA! though rocky thy shores,
Yet thy soil is prolific in HEROES and SAGES;
Though the surge sweeps thy cliffs where the storm-spirit roars,
Here the OAK-PLANT OF FREEDOM shall flourish through ages!
On blood-crimson'd soil,
Thy brave YEOMANRY toil,
And on hill-tops they culture, invasion will foil.

Chorus.

And long shall thy TARS move in pride o'er the deep,
Where thy star-studded banners in victory sweep.

Oh! long in the fancy-wrought Heaven of Fame,
Thy HEROES, a starry-gay cluster shall brighten;
There the ne'er-waning orb of each glory-girt name,
Through the vapors of time shall eternally lighten.
In our cloud-curtain'd way,
They emit a bright ray,
To lead us to conquest, to honor and day.
Chorus.
Then, freemen, march onward! their beams shall illume
Our pathway to glory, and shield us from gloom.

Scorn shadow his path, to the dust bid him bend,
Who the rank-springing seeds of submission would scatter;
Let the *Nazarite's* fate in full vengeance descend
On the wretch who the pillars of freedom would shatter.
Oh! here let us swear,
That the fabrick so fair,
By our HEROES uprear'd, shall be shielded with care:
Chorus.
Coeval to live, with the hills of the West,
Till time's final shock give the nations to rest.

Now peace to the BRAVE, who in battle have died,—
Their deeds with the chaplet of fame have enwreath'd them:
Let the children of minstrelsy chaunt them with pride,
And posterity rival th' examples bequeath'd them.
When the oaks of the vale
Are unmoor'd to the gale,
Each friend to protect, and each foe to assail,
Chorus.
Future PERRYS shall rise, and the world shall behold
NEW deeds and NEW HEROES to page with the the OLD.

WRITTEN BY JOHN PEIRPONT, ESQ.

TUNE—"*In the Downhill of Life.*"

O'ER the mountains the sun of our fame was declining,
And on Tethys's billowy breast
The cold orb had repos'd, all his splendor resigning,
Bedimm'd by the mists of the West.
The prospect that rose to the patriot's sight
Was cheerless, and hopeless and dreary:—

But a bolt burst the cloud, and illumin'd the night
That envelop'd the waters of ERIE.

The gray god of the Lake left his palace of coral,
And moving sublime o'er the wave,
From the bank where it bloom'd pluck'd a chaplet of laurel,
And the garland to Victory gave.
By the goddess 'twas held o'er each thundering deck,
Till with doubts grown distracted and weary;—
And when each gun was silent, each vessel a wreck,
'Twas snatch'd by the HERO of ERIE.

For the brave who have bled why indulge a vain sorrow?
They were wreck'd on no *enemy's* coast:
And some one of us may be welcom'd to-morrow,
To Elysium by LAWRENCE's ghost;
Who, when call'd by Charon to take a short trip,
With him in his crazy old wherry,
Saw his own dying orders "*Don't give up the ship*"
On the flag proudly floating o'er PERRY.

Let each man round this board bid his children remember,
With a gen'rous expansion of soul,
The glory that plays round the tenth of September,
And crown its return with a bowl:
Then the goblet shall foam, blow the wind high or low,
And the heart be it mournful or merry,
And the purest of wine to the mem'ry shall flow
Of the virtues and valour of PERRY.

WRITTEN BY JOHN LATHROP, JUN. ESQ.

TUNE—"*Rise Columbia.*"

FROM ERIE's proudly swelling breast,
Exulting shouts of victory rise;
The naval glories of the West,
Outshine the beams of orient skies—
Columbia's youthful heroes claim
Eternal gratitude and fame!

Her dauntless NELSON, NILE no more,
Unequall'd in his feats, shall boast—
Nor TRAFALGAR's immortal shore,
Nor bold St. VINCENT's laurell'd coast—

ONE mighty deed has seal'd the claim
Of ERIE, to superior fame!

PERRY—'twas thine, illustrious chief,
To soothe thy dear Columbia's heart,
And o'er her gloomy cloud of grief,
A brilliant ray of joy to dart—
To raise the splendor of her name
Beyond the pride of ancient fame!

Nor shall thy act of high emprise,
Alone employ the festal song;
The pearly gems of PITY'S eyes,
With VALOR'S wreath to thee belong—
Their blended beauties prove thy claim,
To generous SCIPIO'S spotless fame.

Th' historic Muse to future time,
Shall bear thy triumphs in her lays,
And bards of every age and clime,
With raptur'd breasts, shall chaunt thy praise.
Thine, is thy country's love—thy name—
Appals her foes—preserves her fame!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE engraver not having succeeded agreeably to his wishes in preparing the plate this month, we are under the necessity of soliciting the indulgence of our patrons for its omission till a future number.

The length of our biographical article in this and the last number we hope will be accepted as an apology for the omission of Mr. Lathrop's *Lecture on Natural Philosophy*, and the popular *Letters on Mythology*, both of which will be resumed next month.

For the same reason the complaint of "B." is deferred. It is possible we may abscind some of his "*small matters.*"